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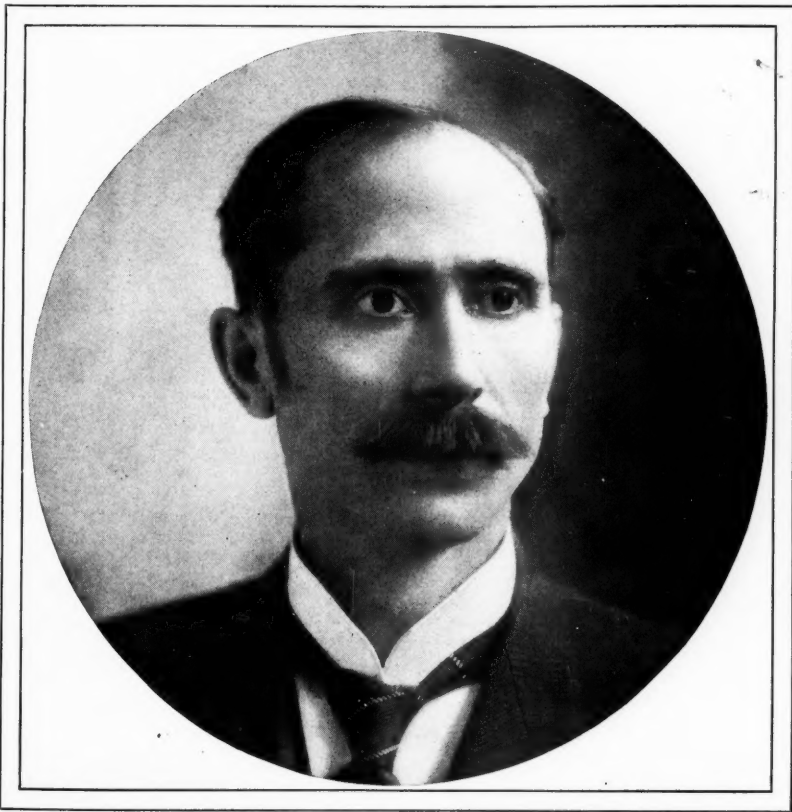
## THE PASSING OF THE REACTIONARY IN AMERICAN POLITICS

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

A FEW weeks ago the last spark of the doctrine of divine right of kings flickered out in western Europe. The world saw a strong, im-

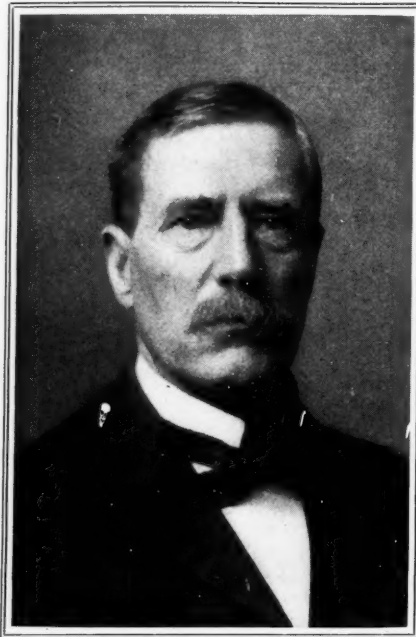
perious, dominating ruler yield to the pressure of national demand. Public sentiment forced the Kaiser's hand.

In our own country the era of Roose-



JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, OF KANSAS, FORMERLY AN ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE PROMINENT NEW SENATORS IN THE NEXT CONGRESS

*From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*



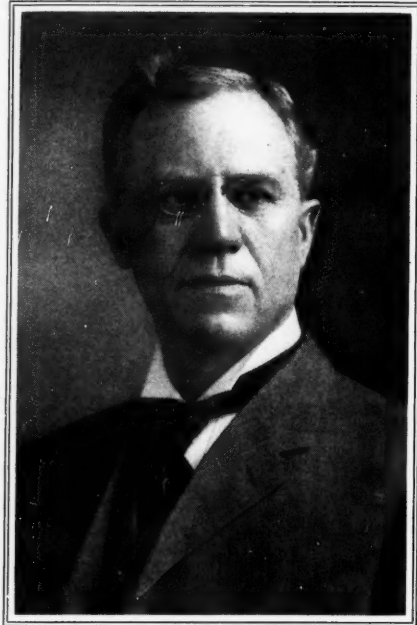
FORMER REPRESENTATIVE JOHN J. JENKINS,  
OF WISCONSIN, WHO WAS DEFEATED FOR  
RENOMINATION IN HIS DISTRICT

*From a photograph*

veltism has reversed this German experience. Instead of a people leading a man, we have had a man leading a people; preaching to them, writing at them, turning on the light for their benefit; working ceaselessly to inculcate better conceptions of public and private duty. There is soon to be a change. Roosevelt will retire, and it may be worth while to take account of stock and determine what the country will have to show for his work, and what it may hope to realize, during the next few years, by reason of the projection of his work into the future.

The greatest work of Theodore Roosevelt has been the exclusion of big business from improper part in public affairs. He has not accomplished this reform; there is yet much to be done. But he has preached the crusade, he has aroused the people, and they will push the work forward. All the specific legislative accomplishment which is entitled to be classed as representing the Roosevelt policies is insignificant and unimportant compared with this arousal of the public conscience, in which the President has taken the

lead. The important thing has been the demonstration that the people could yet make themselves heard, and that neither big business, nor reactionary politics, nor confirmed Tories in places of power, could deny their demands.



SENATOR CHARLES W. FULTON, OF OREGON,  
WHO HAS FAILED OF REELECTION  
TO THE SENATE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing,  
Washington*

For instance, the greatest single legislative achievement of this era is the railroad regulation measure. Yet this act, experimental, tentative, incomplete, hesitating, is of vastly less value to the country than the knowledge that it was possible to pass any act on that subject. The railroads, together with the powerful interests which they were able either to favor or to punish, had been all-powerful. Demonstration that Congress could pass an act they disapproved was the important thing.

Big business had come to be almost the government of this country. It governed the government. It financed the political parties. It elected its own trusted agents to Senate and House, to Legislatures, to State offices. Big business was not too busy or too big to look



after the councilmen in the country town; and from there up to the judge on the bench, it overlooked nothing. It was frankly reactionary. It hired much of the best brain to work for it, both legitimately and illegitimately.

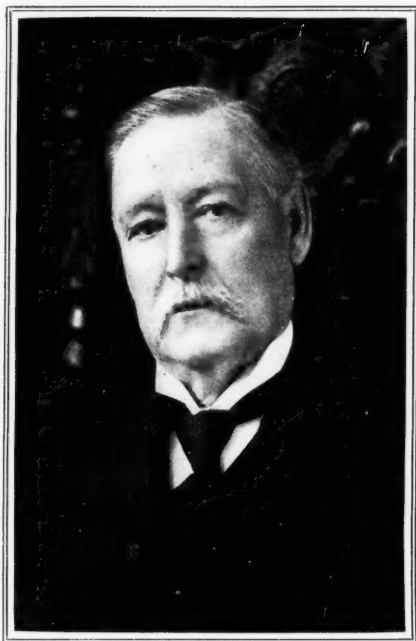
As the first great result of the Roosevelt era, reaction will get a vacation. It would not be fair to give an undue share of the credit to Mr. Roosevelt. He was on the highest pedestal; and as the public always requires to associate a notable doing with the name of a man, it associated the development of this new atti-

a long time doing it. They are in no hurry. They would like to stay, and they are so securely entrenched in some of their strongholds that they will not soon be dislodged. But yet it may be said that as reaction and conservatism were constantly fortifying themselves in power under McKinley and his predecessors, so they have been constantly losing ground under Roosevelt.

#### THE WORK BEFORE PRESIDENT TAFT

The educational movement to which Roosevelt gave character will go forward. Thus far, it has been possible to do little except create sentiment; but that is the most difficult part of such a work. The sentiment is ready and ripe and well-nigh universal. The work of four—or eight—years of Taft is cut out. It is perfectly plain. It is simply to crystallize into some satisfactory and workable laws the general notions that this era of sentiment-making has developed in the public mind.

The country wants tariff revision that

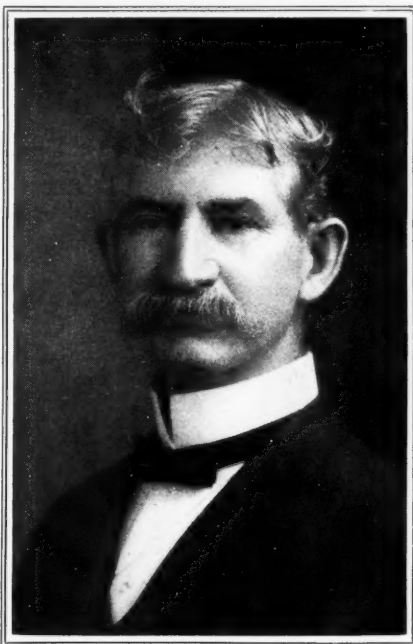


REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM P. HEPBURN, OF IOWA, WHO WAS DEFEATED AT THE POLLS IN NOVEMBER

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*

tude of the national mind with the name of Roosevelt. The work of Bryan, of La Follette, of Hughes, of Cummins, of Folk, and of other leaders, is entitled to recognition; but it is no injustice that Roosevelt should furnish his name to the movement.

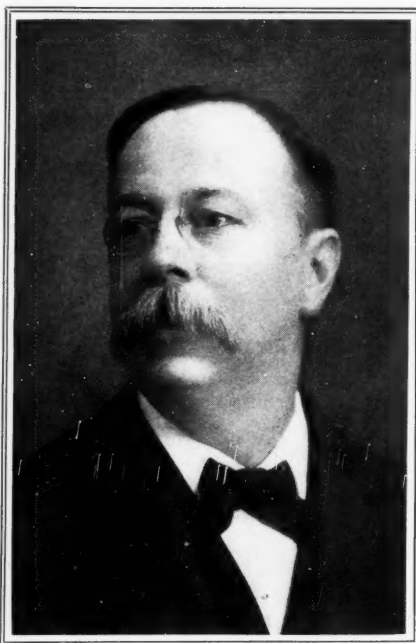
Big business is going out of politics—not gone, but going. It will be yet a long time going. Reaction and the reactionaries are passing, but they will be



SENATOR LEVI ANKENY, OF WASHINGTON, WHO HAS FAILED OF REELECTION TO THE SENATE

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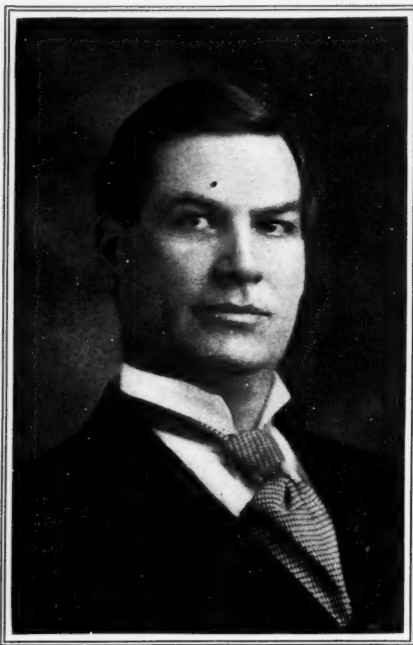
will give the consumer a square deal and still maintain the protective principle. It wants railroad regulation without railroad wrecking. It wants such control of combinations as will preserve their economic advantages and destroy their vicious manifestations. It wants to do everything possible for labor that can be done with dignity and propriety. It is much in earnest about the great work of conserving national resources. Above all, it wants honest administration and a



GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, OF OREGON

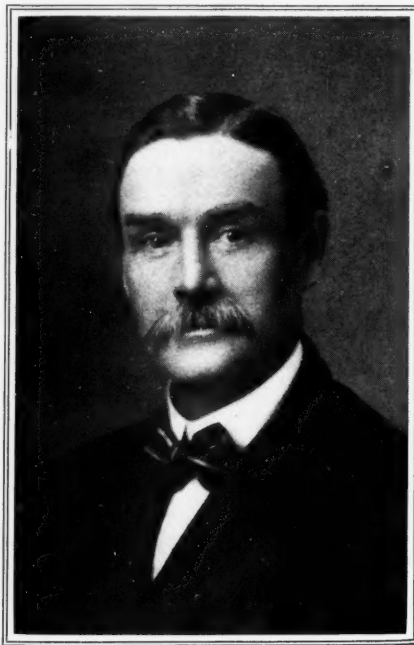
decree of final divorce between business and politics.

Mr. Taft was elected because the country, convinced that it wanted the Roosevelt policies to go forward, was disposed to trust a man of Roosevelt's designation, and a man of long experience in the Roosevelt ways of doing things. The time had come when a lawyer, a constructionist, was needed, instead of an agitator, a sentiment manufacturer. In its earlier stages the task had demanded just such impetuous, forceful leadership as Roose-



WESLEY L. JONES, OF WASHINGTON

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COE I. CRAWFORD, OF SOUTH DAKOTA

*From a photograph by Oviatte, Huron, South Dakota*

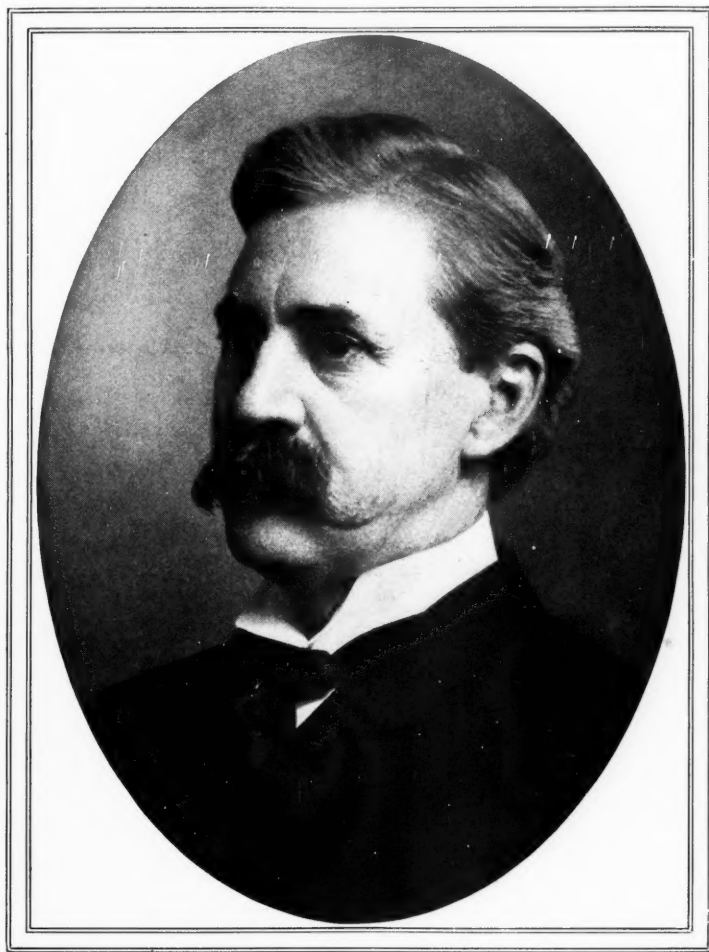
THREE NEW PROGRESSIVE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

velt's; the people wanted the work pressed forward into another stage; and they chose Taft for that task.

The people expect results from Taft, and they will not be disappointed. The work of construction will go forward just about in proportion to the impetus

ress. Some reforms are needed in the legislative machinery of both houses before they can keep pace with the demands of so thoroughly developed and intelligent a public sentiment as we now have.

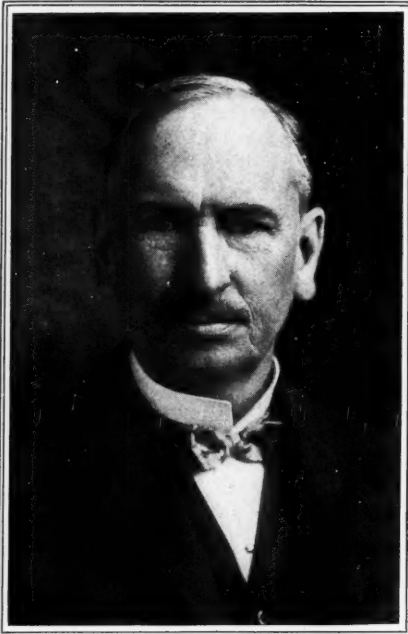
For instance, the student of legislative evils is unable to decide whether unlim-



ALBERT B. CUMMINS, OF IOWA, THRICE GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE PROMINENT NEW SENATORS IN THE NEXT CONGRESS

it receives from his insistence. Ours is the most conservative people in the world, working through the most conservative governmental system—a system of checks and balances in which the checks have developed marvelous efficiency. Precedent, archaic rules, partizan methods, still bar the way of prog-

ited debate in the Senate, or the elimination of debate in the House, is the worse. He gives up in despair, unable to conclude which body is more urgently in need of some practical reform. He finds that procedure and management have developed in precisely opposite directions in the two bodies. Our constitution-makers



THEODORE E. BURTON, OF OHIO, A LEADING  
FIGURE AMONG THE PROGRESSIVES

*From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

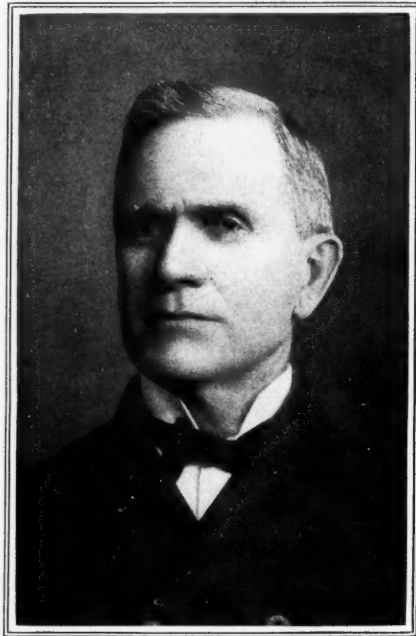
provided the Senate with a president; but the Senators, instead of letting him boss them, tied his hands. Our constitution-makers allowed the House to elect its own president—and then, instead of controlling their own creature, the Representatives let him become a czar. The Senate established the rule of making its own committees; the presiding officer has nothing to do with them. The House abdicated that tremendous power to its Speaker. Yet, in the development of the two processes, each branch has finally lost control of its committees, and made them greater than itself.

The House went in for closure, in order that it might do business in businesslike fashion, and in the end closure made it impossible to give businesslike consideration to anything. The Senate held out against closure, taking the chance of talking itself out of all right to participation in business, and in the end has made itself the great business body. And so on; the anomalies might be pointed out indefinitely.

Parliamentary reform is one of the

things most needed in this country. It is needed in both branches of Congress; and it has been brought much nearer by the events of the last few years. Here, as in regard to a legislative program, accomplishment thus far has been mainly in the direction of developing public opinion, of educating, of making people understand the present situation and its most urgent needs.

How much progress has been made in a very short time may be judged from the popular change of sentiment toward House and Senate. A few years ago all the muck-rakers were busy with the Senate. It was anathema to them. They weren't particular whether it should be abolished, or fundamentally reorganized; but one thing or t'other must happen, else our liberties were lost. To-day, how different! The Senate, under spur of criticism, has demonstrated its capacity to do business, to give serious, effective consideration to legislation. The House, on the other hand, has presented a sorry spectacle of growing incompetency, of pathetic inefficiency. There is far more talk about reforming the House, just



BRAXTON B. COMER, GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA,  
ONE OF THE PROGRESSIVE MEN  
OF THE SOUTH

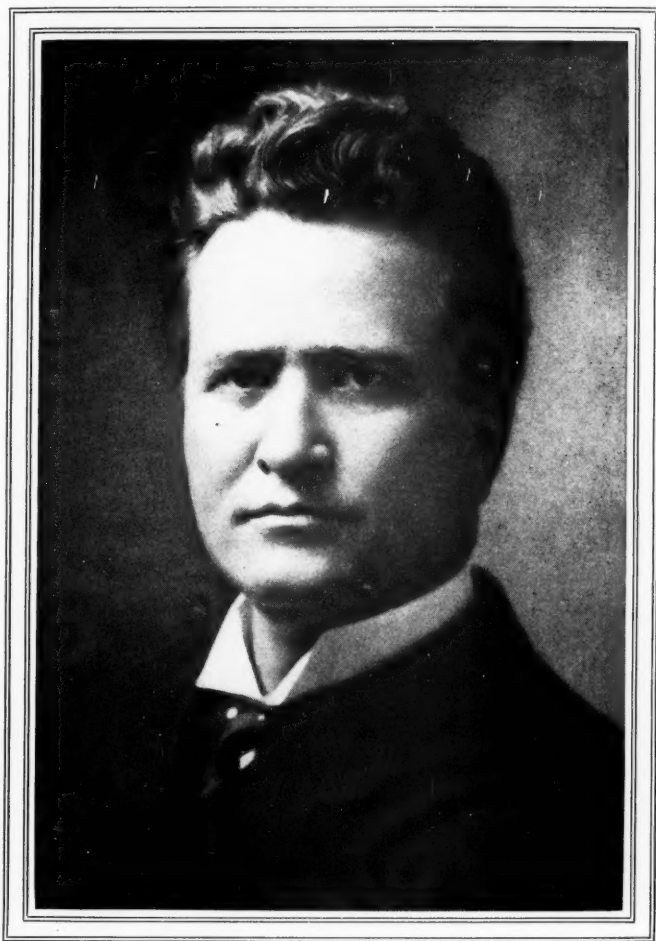
now, than about making over the Senate; and it is likely to produce results.

We shall have legislation along progressive lines about as fast as we get parliamentary reform. The House rules make the Speaker all-powerful; the Senate rules give control to the little group of elder statesmen who dominate

the elders dominate by right of priority. To question their right so to do would be impolite; and in the Senate impoliteness is the highest crime.

"ELDER STATESMEN" OF THE SENATE

It would be impossible to get any two men entirely to agree as to who are the



SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, OF WISCONSIN, ONE OF THE PROGRESSIVE AND INDEPENDENT MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

the big committees. This method of controlling the Senate is far less understood than is the Speaker's power over the House by reason of his prerogative of making the committees. The Senate is conducted very much on the principle of a fine club of old gentlemen, in which

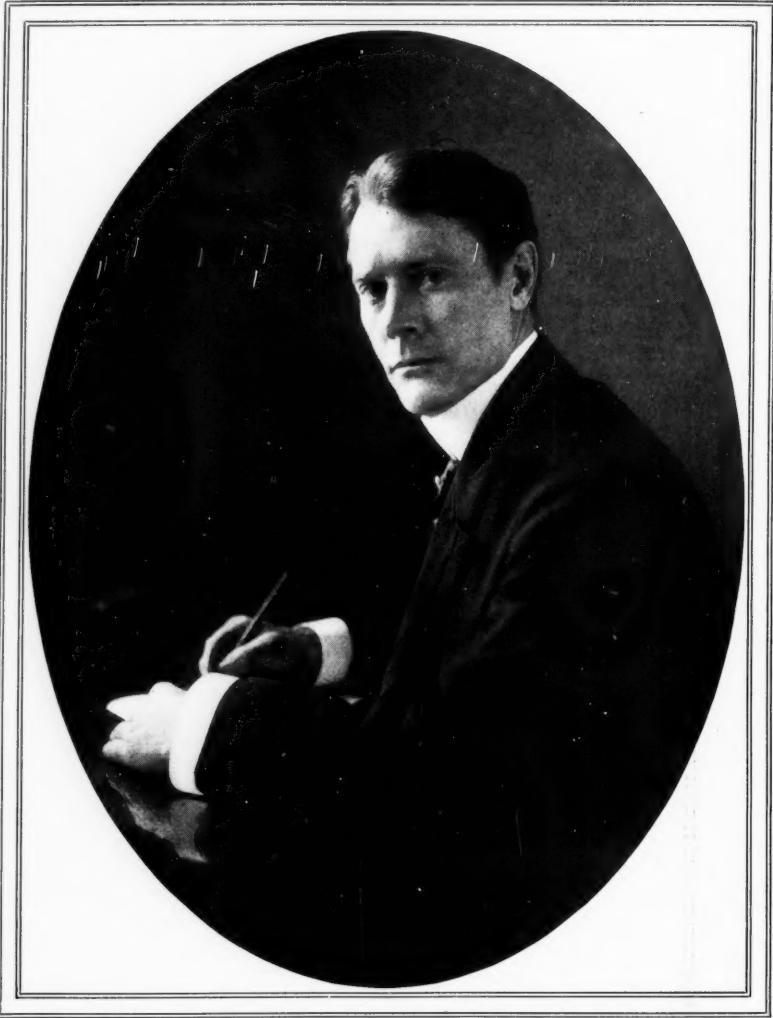
Senators constituting the ruling group. It is shadowy and shifting in membership; but that there is such a method of rule, and that there is such a group, no informed person would question. The method is simple. Privileged by their seniority in service, these chosen elders

are allowed to determine the make-up of the committees. They apportion to themselves the best chairmanships and the controlling places on the great committees; and controlling the great committees — Appropriations, Finance, Judiciary,

they demand on the minority side of the great committees.

It is easier to illustrate how this little group rules than to specify who belong to it.

The late William Boyd Allison was a



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MEN IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE TO CHAMPION THE NEW AND PROGRESSIVE IDEAS

Rules, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, and the like — they control legislation. That is all there is to it. The system is non-partisan. The Democratic elders receive just as much consideration as do the Republican veterans; they get what

Senator longer than any other man in the nation's history. As father of the Senate, he was chairman of the Republican caucus, head of the Republican steering committee, and chairman of the Appropriations Committee. He dictated the



"committee on committees," which arranges the committee list for the Senate. He was the titular head of the scheme of things.

Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has long stood at the head of the Finance Committee, of which Allison used to be the second member, and which is probably the most important in the Senate. Hale, of Maine, heads Naval Affairs, and before this is in print will doubtless have been promoted to chairman of Appropriations, in succession to Allison.

Take Judiciary, one of the very great committees. As made up last session it included, on the Republican side, Depew, of New York; Foraker, of Ohio; Kittredge, of South Dakota; Fulton, of Oregon. Depew and Foraker have passed into the shadows, and it seems to be assured that after the conclusion of their present terms they will not continue in public life. Kittredge and Fulton have both been defeated in their States, and will not be returned. Why? Because they were just the sort of men whom the elder statesmen select to fill out such important committees.

Kittredge and Fulton hadn't become elder statesmen as yet. They were apprentices; given more years and service, and they would have grown into vacancies at the top of the scheme. Each was defeated because the general impression got abroad in his State that he was too sympathetic with the elders to be effectively progressive. These four men, all going out because of the public's disaffection with them, constituted half the Republican membership of this big committee. The case of Judiciary handsomely illustrates how the elders control things, and also how the people are wresting control from him.

#### NEW MEN COMING TO THE FRONT

A good many changes have recently been made in the Senate personnel for the same reasons which actuated their States in dispensing with Senators Fulton and Kittredge. There were Millard, of Nebraska, who didn't believe in railroad regulation; Long, of Kansas, who tried most sincerely to live up to an eleventh-hour conversion to progressivism, but whose intellectual processes could no more adapt themselves to it

than could the hands of your watch to running backward; Ankeny, of Washington, who from all accounts spent enough money to deserve a reelection, but in whom no other shadow of qualification for a Senatorial seat was ever discovered; Hemenway, of Indiana; and others. Representing the new sentiment, the progressive idea, the Senate has gained such men as Bristow, of Kansas; Brown, of Nebraska; Crawford, of South Dakota; Cummins, of Iowa; Jones, of Washington, Chamberlain, of Oregon; La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Borah, of Idaho. Beveridge, of Indiana, has been there longer, a pioneer of the new school, gradually seeing his force grow and his power of protest gain recruits.

It is not possible that the present organization of Senate committees will continue much longer without long-smoldering revolt bursting into flame. Men like La Follette get insignificant committee posts; men like Long and Kittredge get important places. The protest will come, probably soon, in the form of an open fight for reorganization of the committees and for an equitable distribution of the labor, the distinction, and the power of Senatorial office.

Here is Mr. Aldrich overworking himself with duties as member of the great committees on Finance, Cuban Relations, Inter-State Commerce, and Rules, besides two others of less importance. Mr. Foraker is weighted down with the onerous duties of six strictly first-class committees. Senator Hale has seven committees, five of them highly important; Senator Penrose, seven hard-working committees, three of them being of the first class; and so on through the list of those who are favored with the work—and the power.

These men do work hard; there is no denying that. They are gluttons for work, these ambitious elders who want to hold all the strings in their own fingers. They keep the control of the great, potential committees within their narrow circle, and so they keep control of the Senate's business. They bar vigorous and capable young men from places they want and would ornament, because, forsooth, the younger men might not be entirely "reliable." So La Fol-

lette is chairman of the Committee to Investigate the Condition of the Potomac River-Front at Washington. He has no first-class committee assignment, and, but for a certain genius for keeping himself busy, he would be without serious occupation. Mr. La Follette's State, and a large number of people elsewhere, incline to believe him capable of doing part of the work which is overburdening the elders; but he doesn't get the chance.

Here is the tyranny of the Senate system. The dominating elders do the work rather than trust it to "unreliable" persons who might start embarrassing things. There will be reform when the "unreliables" muster strength and determination and impoliteness enough to smash precedents and reorganize the committee list. They have been getting ready for it for some years. They are nearer than ever before. But as to committing the overt act, to turning against sacred tradition, to being impolite—it is an awful thing to contemplate!

That is the Senate situation. In the House, there are the rules, which need revision. Unlimited debate was bad for the House; no debate at all is worse for it. What is needed is an amendment of the rules by which the House will restore to itself the privilege of being ruled by the majority of its own members. It has abdicated that privilege at present; it will not be worthy of its place as the popular branch of the national legislature until it resumes self-governing functions.

The people have been doing a good deal, of late, to encourage the cause of reform in the House. They declined to renominate Jenkins, of Wisconsin, devoted and unquestioning protagonist of the splendidly conservative theory that the Constitution is "ag'in everything"; Cousins, of Iowa, famous for his characterization of the insurgents in his home State as "rodents of reform"; and Bede, of Minnesota, a humorous a Tory as ever cracked a joke while scuttling a legislative ship.

At the polls, the people proceeded with their work by defeating Hepburn, of Iowa, chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Committee. Be it said to Colonel Hepburn's credit that under the inspiration of Roosevelt's leadership he

had joined the progressives; but the change was so sudden that it seems to have dazed his constituents. Before they had had time to be convinced of the sincerity of the conversion, they had visited upon this fine old lion of debate the penalty of his twenty-year service in the cause of—well, at least of extreme conservatism. Another man who went down was Overstreet, of Indiana, chairman of the Post-Office Committee. Another was McCleary, of Minnesota, now twice defeated because he was so certain that his district was a stand-pat community on the tariff question, while the voters ignorantly but persistently urged revision. Still another was Landis, of Indiana, also a devout believer in the sacred schedules.

In fact, the people managed to punish a considerable number of the men who had come to be regarded as integral parts of the House machine. They gave distinct impetus to the sentiment in favor of reform in the House—of liberalizing the rules, and of making the Speaker the servant rather than the master of the members. Whether such reform will come during the régime of Cannon is doubtful; but it will come at least simultaneously with the election of his successor in the Speaker's chair.

#### PUBLICITY IN POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS

There is yet another department of public affairs in which decided improvement has developed because of the popular demand for improvement. That is the management of national political campaigns. It has been made pretty apparent, I think, that money will play less part in national campaigns hereafter than heretofore. Public opinion forced both national committees to agree on publishing their campaign contributions; and before another national election there will doubtless be a law for publicity before the election.

Compare Hitchcock with Hanna, and you will have a conception of the change that has come over political methods. Hanna made a national campaign a huge financial enterprise. He wanted the Presidential nomination for Mr. McKinley, and so he financed Mr. McKinley into it. He wanted the election, and he financed his party to success. That

was the only process which appealed to politicians of the Hanna school; and it did not cause any great resentment in the public mind.

Things have changed. The old men and the old ideas are passing. The public sees things in a new light; politics and politicians must conform to new conditions. Parliamentary reform is sadly needed to remove the brake from the legislative wheels, and to let the Congressional machine grind out the laws which will give substance to sentiment. The process will be slow and disappointing. But an optimistic friend from the prairies explained the situation the other day in this wise:

"The country has brought a mighty big pile of straw to the business end of the government's thrashing-machine. It's got to be run through. The ma-

chine ain't in any too good shape for such a job, an' it may need some fixing; but these chaps got it into the shape it's in, and they know how to fix it. They'll do it; they like their jobs too well. No question about their willingness to start whenever they're real sure they see the pile of straw. Well, they see it this time!"

The hour has struck when the great program of progressive, constructive policies is to be pressed forward. The country demands it, the parties are pledged to it, the incoming administration is bound to it both by obligation and by sympathy. Neither the policies of reaction nor the men who stand for them can prevail against the united power of able, sincere leadership backed by the national conscience and the national convictions.

## THE CRISIS IN GERMANY

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

MANY Americans and Englishmen have only a vague notion as to the significance of what happened in Germany a few weeks ago. They were astonished when one of the Kaiser's interviews aroused so deep a feeling among the German people. A highly dramatic scene took place in the Reichstag, when, during a session of two days, member after member arose and in the frankest possible language declared that William II had gone too far; that his free way of speaking was dangerous to the interests of the empire; and that Chancellor von Bülow ought to be held responsible for all the acts and utterances of his imperial master.

Meanwhile, the chancellor and the other ministers of state said very little; and the storm at last blew over. When the Kaiser, who had been hunting not far from Kiel, returned to Berlin, he showed no symptoms of irritation, but caused it to be announced in a very amicable spirit that hereafter, whatever he did in rela-

tion to foreign affairs should be done through his chancellor and other state officials.

All this seemed in the highest degree surprising to those who, in the first place, underestimated the fundamental good sense and the strong character of William II, and who had been accustomed to think of the German Empire as a purely autocratic government, swayed absolutely by the personal impulses of its imperial head. They recalled other utterances of the Kaiser's which seemed much more open to criticism, yet which had caused no excitement, at least in Germany. They remembered how, in 1895, he had sent his famous telegram of congratulation to President Kruger when the Boers captured the Jameson raiders. This was taken in England as a direct affront to the English people. Great Britain mobilized a flying squadron. The British war-office bestirred itself, and British statesmen as eminent as Mr. Chamberlain said some very pointed

things about the Germans and their emperor.

More than once have the Kaiser's speeches given umbrage to France. Just before our war with Spain, his brother, Prince Henry, then in command of a German squadron at Hong-Kong, acted in a manner which offended Commodore Dewey and his officers, and through him the American people. Every one remembers the tactless conduct of the German Admiral von Diedrich during the long siege of Manila. Only a few months ago, a letter from the Kaiser to Lord Tweedmouth, a member of the British cabinet, renewed the anti-German agitation in England. Yet none of these things seemed to affect the German people. The emperor did and said whatever he pleased, and no one seemed to feel that he had exceeded his imperial prerogatives.

#### THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" INTERVIEW

Now, however, because of an interview which he gave to a British diplomat, and the publication of which by the London *Daily Telegraph* was authorized by him, all Germany has been stirred to its foundations. In this interview the Kaiser said: "You English are mad—mad as March hares—if you think that I am not your friend"; and then he went on to say that during the Boer War he had himself drawn up a plan of campaign, and, after submitting it to the general staff of the German army, had sent it to Queen Victoria. That discreet old lady, however, put it away in a convenient pigeonhole, and it never reached the military authorities in London. Nevertheless, this action of the Kaiser's, when it became known, produced the startling effect in Germany which has been chronicled at such length in the daily press.

First of all, it seemed to the Germans that, while the Kaiser might say anything he chose in a confidential letter to his grandmother, he had no right to employ the officers of the German army in preparing war plans for a foreign nation; and that when he gave out the facts in an interview, he made public a thing which should have been kept wholly private. What would have been the result, men asked, if he had done the same thing, not against the Boers, but against a leading nation—against France, for example,

or the United States? The precedent was a dangerous one. If repeated, it might embroil Germany with powers of the first class, upset the empire's diplomatic policy, and perhaps even plunge the people into war. Hence they demanded of the Kaiser not to interfere with foreign affairs as an individual, but to conduct them regularly through the chancellor and the Foreign Office at Berlin.

#### THE POLITICAL STATUS OF GERMANY

In considering this question, it is worth while to give some account of the way in which the German Empire came to be established, and to set forth just how far, in theory, the Kaiser can act as an autocrat, as the Czar of Russia acts. A strange ignorance of this subject seems to exist among the majority of otherwise well-educated persons. As a matter of fact, there is a striking parallel between the constitution of the German Empire and that of our own country. The upper house, or Bundesrath, of the German parliament, represents the twenty-five states which make up the German Empire, precisely as our Senate represents the individual States of the American Union. The lower house, or Reichstag, represents the entire German people according to population, precisely as our House of Representatives represents the American people.

Each of the twenty-five German states is largely independent in its local affairs. The imperial government at Berlin, like the Federal government in Washington, deals with affairs which are broadly national and international. If, in the United States, our Constitution provided that the Governor of New York, as the head of the largest State, should be the President of the whole Union, this would find a precise analogy in the German Empire, of which the executive head is the King of Prussia, Prussia being the largest state.

But, constitutionally, the elected American President has more power than is given by the German constitution to the Kaiser. Our President can veto the acts of Congress, while the German Kaiser cannot veto the acts of the imperial parliament. The German ministry, like the American Cabinet, is appointed by the executive, and is responsible to him alone. The President can discharge any

Cabinet officer when he pleases; and in like manner the German Emperor can dismiss any of his ministers at will.

But here comes in a difference which is wholly in favor of our President. His acts are absolutely his own acts; and, in the last analysis, his Cabinet officers are merely his personal clerks or secretaries. On the other hand, the eighteenth article of the German constitution specifically provides that "no orders or acts of the Kaiser shall be valid unless they shall have been first countersigned by the imperial chancellor." Of course, should the chancellor refuse to countersign such orders, the emperor has always claimed the right to dismiss him and to choose a more pliant minister. Nevertheless, there is implied here a notion of responsibility, and an intimation that the emperor must act through official channels, and not through published interviews and conversations with private persons, or by orders directly given by him without the intervention of the officers of state.

The crisis which has lately occurred in Berlin shows that the Germans have been for a long time cherishing this doctrine of imperial responsibility. The interview in the *Daily Telegraph* merely afforded their desire for strictly constitutional government a chance to surge up like a great wave, and to make the emperor himself feel the depth and strength of the national sentiment. It is proof of his power and his high character that, instead of fuming and fussing, as a weaker man would probably have done, he frankly gave the most cordial assurances that he would hereafter be guided by the wishes of his people, as expressed through their chosen representatives.

This is a long step toward the kind of constitutionalism which prevails in England and France and Italy and nearly all the European countries. All over the world there is a strong drift toward ministerial responsibility to the legislature. One finds it in Canada, in the new Commonwealth of Australia, and it will prevail in the future South African state, when it shall have been organized into a federal government.

#### ONE-MAN POWER IN THE UNITED STATES

In the United States alone the tendency seems to be precisely the reverse.

The American people show every year a greater impatience with the delays and the long-drawn-out debates of Congress. They seem more and more inclined to give supreme control into the hands of the President himself. This was shown, for instance, at the beginning of the Spanish War, when the emergency appropriation of fifty million dollars was placed at the disposal of the President directly. It again was shown when the government of the Philippines was turned over to President McKinley, without any legislative check upon his actions. It has been seen still more markedly during the seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's régime. Americans like a swift, effective way of doing things; and while their President holds office, and has their confidence, there is practically nothing that he may not do. With the nation behind him, he can dominate both Houses of Congress, and can bring about results with celerity and sureness.

Yet this, after all, when one comes to analyze it, is not a new phenomenon in the United States. Our Constitution is not being sapped. It is invoked mainly when we have a President who is weak and inefficient. Washington, for example, ruled what was then a small republic with the firmness and strictness of a monarch. Jefferson decided to purchase the Louisiana Territory without authority of Congress; and, in fact, against his own conviction that what he was doing was in violation of the fundamental law. He justified himself, as history has justified him, by the magnificence of the result which he accomplished.

Jackson again, that grim, unbending soldier, had the nation's confidence, and he ruled with a rod of iron. When South Carolina sought to nullify the Federal laws, the President prepared to conquer the recalcitrant State by force of arms. He even threatened to hang Calhoun, the Vice-President, who was encouraging secession. Both South Carolina and Calhoun himself quailed before the impetuous vigor of that tremendous will. They knew that behind Jackson stood the nation as a whole.

The very highest pinnacle of personal power was attained by Lincoln, who, in the throes of civil war, summoned an army before Congress could be convened,



suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, refused to execute the order of the Chief Justice, and superseded the ordinary courts of law by military commissions. Yet here again he did these things with the approval of the people, and because he knew that the emergencies of war were his ample justification. But a President such as Fillmore or Buchanan—a man of no genius and lacking in decision—could have accomplished nothing. He would have found himself bound hand and foot by the literal meaning of the Constitution.

#### HOW GERMANY WAS UNITED

It is interesting to recall under what circumstances the present German Empire was established. It is a new creation, and has so far lasted only thirty-eight years. It was born in the midst of battle, when the greatest siege of history was still at its height. The armies of the German states encircled Paris with a hedge of steel. Fortifications and breastworks curved for fifty miles around the city, whose huge forts thundered night and day against the irresistible invaders. The war had been begun by the declaration of France against Prussia; but all the other German states, then independent, had made common cause with the Prussian king. Some of their rulers hated him. Some of their lands had, only four years earlier, been overrun by Prussian armies. But at the menace of a new Napoleon, they cast aside their local differences, remembering only their common origin and their German blood. German unity had been the dream of the Teutonic peoples for centuries, but never yet had it been achieved. The all-comprehending mind of Bismarck saw that this was the moment for welding together a great German state with the King of Prussia at its head.

Oddly enough, it was the Prussian monarch himself, old King William, who objected. There was strong objection, also, from the King of Bavaria—the dreamy and romantic Ludwig, who, later, died a madman's death. The Prussian crown prince, Frederick, likewise objected to a German Empire which would leave to the separate states so large a measure of independence. But the feeling for nationality was so strong that Bismarck gained his end. Unity at any cost was

his watchword. He was willing to concede much if only an empire could be formed. And so, on December 4, 1870, King Ludwig was persuaded to write a letter to the Prussian king, asking him to assume the imperial title, not, however, as "Emperor of Germany," but as "German Emperor"—a subtle distinction which is in reality most important. On the 18th of January, 1871, while the forts of Paris were still rumbling sullenly, the Prussian king was crowned in the great Salle des Glaces at Versailles, in the presence of the minor kings and princes of united Germany.

Because, however, some of the states were reluctant to give up any of their sovereign powers, much had to be conceded. For example, although the population of Prussia is nearly seven times that of Bavaria, Bavaria has six votes in the upper house as against Prussia's seventeen. Furthermore, Bavaria controls her own army, whose soldiers swear allegiance to the Bavarian king and not to the German Kaiser. Finally, offensive war can be declared only with the consent of the upper house, which must also ratify all treaties.

Bismarck conceded these and many other things for the sake of accomplishing his one desire. He conceded so much as to offend his own sovereign, who, after the coronation was over, passed him by, refusing to accept his congratulations. But time has done its work. There is friction now and then between the minor states and the Kaiser's government, but there is no state, not even Bavaria, which would now secede from the German Empire. To Bavaria was given the chairmanship of one of the most important committees of the Bundesrath—the committee on international affairs. Bismarck managed so cleverly that, throughout his lifetime, this committee was never called together. Indeed, it was never called together until November last, as the result of the Kaiser's famous interview published in the *Daily Telegraph*. It was this step, perhaps, more than any other, which gave a momentous importance to the popular agitation.

#### THE PERSONALITY OF THE KAISER

As for the Kaiser himself, he has all the impatience of a strong, original leader



for the slow movements of legislative bodies. He once said: "Parliamentarism is a double-edged sword, which, nowadays, seems to do more harm than good." To a Russian ambassador he remarked: "After all, it is the monarch alone who gives stability to a nation's politics." More characteristic still is another utterance of his: "It is not talk-talk-talk, but do-do-do, that legislative bodies ought to be engaged in." Speaking to ex-President Harrison, who visited Berlin, ten years ago, the Kaiser said of the United States, with perfect frankness: "Your nation is an experiment—an intensely interesting one, I admit, but, after all, an experiment. Whether it will stand the storms of time as have the older monarchies of Europe, is something still to be decided."

Here is the Kaiser's personality brought out in a few pithy sentences. He believes in the one-man power as a last resort. Germany has been governed for more than thirty years by such a power, with its constitution partly in abeyance. It has flourished and expanded more than

any other nation in the world, except the United States. It has founded colonies. It has become a great manufacturing and industrial center. Energy and thoroughness equal to the Kaiser's own, and stimulated by his example, have made Germany the commercial rival even of Great Britain. It stands firm as a rock in the center of continental Europe, and it so stands because, thus far, it has had to guide its destinies men of unusual genius and force of character.

In nothing has the Kaiser shown his greatness more than in the concession which he has just made to public sentiment. As has been officially declared, this is something more than a conquest over a party or a people. It is a conquest over his own impetuous, impulsive, and yet far-seeing self. If constitutionalism in the European sense, and strict ministerial responsibility, shall come to Germany, they, like many other great and splendid things which Germany possesses, will be the free gift of the emperor, who has been called medieval, but who in reality is marvelously modern.

#### CRUSADE

HELMET, buckler, prancing steed,

Spear and coat of mail?

Holy war and daring deed

For the Holy Grail?

No! To-day crusaders fight

For the truth and for the right!

Journeys to a distant land,

Voyagers afar?

Perils of the desert sand,

Storm-rent sail and spar?

No! Small need to range or roam,

Battle-grounds lie nearer home!

Mountain-tops with watch-fires lit,

Sound of drum and fife?

Waving flags where names are writ—

Sweetheart, maid and wife?

Yes! Still swells the battle-song:

"Shield the weak and right the wrong!"

Bloodless shall the warfare be—

Words are winged darts;

Thoughts are things, as you shall see,

Waking up men's hearts!

Onward! Be no soul dismayed,

God directs His grand crusade!

*Clarence Urmy*

# EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE MOST ORIGINAL GENIUS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY MORRIS BACHELLER

IF we pass in review the whole body of those who have made a name for themselves in American literature, we shall probably have to say that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is the most popular. Should we ask which one is the most original, some might select Ralph Waldo Emerson, and not a few would select Walt Whitman; but, taking him all in all, most judges would agree that the palm for originality belongs to Edgar Allan Poe, who was born in Boston just one hundred years ago.

At the time of Poe's birth, his mother was filling a theatrical engagement in the New England city. The precise date of his entry into the world has been much controverted, and several authorities have placed it as having happened on February 19; but the question has been settled by the discovery in the *Boston Gazette* for February 9, 1809, of the following little paragraph:

We congratulate the frequenters of the theater on the recovery of Mrs. Poe from her recent confinement. This charming little actress will make her reappearance to-morrow evening.

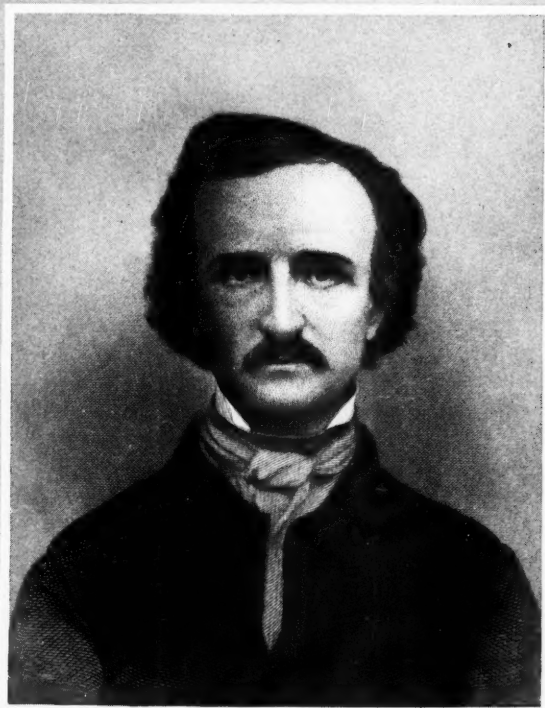
Like most men of genius, Poe resembled his mother, who before her marriage was Miss Elizabeth Arnold. As an actress, she showed those qualities which were afterward far more conspicuous in her son. Like him, she was frail of figure, but she won the hearts of those who saw her by her archness, her romantic grace, and her exceeding sensitiveness.

This sensitiveness did much to make Edgar Allan Poe the remarkable master

of prose and poetry that he afterward became. So susceptible was he to every impression, that we might call his nature almost feminine. In the world of imagination this quality stimulated all his powers. In the prosaic, external world of fact it made his life unhappy, and is responsible for the tragedy of his premature end. A man of more robust physique and of steadier nerves would have kept his friends, and would have established himself in a settled home; but it is doubtful whether any one save the Poe who really lived could have written "The Bells" and "The Raven," and some of the strangely romantic stories, such as his "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque," which have made his name immortal in both hemispheres.

One ought to remember this peculiar sensitiveness in judging him. The slightest roughness of speech roused him to uncontrollable irritation. The mere presence of a woman set his nerves aquiver with a sort of ecstasy. A tablespoonful of brandy unbalanced his self-control and sent him raving, where a normal man would have experienced no sensation whatsoever. And thus it happened that Poe was reputed to be an impossible person with whom no one could have any transactions whatsoever. This, too, is the reason why he was accused of excessive and numberless flirtations; and this, again, is the reason why he has been quite falsely styled a drunkard and a man of dissolute habits.

In reality, we should see in him only a pathetic figure, living from hand to mouth, unable to retain any definite position, condemned to drudge as a literary hack, and at last to die in a hos-



EDGAR ALLAN POE

*From an engraving by Wilcox after a daguerreo-  
type which gives probably the most  
faithful likeness of Poe*



EDGAR ALLAN POE

*From an engraving by Sartain after a portrait  
which belonged to Rufus W. Griswold,  
the first biographer of Poe*

pital at Baltimore, whither he had been carried by strangers who had found him in a gutter. He was buried in the cemetery of Westminster Church, near the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe, who served in the Revolution and in the War of 1812.

#### THE GROWING FAME OF POE

At the time he seemed only a failure—a writer who had much cleverness, yet nothing more. To-day his fame is growing with each year until his works have been rendered into almost every foreign language, including Swedish and Bohemian, Danish and Russian. He is read in South America. That brilliant genius, Baudelaire, translated much of what Poe wrote into French that is almost as remarkable as the original English. Many British critics have agreed with Dr. William Minto in calling him "the most interesting figure in American literature."

He is at any rate the most original, and, in fact, he is unique. Walt Whitman is to be styled eccentric rather than original. It is in spite of Whitman's unconventionality that he is admired by those who do admire him. We ought not to forget that mere eccentricity is within the reach of every one. The duller person can excite notice by wearing his clothes inside out, by painting his face blue, and by shouting where others speak in ordinary tones. This in itself is no sign of genius. Much less does it denote originality. If Walt Whitman was a genius, it was not because he cast away the forms with which poetry had clothed itself for centuries. It was because he had something to say which was new and fresh and stimulating, and which therefore has won him readers even among those who dislike his taste for the bizarre. As for Emerson, he crystallized in brilliant phrases the wisdom which had belonged to men before him. His originality is largely that of phrasing.

#### THE MUSIC OF POE'S VERSE

But Poe, sensitive almost to the point of neurasthenia, stands quite alone, not merely in our literature, but in all literature. His exquisite sense of harmony was able to evoke from our language

combinations of words which, as Tennyson said of poetry, keep continually ringing "little bells of change." The ear is ravished, and yet one cannot quite tell why, even after the last analysis has been made. The wonderful haunting power of his finest lines is unequaled, except perhaps in some few parts of Coleridge's dream-poem, "Kubla Khan," which is said to have been composed while the author was stupefied by opium.

It was this extraordinary gift, this wizard-like command of tinkling, silvery words and cadences, which stirred Emerson to impatience and led him to call Poe "the jingle-man." But if Emerson did not appreciate it, the world at large has done so; and some of Poe's woven harmonies represent the supreme effort of our language in pure music. He was himself conscious of his gift, and expressed its nature in some words that deserve quotation:

It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels.

The truth of this is felt when one reads "Lenore," or the haunting, hopeless melody of "Ulalume."

There is little need to speak of what he did in prose. Here, too, his sensitiveness is scarcely less conspicuous, while his imagination, at times grotesque, at other times romantic, plays like summer lightning through the pages which one most readily recalls. Professor Barrett Wendell has noted the fact that Poe's first published volume, "Tamerlane," bears almost the same title as that of the first tragedy written by Christopher Marlowe, "Tamburlaine." This coincidence suggests, declares Professor Wendell, a real analogy:

Poe and Marlowe alike were men of extraordinary power and of reckless personal habits; alike they produced work which will always enrich the literature or the language in which it is written. Both, after troublesome, irregular careers, died miserably in public places. It is only as each has receded into tradition that his earthly immortality has become assured.



# THE WHITE SISTER\*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET,"  
"THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

**A** SUDDEN and terrible misfortune has overtaken Angela Chiaromonte. Her father, the head of an old Roman house, has been killed in a street accident; and the dead man's sister-in-law, the Marchesa del Prato, has told the young girl that she is not her father's legitimate daughter, and that therefore—unless a will in her favor should be discovered—she will not inherit a penny of the family estate. It appears that in the controversy between church and state in Italy, the prince was so devoted an adherent of the papal cause that he refused to be married by civil ceremony, and to register his daughter's birth as required by the government regulations. In consequence, it is true that in the eye of the law she is illegitimate.

The *marchesa*—who hates Angela because she herself had desired the late prince for a husband, and had made a loveless match with his younger brother when the elder Chiaromonte married another—follows up this disclosure by warning her niece that she need expect no help from the family, and by recommending her to apply to one of the two convents on which her dead father had lavished money. Angela has two friends—Giovanni Severi, a young officer whom she loves and hopes to marry, and Mme. Bernard, her old French governess. To the latter, in her distress and perplexity, she turns for advice.

## IV

**I**T was not till Angela was up-stairs in her own room, and was trying to repeat to her old governess just what had been said, that she began to realize what it meant. Mme. Bernard was by turns horrified, righteously angry, and moved to profound pity. At first she could not believe her ears, but when she did she invoked the divine wrath on the inhuman monster who had the presumption to call herself a woman, a mother, and an aunt. Finally she folded Angela in a motherly embrace and burst into tears, promising to protect her at the risk of her own life—a promise she would really have kept if the girl had been in bodily danger.

In her secret heart the little Frenchwoman was also making some reflections on the folly and obstinacy of the late prince, but out of sheer kindness and tact she kept them to herself for the present. Meanwhile she said that she would go and consult one of the great legal lights, to whose daughters she had lately

given lessons, and who had always been very kind to her. It was nonsense, she said, to believe that the prince's brother could turn Angela out of her home without making provision for her—such a liberal provision as would be considered a handsome dowry—four hundred thousand francs would be the very least. The *commendatore* was a judge in the court of appeals and knew everything. He would not even need to consult his books! His brain was an encyclopædia of the law! She would go to him at once.

But Angela shook her head as she sat looking at the small wood fire in the old-fashioned red-brick fireplace. Now that she had told her story, she saw how very sure the princess and the lawyer must have been to speak as they had both spoken.

But Mme. Bernard put on her hat and went out to see the judge, who was generally at home late in the afternoon; and Angela sat alone in the dusk for a while, poking her little fire with a pair of very rusty wrought-iron tongs, at least three hundred years old, which would have de-

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lighted a collector, but which were so heavy and clumsy that they hurt her hands.

Her aunt's piece of advice came back to her; she had better ask to be taken in at one of the convents which her father had enriched, and where she would be received without a dowry. She knew them both, and both were communities of cloistered nuns. The one was established in a gloomy, medieval fortress in the heart of the city, built round a little garden that looked as unhealthy as the old prioress's muddy-complexioned face; the other was shut up in a hideous, modern building that had no garden at all. She felt nothing but a repugnance that approached horror when she thought of either, though she tried to reprove herself for it because her father had given so much money to the sisters, and had always spoken of them to her as "holy women." No doubt they were; doubtless, too, St. Anthony of Thebes had been a holy man, though it would have been unpleasant to share his cell, or even his meals.

Angela felt that if she was to live on bread, water, and salads, she might as well have liberty with her dinner of herbs. It was heartless to think of marrying, no doubt, when her father had not yet been dead a week; but since she was forced to take the future into consideration, she felt sure that Giovanni would marry her without a penny, and that she should be perfectly happy with him. She could well afford to laugh at the princess's advice so long as Giovanni was alive. He was coming to see her tomorrow, she would tell him everything, and when the year of her mourning expired they would be married.

The question was what she was to do in the mean time, since it was quite clear that she must soon leave the home in which she had been brought up. Like all people who have never been face to face with want, or any state of life even distinctly resembling poverty, she had a vague idea that something would be provided for her. It was not till she tried to define what that something was to be that she felt a little sinking at her heart; but the cheering belief soon returned, that the whole affair was a mistake, unless it was a pure invention of her aunt's,

meant to frighten her into abandoning her rights. In a little while Mme. Bernard would come back, beaming with satisfaction, with a message from the learned judge to say that such injustice and robbery were not possible under enlightened modern laws; and Angela smiled to think that she could have been so badly frightened by a mad woman and an obsequious old lawyer.

Decidedly, in spite of her gift for remembering prayers and litanies, the mere thought of a cloistered life repelled her. Like most very religiously brought up girls, she had more than once fancied that she was going to have a "vocation" for the veil; but a sensible confessor had put that out of her head, discerning at once in her mental state those touches of maiden melancholy which change the look of the young life for a day or a week, as the shadow of a passing cloud saddens a sunlit landscape. It was characteristic of Angela that the possibility of becoming a nun as a refuge from present and future trouble did not present itself to her seriously, now that trouble was really imminent. She was too buoyant by nature, her disposition was too even and sensible; and, above all, she was too courageous to think of yielding tamely to the fate her aunt wished to impose upon her.

It might have been expected that she would at least break down for a little while that afternoon and have a good cry in her solitude, while Mme. Bernard was on her errand to the judge; but she did not, though there was a moment when she felt that tears were not far off. By way of keeping them back she went into her bedroom, lit a candle, and knelt down to recite the prayers she had selected to say daily for her father. They were many, some of them were beautiful, and more than half of them were centuries old. Her conviction that the very just man was certainly in heaven already did not make it seem wholly useless to pray for him. No one could be quite sure of what happened in paradise; and, in any case, if he was in no need of such intercession himself, she was allowed to hope that grace might overflow and avail to help some poor soul in purgatory, by means of the divine indulgence.

Mme. Bernard came back at last, but

there was consternation in her kindly face, for the great legal light had confirmed every word the princess and her lawyer had said to Angela, and had shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion that a will might still be found. He had told the governess plainly that a man married to a woman only by a religious ceremony was not legally her husband, and that his children had neither name nor rights, unless he went through the legal form of recognizing them before the proper authorities. If the parents died without making a will, the children had no claim whatever on the estate, unless they had been properly recognized. If there was a will, however, they might inherit, even if they had not been legitimized, provided that no lawful heirs of the testators were living.

Furthermore, the *commendatore* had expressed great surprise that the late prince should not have been warned of his daughter's irregular position by his legal advisers. It only showed, he said, how necessary the law was, since people who disregarded it got into such terrible trouble.

The French teacher instinctively felt that there was something wrong with the final syllogism, but it was only too clear that the *commendatore* knew his business, and that unless a legally executed will were found on the morrow Angela had not the smallest chance of getting a penny from the great estate her father had left.

"If they are so inhuman as to turn you out of your home without providing for you," Mme. Bernard said, with tears in her eyes, "I do not see what you are to do, my dear child. I am ashamed to offer you the little spare room I sometimes let to single foreign ladies—and yet—if you would take it—ah, you would be so welcome! It is not a bad exposure—it has the sun on it all day, though there is only one window. The carpet is getting a little threadbare, but the curtains are new and match the furniture—a pretty flowered chintz, you know. And I will make little dishes for you, since you have no appetite! A *navarin*, my dear, I make it well, and a real *fricassée*! We Frenchwomen can all cook! The *navarin* was my poor husband's predilection—when he had eaten one made by

me, he used to say that the fleshpots of Egypt were certainly the *navarin* and nothing else. But when I am alone it is not worth while to take so much trouble. An egg, five sous' worth of ham and brawn, and a roll—that suffices me when I am alone. But if you will accept the little room—ah, then I will put on an apron and go into the kitchen, and you shall taste the French cookery of a Frenchwoman!"

Angela was not listening to all this, for she was too much touched by the generous intention to hear half of what Mme. Bernard said, and she could only press the little governess's hand again while she tried to edge in a word of thanks between the quick sentences.

"And as for the rest," Mme. Bernard ran on, "I have chaperoned half the young girls in Roman society to concerts and to the dentist's, and I have a nice little sitting-room, and there is no reason in the world why Count Severi should not come to see us, until you can be married!"

This, at least, did not escape Angela, who squeezed the small, plump hand very hard, and at last succeeded in speaking herself.

"You are too good!" she cried. "Too kind! If it turns out to be true, if I am really to be a beggar, I would rather beg of you than of distant cousins and people I know. Besides, they are all so afraid of my aunt's tongue that not one of them would dare to take me in, even for a week! But I will not come unless you will let me work to help you, in some way—I do not know how. Is there nothing I know well enough to teach?"

"Oh, la, la!" cried Mme. Bernard. "Will you please not say such things, my dear? As if it were not the greatest happiness in the world you will be giving me, a lonely old woman, to come and live with me, and help me take care of the parrot and water the carnations in the window every evening at sunset, and learn how to make a *navarin*! Work? Oh, yes! You shall work, my dear child! If you think it is easy to please a parrot, try it! I only say that!"

"I will do my best," Angela said, smiling. "To-morrow, at this hour, we shall know what it is to happen."

"What has happened, has happened,"

said Mme. Bernard, as calmly as any Hindu, though she was not a fatalist. "Even if there is a paper somewhere, do you think the *marchesa* will not be the first to find it and tear it to a thousand bits? No, I will not call her 'Princess Chiaromonte'! I, who knew your mother, my dear! Trust me, if there is a will in the sealed rooms, the *marchesa* will discover it before any one!"

Angela thought that this might be true, for she had a most vivid recollection of her aunt's look and voice during the late interview. The more she thought of the immediate future, the clearer it became to her that she must accept her old governess's offer of shelter for the present. She could not bring herself to beg a lodging and the bare necessities of life from any of those people whom she had called her friends.

There were at least half a dozen girls with whom she had been intimate at the Sacred Heart, and during the past winter; and some of them were connections of her father's and would be profoundly shocked to learn what her position now was. No doubt their parents would take her in for a few days. Very possibly they would do more than that, and would formally protest to her aunt and uncle against the treatment she had received. But could she stay with any of them longer than a week on such a footing? Would she be anything better than a waif, not knowing where she could sleep or get a meal a few days hence? No; her only choice lay between accepting Mme. Bernard's offer and presenting herself as a candidate for charity at one of the two convents her father had protected. Afterward, a year hence or more, when she should be married to Giovanni Severi, she would find some means of repaying the generous woman, without hurting her feelings. Until then, she must accept the kindness and be thankful that it came from such a true friend.

She had no intention of showing herself down-stairs the next day, when the seals were to be removed and the papers examined. If she had cherished any illusion as to the existence of a document in her favor, Mme. Bernard's last speech had effectually destroyed it, which was the best thing that could have happened.

At least, she was sure of Giovanni, and a year must pass in a year's time! That was axiomatic; and when the twelve months were over, he and she would be quietly married. She would not bring him a handsome dowry, as she had fully expected to do, and though his father was well off, there were other children, so that she could not expect to be rich; but what difference could that make to two young people who loved each other? Evidently, none at all.

It rained all the morning, and Angela spent most of the time in a sort of apathy, so far as her companion could see, sitting still for an hour with a book she did not read, then moving about to rooms in an objectless way only to go back to her chair in a few minutes and to sit motionless again before the smoldering wood fire.

Mme. Bernard, on the contrary, was very busy in making preparations to take her away if a sudden move should be necessary. Though the servants were evidently informed of what was taking place, she succeeded in getting a couple of trunks and a valise brought up, and she began to pack them with clothing from Angela's wardrobe, taking only such things as would be useful in the quiet life of mourning the girl was to lead for a year.

The maid had disappeared, presumably to look for a place, and when it was time for luncheon it was not without difficulty that Mme. Bernard got a footman to bring something cold on a tray. It was quite clear by this time that the whole household knew the truth, and expected Angela to leave the palace that day; and the little woman paused more than once in her packing to shake her fist at the slim visions of the Princess Chiaromonte that crossed the field of her imagination.

Down-stairs, matters proceeded as she had foreseen. The princess, two lawyers, a notary, and several clerks had removed the seals and locked themselves in the inner apartment to examine the papers and such valuables as were there; but it is needless to say that they found nothing in the nature of a will, nor any document even expressing a wish on the part of the deceased. The notary observed that it was very strange, but one of the lawyers shrugged his shoulders and smiled, while

the other asked why, in the nature of things, a man so young and healthy as the late prince should have been expected to make careful preparations against his sudden demise when he might well expect to live thirty years longer.

The princess said nothing, and her husband did not appear. Indeed, he never did, and on all occasions of importance, like the present, the princess was provided with a power of attorney to represent him, speak for him, decide for him, and sign documents for him. There were many stories about him in society, none of which contained more than the merest particle of truth. Some people said he was mad, others maintained that he was paralyzed; there were those who confidently asserted that his face was disfigured by an unsightly claret mark, and it was even suggested that he was a leper. When any of these tales were repeated to his wife by dear friends, she answered that he was very well and had just gone to the Abruzzi to look after one of the large holdings of the estate, or that he was in Hungary, shooting with distant cousins who had lands there, or that, if the truth must be known, he had a touch of the influenza, and would probably run down to Sicily for a change, as soon as he was able to travel.

Angela herself had not seen him since she had been a mere child. She remembered that once, when she was at her aunt's, a tall, pale man with a thoughtful face had passed through the room quickly without paying the least attention to any one. She had asked her small cousins who he was, and had been told in an awe-struck whisper that it was their father. That was probably the only time she had ever laid eyes on him; and, somehow, she did not connect him with what was happening to her now. It was all her aunt's doing. The thin and thoughtful man had not looked as if he were heartless; he would not have allowed his brother's child to be turned out a beggar under the letter of the law.

The princess's most intimate and affectionate enemies had not succeeded in fathoming the mystery. Two of them, who were connections of her husband's, had once had a theory that she had locked him up and kept him a prisoner for her own ends. A similar case had then

recently occurred in Palermo, where a widowed lady and her daughter had been kept in confinement during several years, and almost starved to death, by the wicked steward of their estates. Accordingly, the aforesaid connections had appealed to the chief of secret police for information about their relative; but in a few days he had been able to tell them confidently that the Marchese del Prato was in good health and quite free, that he was an enthusiastic scholar, and was writing an exhaustive work on the mythology of Pindar's "Odes," and that there was no cause for any anxiety about him. So that matter was settled forever.

At half past three o'clock the princess went away, leaving the lawyers and clerks to finish their work, for she was more than satisfied that no will nor any similar document would be found among the late prince's papers, and everything else was mere formality. The regular inventories would be made later, when the succession duties had to be paid, but meanwhile there was nothing to hinder her from taking possession in her husband's name. Before leaving the palace she sent for the butler, and told him that "Signorina Angela" was to be requested to "remove her effects" the next day. She further condescended to inform him that the *signorina* had been ascertained to be a nameless foundling, who had no share in the inheritance and must shift for herself, as it was not the intention of the prince to support such a person.

The butler had learned something of the great Roman families during a brilliant career in the servants' hall, and he could have told some singularly romantic tales, but he had never had experience of anything like this. He tried to look at the princess for a moment before he answered her, but he could not face her glittering eyes.

"Very well, excellency," he said, bowing. "Is the young lady to have her meals here till she leaves? The French governess is also staying in the house."

"Send them up something from the servants' dinner," the princess answered.

"Very well, excellency."

But the butler looked after her with considerable curiosity, watching her graceful figure as she went down the grand staircase and holding the swinging

door open on the landing till she was out of sight. Then he went in again, looked round the empty hall, and spoke aloud, asking a question that has never had any answer.

"Women, women—who can understand you?"

## V

HALF an hour later Giovanni Severi entered the gate below in civilian's dress and asked if he could see Mme. Bernard, the French teacher, who had let him know that she was stopping in the palace. The porter told him to ring at the right-hand door on the second landing, but added that it was doubtful whether any one would let him in, as there was "confusion in the house."

Mme. Bernard was waiting for him, however; he had arrived punctually, and she let him in herself.

"Have you heard, *monsieur*?" she asked, before he could speak. "Do you know what is happening?"

"Yes," he answered. "All Rome knows it by this time, for the story was in the morning papers. May I see Donna Angela?"

"Come, *monsieur*."

She had fastened the outer door while he was speaking, and she now led the way without any more words.

Angela knew Giovanni's step at a distance, and when he entered she was standing in the middle of the room. He had never before seen her in black, and she was paler than usual. He looked anxiously into her face as he took her hand, and she, meeting his eyes expectantly, saw a change in them. Neither spoke at first, and in the silence Mme. Bernard passed them and went into the next room, shutting the door after her.

"Have you heard?" Angela asked, still standing and still holding Giovanni's hand.

"Yes. It is in all the papers to-day. There is an outcry. If your aunt shows herself in the streets, she will be hissed. But she has the law on her side. I have been to two lawyers to inquire."

He spoke in short sentences, nervously, and when he stopped he bit his mustache.

"There is something else," Angela answered. "I see it in your eyes. There is something I do not know—some still

worse news. Sit down there by the fire opposite me, and tell me everything, for I am not afraid. Nothing can frighten me now."

She seated herself where she had sat more than half the day, and he took the chair to which she had pointed. While she waited for him to speak, she poked the small green logs with the antiquated tongs, and watched the sparks that flew upward with every touch.

He looked at her in silence, forgetting everything for a while, except that he was really alone with her, almost for the first time in his life. He changed his position, and bent forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands together, so that he was nearer to her. Without turning her face from the fire, she saw him in a side-glance, but made no answering motion.

"Tell me what it is," she said softly.

"Only one thing could hurt me now."

"It is hard to tell," he answered in rather a dull voice.

She misunderstood, and turned to him slowly with wondering and frightened eyes. Her hand weakened, without quite losing its hold, and the ends of the clumsy tongs clattered on the brick hearth. The doubt that had sprung upon her like a living thing as soon as she saw Giovanni began to dig its claws into her very heart.

"If it is so hard to tell," she said, "it must be that one thing!" She turned resolutely to the fire again. "If it is to be good-by, please go away quietly and leave me alone."

The words were not all spoken before he had caught her arm, so suddenly that the old tongs fell on the bricks with a clang. Like him, she had been leaning forward in her low chair, and as he drew her to him she involuntarily slipped from her seat and found herself kneeling on one knee beside him. She gave a little cry, more of surprise than of displeasure or timidity, but he did not heed her. While he still held her with his right hand, his left stole round her neck, to bring her face nearer.

But she resisted him almost fiercely. She set both her hands against his chest and pushed herself from him with all her might; and the red blush rose even to her forehead at the thought of the



kiss she almost saw on his lips—a kiss that hers had never felt. He meant nothing against her will, and when he felt that she was matching her girl's strength against his, as if she feared him, his arms relaxed and he let her go.

She sprang to her feet like a young animal released, and leaned against the mantelpiece, breathing hard, and fixing her burning eyes on the old engraving of St. Ursula, asleep in a queer four-post bedstead with her crown at her feet. But instead of rising to stand beside her, Giovanni leaned back in his chair, his hands crossed over one knee; and instead of looking up to her face, he gazed steadily down at the hem of her long black skirt, where it lay motionless across the wolf's skin that served for a hearth-rug.

"What is it?" she asked, after a long pause, and rather unsteadily.

He understood that she was going back to the question she had asked him at first, but still he did not answer. She kept her eyes steadily on St. Ursula while she spoke again.

"If it is not good-by, what is it that is so hard to say?"

"I have had a long talk with my father."

Angela moved a little and looked down at his bent head, for he spoke in an almost despairing tone. She thought she understood him at last.

"He will not hear of our marriage, now that I am a beggar," she said, prompting him.

But Giovanni raised his face at once, and rather proudly.

"You are unjust to him," he said.

"He is not changed. It is a very different matter. He has had a great misfortune, and has lost almost all he had, without much hope of recovering anything. We were very well off, and I should have had a right to marry you, though you had not a penny, if this had not happened. As it is, my father is left with nothing but his general's pension to support my mother. My brothers will both need help for years to come, for they are much younger than I am, and I must live on my pay if I mean to stay in the service."

"Is that all?" Angela's voice trembled a little.

"Yes, my pay, and nothing more—"

"I did not mean that," she hastened to say, interrupting him, and there was a note of returning gladness in her voice. "I meant to ask if that was all the bad news."

"It is enough, surely, since it half ruins our lives! What right have I to ask you to keep your promise and marry me, since I have not enough for us to live on?"

Angela turned quite toward him now and repeated his own words.

"And what right have I to ask you to keep your promise and marry me? When you gave your word, you thought I had a great name and was heir to a splendid fortune. You were deceived. I am a 'destitute foundling'—the lawyers have proved it, and the proof of their proofs is that I am obliged to accept the charity of my old governess, God bless her! If ever a man had a right to take back his word, you have. Take it, if you will. You are free!"

Giovanni stood up beside her, almost angry.

"Do you think I wanted your fortune?" he asked, a little pale under his tan.

"Do you think I am afraid of poverty?"

Her lips were still parted in a smile after she had asked the question, and with the gesture of an older woman she tapped his arm half reproachfully. The color came back to his brown face.

"I fear poverty for you," he answered, "and I am going to fight it for your sake if you have the courage to wait for me. Have you?"

"I will wait forever," she said simply as she laid her hand in his.

"Then I shall leave the army at once," he replied. "So far, I have made what is called a good career, but promotion is slow, and the pay is wretched until a man is very high up. I was in the engineers before I got into the Staff College, you know, and a military engineer can always find well-paid work, especially if he is an electrician, as I am. In two years I promise you that we shall be able to marry and be at least comfortable; and there is no reason why I should not make a fortune quite equal to what my father has lost."



He spoke with the perfect confidence of a gifted and sanguine man, sure of his own powers, and his words pleased her. Perhaps what had attracted her most in him from the beginning had been his enthusiasm and healthy faith in the world, which had contrasted brilliantly with her father's pessimism and bigoted political necrolatry, if I may coin a Greek word to express an old-fashioned Roman's blind worship of the dead past, then still unburied.

Angela was pleased, as any woman would have been, but she protested against what she knew to be a sacrifice.

"No," she said decidedly, "you must not give up the army and your career for the sake of making money, even for me. Do no officers marry on their pay? I am sure that many do, and manage very well indeed. You told me not long ago that you were expecting promotion from day to day; and in any case I could not marry you within a year, at the least."

"If I do not begin working at once, that will be just a year lost," objected Giovanni.

"A year! Will that make much difference?"

"Why not ten, then? As if a year would not be a century long while I am waiting for you—as if it were not already half a lifetime since last month, when we told each other the truth! Wait? Yes, if I must; forever, as you said a while ago, if there is no other way. But if it can be helped, then not an hour, not a minute! Why should we let happiness pass us by and not take it when we may and can? There is not enough in the world, as it is; and you cannot even pretend that you are generous if you do not take your share, since what fate means for you is useless for any one else! No, dear, no! We will take the fruit there is on the tree, and leave none to rot on the branch after we are gone. Promise to marry me a year from to-day and leave the rest to me—will you?"

"Yes—but promise me one thing, too. Do not resign to-morrow, nor next week, as I know you mean to do. Take a month to think it over, and to look about you. You are so impulsive—well, so generous—that you are capable of sending in your resignation to-morrow."

"It is already written," Giovanni an-

swered. "I was going to send it in to-night."

"I knew it! But you must not. Please, please, take a little time—it will be so much wiser. I will wait for you forever, or I will promise to marry you a year from to-day, even if we have to live on bread and water. Indeed I will! But, at least, be a little cautious! It will be far better to marry on your pay—and you will surely get your captaincy in a few months—than to be stranded without even that in case you do not find the work you hope for. Don't you see? I am sure it is good advice."

Giovanni knew that it was, if caution were ever worth practising in human affairs; but that has often been doubted by brave and light-hearted men. He yielded a little reluctantly. If she had asked him to make it two months instead of one, he would have refused, for it seemed to him intolerable to lose a moment between decision and action, and his thoughts doubled their stride with every step, in a geometrical progression; a moment hence, a minute would be an hour, an hour a month, a month a lifetime. Men have won battles with that temper; but it has sometimes cost them their lives.

"I know you are sensible," Giovanni said, taking Angela's hand between both of his; "but it is to please you that I agree to wait a month. It is not because it looks wise, as it does. For one man who succeeds by wisdom, ten win by daring. Who knows what may chance in a month, or what may happen to put out of reach what I could do to-day?"

"Nothing!"

Angela gave her answer with the delicious little smile of superiority which the youngest woman and even the merest girl can wear, when she is sure that she is right and that the man she loves is wrong. It may be only about sewing on a button, or about the weather, or it may concern great issues; but it is always the same when it comes. It exasperates weak men, and the stronger sort like it, as they more especially delight in all that is womanly in woman, from heroic virtue to pathetic weakness.

"Nothing can happen in a month to prevent you from resigning then, as you could to-day," she said confidently.

The faint smile disappeared, and she grew thoughtful, not for herself, but for him, and looked at St. Ursula again. Her hand still lay in his, on the edge of the mantelpiece, and while she gazed at the engraving she knew that he was looking at her and was moving nearer. She felt that he was going to kiss her, but she did not resist this time, though the color was rising in her throat, and just under the exquisitely shaped petal of peach-blossom on which his eyes were fixed, and which was really only the tip of her ear, though it was so like the leaf of a flower that the scent of the bloom came to his memory when his lips touched the spot at last.

His hand shut closer over hers at the same moment, and hers fluttered under his fingers like a small, soft bird; but there was no resistance. He kissed the tip of her ear, and she turned toward him a little. His kiss pressed her cool cheek, and she moved again. Their eyes met, very near, and dark, and full of light, and then his lips touched hers at last.

Destiny has many disguises and many moods. Sometimes, as on that day at the telephone, the unexpected leaps up from its hiding-place and strikes stunning blows, right and left, like Orestes among the steers in Tauris, or a maniac let loose among sane men; but sometimes Fate lurks in her lair, silently poring over the tablets of the future, and she notes all we say, scrawling "Folly" against our wisest speeches, and stamping "So be it" under the carelessly spoken jest.

She was busy while the young lovers kissed for the first time, by the mantelpiece; but no inward warning voice had told Angela that she herself was sealing the order of her life irrevocably when she gave Giovanni the best advice she could, and he accepted it to please her, making his instinct obey his judgment for her sake. A man is foolish who takes an important step without consulting the woman who loves him most dearly, be she mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart; but he is rarely wise if he follows her advice, like a rule, to the letter, for no woman goes from thought to accomplishment by the same road as a man. You cannot make a pointer of a setter, nor teach a bulldog to retrieve.

If Giovanni had sent in his resignation

that evening, or even during the next day, as he was ready to do, it would have been accepted in the ordinary course of things; he would then, without doubt, have found employment for his talents and energy, either at home or abroad. He would in all probability have succeeded in life, because he possessed the elements of success; he would have married Angela in due time, and the two would probably have lived happily for many years, because they were suited to each other in all ways and were possessed of excellent constitutions.

If all this had happened, their story would have little interest except for themselves, or as an example to young couples; and it is a deplorable fact that there is hardly anything so dull and tiresome in the world as a good example. The hoardings along life's dusty roads are plentifully plastered with good examples, in every stage of preservation, from those just fresh from the moral bill-poster's roll, redolent of paste, to the good old ones that are peeling off in tatters, as if in sheer despair because nobody has ever stopped to look more at them. May the gods of literature keep all good storytellers from concocting advertisements of the patent virtues!

The most important and decisive moment in Angela's life, from its beginning to its end, had passed so quietly that she never suspected its presence, and almost the very next instant brought her the first kiss of the only man she had ever loved, or was to love thereafter.

## VI

MME. BERNARD had not overstated the advantages of the lodging she occasionally let to foreign ladies who traveled alone and practised economy, and Angela refused to occupy it till she had satisfied herself that her old governess's own room was just as large and just as sunny and just as comfortable.

In the first place, it was much bigger than she had expected, and when she had spread out all her possessions and put away her clothes, and had arranged her pretty toilet-set and the few books that were quite her own, she found that she was not at all cramped for space. The ceiling was not very high, it was true, and there was only one window, but it

was a very wide one, and outside it there was a broad iron shelf securely fixed, on which four good-sized flower-pots were set out in the sunshine. It was true that there were no flowers yet, but the two plants of carnations were full of buds and had been very carefully tended; a tiny rose-bush promised to bear three or four blossoms before long, and the pot of basil was beginning to send up curly green shoots. Opposite the window, and beyond the quiet street, there was a walled garden, in which there were some orange and mandarin trees.

Between the two bedrooms there was the sitting-room, which was a little smaller than either, but quite big enough for two women. Indeed, Mme. Bernard ate her meals there all winter, because the little dining-room at the back of the house was much colder, and not so cheerful. An enlarged colored photograph of the long-deceased Captain Bernard, in the uniform worn by the French artillery during the Franco-Prussian War, hung on one of the walls, over an upright piano. It had a black frame, and was decorated with a wreath of everlasting daisies tied with a black bow.

Underneath the portrait a tiny holy-water basin of old Tyrolese pewter was fastened to the wall. This Mme. Bernard filled every year at Easter, when the parish priest came to bless the rooms, and every year she renewed the wreath on the anniversary of her husband's death; for she was a faithful soul, and practised such little rites with a sort of cheerful satisfaction that was not exactly devout, but certainly had a religious source. Captain Bernard had been a dashing fellow, and there was no knowing what his soul might not need in the place his widow vaguely described as "beyond" when she spoke of his presumable state, though in the case of Angela's father, for instance, it was always "heaven" or "paradise." Apparently Mme. Bernard had the impression that her husband's immortal part was undergoing some very necessary cure before partaking of unmixed bliss.

"Military men have so many temptations, my dear," she said to Angela, thinking more of the deceased captain than of being tactful. "I mean," she said, correcting herself, "in France."

Angela was not afraid of temptation for Giovanni. Rightly or wrongly, she trusted that her love would be his shield against the wicked world and her name his prayer in need, and she smiled at Mme. Bernard's speech. The big old parrot on his perch cocked his head.

"Especially the cavalry and artillery," the good lady went on to explain.

"*À droite—conversion!*" roared the parrot in a terrific voice of command.

Angela jumped in her chair, for it was the first time she had heard the creature speak in that tone; but Mme. Bernard laughed, as if it pleased her.

"It is absolutely my poor husband's tone," she said calmly. "Coco," she said, turning to the bellicose bird, "the Prussians are there!"

"*Feu!*" yelled the parrot suddenly, dancing with rage on his bar. "*Feu! 'Cré nom d'un nom d'un p'tit bon dieu!*"

"Every intonation!" laughed the little Frenchwoman gaily. "You understand why I love my Coco!"

But Angela thought there was something grimly horrible in the coming back of the dead soldier's voice from battles fought long ago.

Giovanni came to see her two days after she had moved, but this time Mme. Bernard did not leave them together very long. She had a lively sense of her responsibility, now that the young girl was altogether in her charge, and felt that the proprieties must be strictly observed. It must never be thought that Giovanni was free to see Angela alone whenever he pleased, merely because her people had turned her out.

He looked distressed, and the young girl at once suspected some new trouble; and she was not mistaken, for her advice had begun to bear fruit already, and the inevitable was closing in upon them both.

He told the story in a few words. Some time ago it had been decided in the war office that a small exploring and surveying expedition should be sent up the country from the Italian colony at Massowah with the idea of planning some permanent means of inland communication with the British possessions. Giovanni's father had seen a chance for the younger Severi to distinguish himself and to obtain more rapid promotion, and by using all the considerable in-

fluence he possessed in high quarters he had got him appointed to be the engineering officer of the party.

The young man had already been two years in Africa, before being named an instructor to the Staff College, and had done exceptionally good service, which was an excellent reason for using him again; and chance further favored the plan, because the officer who had first been selected for the place, and who was an older man, was much needed in the war office, to his own exceeding disgust. The expedition might be attended with considerable danger, and would certainly be full of adventure, for there had recently been trouble with the tribes in that very region; but to send a strong force was out of the question, for political reasons, though the work to be done was so urgently necessary that it could not be put off much longer.

Old General Severi sincerely hoped that Angela might yet marry his son, and was convinced that the best thing possible would be to secure for the latter the first opportunity for quick promotion, instead of allowing him to leave the army in order to find more lucrative employment. The expedition would be gone five or six months, perhaps, and there were many reasons why it would be better to keep the young people apart for a time. Any one would understand that, he was sure. While Angela was living obscurely with a former governess, a brilliant young officer of some distinction, like Giovanni, could not see her regularly without seriously compromising her. It was the way of the world, and could not be helped; yet if Giovanni stayed in Rome, it would be too much to expect that he should stay away from the little apartment in Trastevere.

So the matter was settled, and when he came to see Angela that afternoon he had just had an interview with his chief, who had informed him of his appointment. The expedition was to leave Italy in a few days, and he would have barely time to provide himself with what was strictly necessary for the climate. He explained all this to Angela and Mme. Bernard.

"If you had only let me resign the other day," he said ruefully, when he had finished his account, "nobody could have

found fault then! But now, I must face the laugh of every man I know!"

Angela looked up quickly, in evident surprise.

"Why?" she asked. "I see nothing to laugh at in such an expedition."

"I am not going to accept the appointment," Giovanni answered with decision. "I asked for twenty-four hours to consider it, though the general seemed very much surprised."

"But you cannot refuse!" Angela cried. "They will say you are afraid!"

"They may say whatever occurs to them, for I will not go, and I shall resign at once, as I said I would. My mind is made up."

"You cannot refuse this," Angela repeated confidently. "If you are obliged to admit that there is some danger in it, though you wish there were none, because you safely could refuse to go, it must be very dangerous indeed. Tell me the truth, as far as you know it."

"It would depend on circumstances—" Giovanni hesitated.

"You have told me that if the government dared, it would send a large force to protect the expedition. The larger that force would be, the greater the danger if there is no protection at all. Is that true, or not?"

"It is true, in one way, but—"

"There is no condition!" Angela interrupted him energetically. "It is enough that it is going to be dangerous in one way, as you say!"

"No one can say that I ever avoided danger before," he objected.

"They will say many things if you refuse to go. They will shrug their shoulders and say that you have lost your nerve, perhaps! That is a favorite expression, and you know how people say it. Or if you make money soon after you resign, they will say that you preferred a fortune to risking your life for your country. Or else they will say that a woman has made a coward of you, and that I am she!"

"Coward!" yelled the parrot in a tone of withering contempt, and the creature actually spat in disgust.

Giovanni started violently, for he had not noticed the bird in the room. Then he tried to laugh at his own surprise.

"I do not wonder that you are sur-

prised, *monsieur*," said Mme. Bernard with a pleasant smile. "Coco has exactly my poor husband's voice!"

"I can brave a parrot's opinion," Giovanni said, attempting to speak gaily.

"Will you brave mine?" Angela asked.

"You certainly do not think I am afraid to go," he answered, "for you know why I mean to refuse. My first duty is to you. As I am placed, it would be cowardly to be afraid to face public opinion in doing that duty, and to keep you waiting six months or a year longer than necessary, when I have promised to provide means for us to marry within a year. That would deserve to be called cowardice!"

"*Sale Prussien! 'Cré nom d'une pipe!*" yelled Coco in a tone of disgust.

"Really!" exclaimed Giovanni with some annoyance. "Does the thing take me for an hereditary enemy, *madame?*"

Mme. Bernard rose with a little laugh and went to the parrot's perch, holding out her hand.

"Come, Coco!" she said, coaxing him. "It is peace now, and we can go home to Paris again."

"Paris" meant her bedroom in bird language; it also meant being bribed to be quiet with good things, and Coco strutted from his perch to her finger.

"*Marche!*" he commanded in a sharp tone, and as she moved he began to whistle the "*Marseillaise*" with great spirit.

She marched off, laughing and keeping step to the tune till she disappeared into her room, shutting the door behind her. As it closed, Giovanni caught Angela's left hand and drew it to him. She laid her right on his, quietly and affectionately.

"Am I never to see you alone?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"When you come to say good-by before starting," Angela answered. "I will ask her to leave us quite alone then. But now it will only be for a minute or two."

With the most natural movement in the world she lifted her hands, brought his face close to hers, and kissed him. Then she drew back a little, looked gravely into his astonished eyes for some seconds, and then kissed him again.

"I love you much more than you love

me," she said with great seriousness. "I am sure of it."

It was all very different from what he had expected. He had vaguely fancied that for a long time every kiss would have to be won from her by a little struggle, and that every admission of her love would be the reward of his own eloquence. Instead, she took the lead herself with a simplicity that touched him more than anything else could have done.

"You see!" she cried with the intonation of a laugh not far away. "I took you by surprise, because I am right about it! What have you to say?"

He said nothing, but his lips hurt hers a little in the silence. She shivered slightly, for she had not yet dreamed that a kiss could hurt and yet be too short. The sound of Mme. Bernard's voice came from the next room, still talking to the parrot. Angela laid her hand on Giovanni's gold-laced sleeve and nestled beside him, with her head in the hollow of his shoulder.

"I have always wanted to do this," she said in a drowsy little voice, as if she wished she could go to sleep where she was. "It is my place. When you are away in Africa, at night, under the stars, you will dream that I am just here, resting in my very own place."

She felt his warm breath in her hair as he answered:

"I will not go; I cannot leave you."

"But you must," she said, quickly straightening herself and looking into his face. "I should not love you as I do, if I could bear to think of your staying here, to let men laugh at you, as you say they would!"

"It is not like resigning on the day after war is declared!" he retorted, trying to speak lightly.

"It is!" she cried with a sort of eager anxiety in her voice. "There is only a difference in the degree—and perhaps it is worse! If there were war, you would be one man in a hundred thousand, but now you will be one in ten or twenty, or as many as are to go. Think what it would be if you were the only man in Italy—the one, single, only officer who could certainly accomplish something very dangerous to help your country—and if you refused to do it!"



"There are hundreds of better men than I for the work," objected Giovanni.

"I doubt it. Are there hundreds of engineer officers on the general staff?"

"No, but there are plenty—"

"A score, perhaps, and you have been chosen, no matter why, and there is danger, and there is a great thing to be done, perhaps a great good, which in the end will save the lives, or help the lives, of many Italians! And you want to refuse to do it—for what? For a woman, for a girl you love! Do you think she will love you the more, or less, for keeping out of danger, if she is a true Italian, as she thinks you are? Why is it that our Italy, which no one thought much of a few years ago, is coming to the front in so many ways now? It was not by staying at home for women's sake that our sailors have got nearer the North Pole than all the others who have tried! It is not by avoiding danger that our officers are learning to astonish everybody with their riding—"

"That is different," objected Giovanni. "It is one thing to do daring things—"

"Yes," interrupted Angela, not letting him speak, "it is the one and only thing, when it is good daring and can bring good, and helps the world to see that Italy is not dead yet, in spite of all that has been said and written against us and our unity. No, no, I say! Go, do your duty, do and dare, wherever and howsoever your country needs you, and I will wait for you, and be glad to wait for that one reason, which is the best of all. If you love me half as dearly as I love you, go back at once and tell your chief that you are ready, and are proud to be used wherever you can be of any use! And if there is danger to be faced, think that you are to face it for my sake as well as for Italy's, and not in spite of me, for I would ten thousand times rather that you should die in doing your duty—ever so obscurely—than stay here to be called a coward in order that we may be rich when we marry!"

Giovanni listened, more and more surprised at her energy and quick flow of words, but glad at heart that she was urging him to do what was right and honorable.

"It was for you that I meant to stay," he said. "Hard as it is to leave you, it would have been harder to refuse the appointment. I will go."

A little silence followed, and Mme. Bernard, no longer hearing their voices, and having said everything she had to say to her parrot, judged that it was time for her to come back and play chaperon again. She was careful to make a good deal of noise with the latch before she opened the door.

"Well, *monsieur*," she asked on the threshold, "has Donna Angela persuaded you that she is right? I heard her making a great speech!"

"She is a firebrand," laughed Giovanni, "and a good patriot as well! She ought to be in parliament."

"You are a feminist, I perceive," answered Mme. Bernard. "But Joan of Arc would be in parliament if she could come back to this world. The people would elect her, she would present herself in the tribune, and she would say: 'Aha, *messieurs*! Here I am! We shall talk, you and I.' And our little Donna Angela is a sort of Joan of Arc. People do not know it, but I do, for I have often heard her make beautiful speeches, as if she were inspired!"

"It takes no inspiration to see what is right," Angela said, shaking her head. "The only difficulty is to do it!"

"Even that is easy when you lead," Giovanni answered thoughtfully and without the least intention of flattering her.

He had seen a side of her character of which he had not even suspected the existence, and there was something about it so large and imposing that he was secretly a little ashamed of feeling less strong than she seemed. In two successive meetings he had come to her with his own mind made up, but in a few moments she had talked him over to her point of view without the least apparent difficulty, and had sent him away fully determined to do the very opposite of that which he had previously decided to do.

It was a strange experience for a young man of great energy and distinctly exceptional intelligence, and he did not understand it.

(To be continued)

# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

## I—THE STORY OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE AND COUNT NEIPPERG

BY LYNDON ORR

THERE is one famous woman whom history condemns while at the same time it partly hides the facts which might mitigate the harshness of the judgment that is passed upon her. This woman is Marie Louise, Empress of France, consort of the great Napoleon, and archduchess of imperial Austria. When the most brilliant figure in all history, after his overthrow in 1814, was in tawdry exile on the petty island of Elba, the empress was already about to become a mother; and the father of her unborn child was not Napoleon, but another man. This is almost all that is usually remembered of her—that she was unfaithful to Napoleon, that she abandoned him in the hour of his defeat, and that she gave herself with readiness to one inferior in rank, yet with whom she lived for years, and to whom she bore what a French writer has styled “a brood of bastards.”

Naturally enough, the Austrian and German historians do not have much to say of Marie Louise, because in her own disgrace she also brought disgrace upon the proudest reigning family in Europe. Naturally, also, French writers, even those who are hostile to Napoleon, do not care to dwell upon the story; since France itself was humiliated when its greatest genius and most splendid soldier was deceived by his Austrian wife. Therefore, there are still many who know little beyond the bare fact that the Empress Marie Louise threw away her pride as a princess, her reputation as a

wife, and her honor as a woman. Her figure seems to crouch in a sort of murky byway, and those who pass over the high-road of history ignore it with averted eyes.

Is there, however, nothing to be said that will at least extenuate what this woman did? Was there not some reason, some deep-seated cause, why she should act so utterly at variance with the traditions of her house and the repute in which she had been held?

In reality, the story of Napoleon and Marie Louise and of the Count von Neipperg is one which, when you search it to the very core, leads you straight to a sex-problem of a very curious nature. Nowhere else does it occur in the relations of the great personages of history; but in literature, Balzac, that master of psychology, has touched upon the theme in the early chapters of his famous novel called “A Woman of Thirty.”

As to the Napoleonic story, let us first recall the facts of the case, giving them in such order that their full significance may be understood.

### NAPOLEON'S SECOND MARRIAGE

In 1809, Napoleon, then at the plenitude of his power, shook himself free from the clinging clasp of Josephine and procured the annulment of his marriage to her. He really owed her nothing. Before he knew her, she had been the mistress of another. In the first years of their life together, she had been notoriously unfaithful to him. He had held

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles that will deal with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral problems which they illustrate. Next month's paper will tell the story of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes.

to her from habit, which was in part a superstition; but the remembrance of the wrong which she had done him made her faded charms at times almost repulsive. And then Josephine had never borne him any children; and without a son to perpetuate his dynasty, the gigantic achievements which he had wrought seemed futile in his eyes, and likely to crumble into nothingness when he should die.

No sooner had the marriage been annulled than his titanic ambition leaped, as it always did, to a tremendous pinnacle. He would wed. He would have children. But he would wed no petty princess. This man who in his early youth had felt honored by a marriage with the almost *déclassée* widow of a Creole planter now stretched out his hand that he might take to himself a woman not merely royal but imperial.

At first he sought the sister of the Czar of Russia; but Alexander entertained a profound distrust of the French emperor, and managed to evade the tentative demand. There was, however, a reigning family far more ancient than the Romanoffs—a family which had held the imperial dignity for nearly six centuries—the oldest and the noblest blood in Europe. This was the Austrian house of Hapsburg. Its head, the Emperor Francis, had thirteen children, of whom the eldest, the Archduchess Marie Louise, was then in her nineteenth year.

Napoleon had resented the rebuff which the Czar had given him. He turned, therefore, the more eagerly to the other project. Yet there were many reasons why an Austrian marriage might be dangerous, or, at any rate, ill-omened. Only sixteen years before, an Austrian archduchess, Marie Antoinette, married to the ruler of France, had met her death upon the scaffold, hated and cursed by the French people, who had always blamed "the Austrian" for the evil days which had ended in the flames of revolution. Again, the father of the girl to whom Napoleon's fancy turned had been the bitter enemy of the new régime in France. His troops had been beaten by the French in five wars, and had been crushed at Austerlitz and at Wagram. Bonaparte had twice entered Vienna at the head of a conquering army, and

thrice he had slept in the imperial palace at Schönbrunn, while Francis was fleeing through the dark, a beaten fugitive pursued by the swift squadrons of French cavalry.

The feeling of Francis of Austria was not merely that of the vanquished toward the victor. It was a deep hatred, almost religious in its fervor. He was the head and front of the old-time feudalism of birth and blood; Napoleon was the incarnation of the modern spirit which demolished thrones and set an iron heel upon crowned heads, giving the sacred titles of king and prince to soldiers who, even in palaces, still showed the swaggering brutality of the camp and the stable whence they sprang. Yet, just because an alliance with the Austrian house seemed in so many ways impossible, the thought of it inflamed the ardor of Napoleon all the more.

"Impossible?" he had once said contemptuously. "The word 'impossible' is not French."

The Austrian alliance, unnatural though it seemed, was certainly quite possible. In the year 1809, Napoleon had finished his fifth war with Austria by the terrific battle of Wagram, which brought the empire of the Hapsburgs to the very dust. The conqueror's rude hand had stripped from Francis province after province. He had even let fall hints that the Hapsburgs might be dethroned, and that Austria might disappear from the map of Europe, to be divided between himself and the Russian Czar, who was still his ally. It was at this psychological moment that the Czar wounded Napoleon's pride by refusing to give the hand of his sister Anne.

#### SACRIFICED TO SAVE AUSTRIA

The subtle diplomats of Vienna immediately saw their chance. Prince Metternich, with the caution of one who enters the cage of a man-eating tiger, suggested that the Austrian archduchess would be a fitting bride for the French conqueror. The notion soothed the wounded vanity of Napoleon. From that moment, events moved swiftly; and before long it was understood that there was to be a new empress in France, and that she was to be none other than the daughter of the man who had been

Napoleon's most persistent foe upon the Continent. The girl was to be given—sacrificed, if you like—to appease an imperial adventurer. After such a marriage, Austria would be safe from spoliation. The reigning dynasty would

be brutal and faithless enemy of her people. She knew that this bold, rough-spoken soldier, less than a year before, had added insult to the injury which he had inflicted on her father. In public proclamations he had called the Emperor Francis a



THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE LOUISE OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I—A PORTRAIT PAINTED SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO NAPOLEON IN APRIL, 1810, WHEN SHE WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD

*From the painting by Gérard in the Louvre*

remain firmly seated upon its historic throne.

But how about the girl herself? She had always heard Napoleon spoken of as a sort of ogre—a man of low ancestry, a

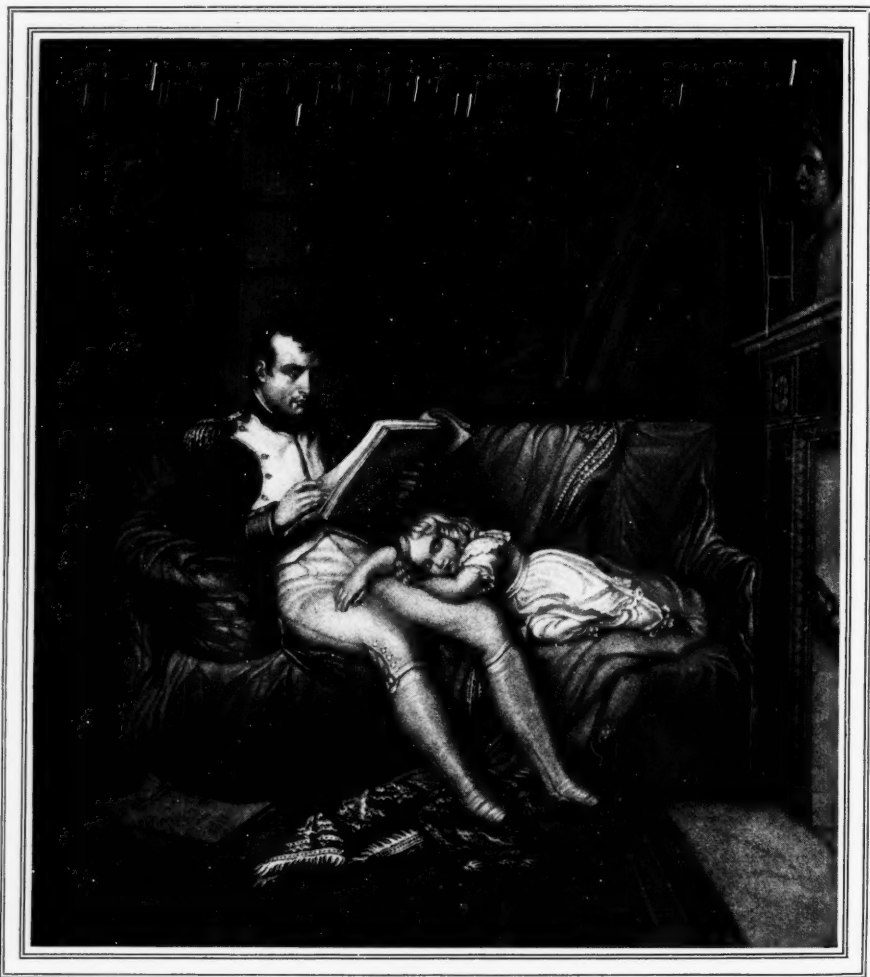
coward and a liar. Up to the latter part of the year, Napoleon was to her imagination a blood-stained, sordid, and yet all-powerful monster, outside the pale of human liking and respect. What must

have been her thoughts when her father first told her, with averted face, that she was to become the bride of such a being?

Marie Louise had been brought up, as all German girls of rank were then brought up, in quiet simplicity and utter innocence. In person, she was a tall blonde, with a wealth of light brown hair tumbling about a face which might be called attractive because it was so youthful and so gentle, but in which only poets and courtiers could see beauty. Her complexion was rosy, with that peculiar tinge which means that in the course of

time it will become red and mottled. Her blue eyes were clear and childish. Her figure was good, though already too full for a girl who was younger than her years.

She had a large and generous mouth with full lips, the lower one being the true "Hapsburg lip," slightly pendulous—a feature which has remained for generation after generation as a sure sign of Hapsburg blood. One sees it in the present Emperor of Austria, in the late Queen Regent of Spain, and in the present King of Spain, Alfonso. All the



"NAPOLEON IN HIS CABINET"—A PORTRAIT THAT SHOWS THE EMPEROR WITH HIS  
LITTLE SON, THE KING OF ROME

*From the painting by Steuben*



artists who made miniatures or paintings of Marie Louise softened down this racial mark, so that no likeness of her shows it as it really was. But, take her all in all, she was a simple, childlike German *mädchen*, who knew nothing of the outside world except what she had heard from her discreet and watchful governess, and what had been told her of Napoleon by her uncles, the archdukes whom he had beaten down in battle.

When she learned that she was to be given to the French emperor, her girlish soul experienced a shudder; but her father told her how vital was this union to her country and to him. With a sort of piteous dread, she questioned the archdukes who had called Napoleon an ogre.

"Oh, that was when Napoleon was the enemy of Austria," they replied. "Now he is our friend, and all is different."

Marie Louise listened to all this, and, like the obedient German girl she was, yielded her own will.

Events moved with a rush, for Napoleon was not the man to dally. Josephine had retired to her residence at Malmaison, and Paris was already astir with preparations for the new empress who was to assure the continuation of the Napoleonic glory by giving children to her husband. Napoleon had said to his ambassador, with his usual bluntness:

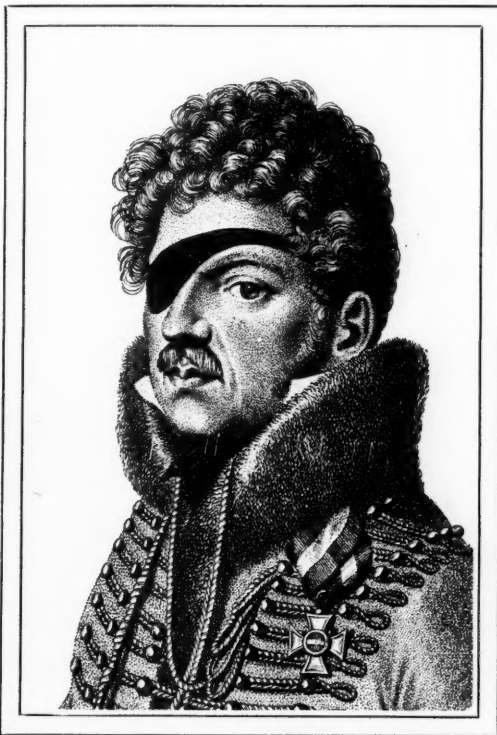
"This is the first and most important thing—she must have children."

#### NAPOLEON'S CURIOUS LOVE-LETTER

To the girl whom he was to marry he sent the following letter—an odd letter, combining the formality of a negotiator with the veiled ardor of a lover:

MY COUSIN:

The brilliant qualities which adorn your person have inspired in me a desire to serve you and to pay you homage. In making my request to the emperor, your father, and praying him to entrust to me the happiness of your imperial highness, may I hope that



ADAM ALBRECHT, COUNT VON NEIPPERG, WHO BECAME  
THE MORGANATIC HUSBAND OF MARIE LOUISE  
AFTER NAPOLEON'S DEATH

you will understand the sentiments which lead me to this act? May I flatter myself that it will not be decided solely by the duty of parental obedience? However slightly the feelings of your imperial highness may incline to me, I wish to cultivate them with so great care, and to endeavor so constantly to please you in everything, that I flatter myself that some day I shall prove attractive to you. This is the end at which I desire to arrive, and for which I pray your highness to be favorable to me.

Immediately everything was done to dazzle the imagination of the girl. She had dressed always in the simplicity of the schoolroom. Her only ornaments had been a few colored stones which she sometimes wore as a necklace or a bracelet. Now the resources of all France were drawn upon. Precious laces foamed about her. Cascades of diamonds flashed before her eyes. The costliest and most exquisite creations of the Parisian shops were spread around



MARIE LOUISE AND HER SON, THE KING OF ROME (BORN MARCH 20, 1811)—ALL THE COURT PAINTERS WHO EXECUTED PORTRAITS OF MARIE LOUISE FLATTERED HER SOMEWHAT, ACCORDING TO NAPOLEON'S WISHES

*From the painting by Nattier in the Palace of Versailles*

ner to make up a trousseau fit for the princess who was soon to become the bride of the man who had mastered continental Europe.

The archives of Vienna were ransacked for musty documents which would show exactly what had been done for other Austrian princesses who had married rulers of France. Everything was duplicated, down to the last detail. Ladies in waiting thronged about the young archduchess; and presently there came to her Queen Caroline of Naples, Napoleon's sister, of whom Napoleon himself once said: "She is the only man among my sisters, as Joseph is the only woman among my brothers." Caroline, by virtue of her rank as queen, could have free access to her husband's future bride. Also, there came presently Napoleon's famous marshal, Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel, the chief of the Old Guard, who had just been created Prince of Wagram—a title which, very naturally, he did not use in Austria. He was to act as proxy for Napoleon in the preliminary marriage service at Vienna.

All was excitement. Vienna had never been so gay. Money was lavished under the direction of Caroline and Berthier. There were illuminations and balls. The young girl found herself the center of the world's interest; and the excitement made her dizzy. She could not but be flattered, and yet there were many hours when her heart misgave her. More than once she was found in tears. Her father, an affectionate though narrow soul, spent an entire day with her, consoling and reassuring her. One thought she always kept in mind—what she had said to Metternich at the very first:

"I want only what my duty bids me want."

At last came the official marriage, by proxy, in the presence of a splendid gathering. The various documents were signed, the dowry was arranged for. Gifts were scattered right and left. At the opera there were gala performances. Then Marie Louise bade her father a sad farewell. Almost suffocated by her sobs, and with her eyes streaming with tears, she was led between two hedges of bayonets to her carriage, while cannon

thundered and all the church-bells of Vienna rang a joyful peal.

#### THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY TO FRANCE

She set out for France accompanied by a long train of carriages filled with noblemen and noblewomen, with ladies in waiting and scores of attendant menials. The young bride—the wife of a man whom she had never seen—was almost dead with excitement and fatigue. At a station in the outskirts of Vienna she scribbled a few lines to her father, which are a commentary upon her state of mind:

I think of you always, and I always shall. God has given me power to endure this final shock, and in Him alone I have put all my trust. He will help me and give me courage, and I shall find support in doing my duty toward you, since it is all for you that I have sacrificed myself.

There is something piteous in this little note. It is the note of a frightened girl going to encounter she knew not what, and clinging almost frantically to the one thought—that whatever might befall her, she was doing as her father wished.

One need not recount the long and tedious journey of many days over wretched roads, in carriages that jolted and lurched and swayed. She was surrounded by unfamiliar faces, and was compelled to meet at every town the chief men of the place, all of whom paid her honor, but stared at her with irrepressible curiosity. Day after day she went on and on. Each morning a courier on a foaming horse presented her with a great cluster of fresh flowers and a few lines scrawled by the unknown husband who was to meet her at her journey's end.

There lay the point upon which her wandering thoughts were focused—the journey's end! The man whose strange, mysterious power had forced her from her schoolroom, had driven her through a nightmare of strange happenings, and who was waiting for her somewhere to take her to himself, to master her as he had mastered generals and armies!

What was marriage? What did it mean? What experience still lay before her? These were the questions which

she must have asked herself throughout that long, exhausting journey. When she thought of the past, she was homesick. When she thought of the immediate future, she was fearful with a shuddering fear.

At last she reached the frontier of France, and her carriage passed into a sort of triple structure, the first pavilion of which was Austrian, while the middle pavilion was neutral, and the farther one was French. Here she was received by those who were afterward to surround her—the representatives of the Napoleonic court. They were not all plebeians and children of the Revolution, ex-stable-boys, ex-laundresses. By this time Napoleon had gathered around himself some of the noblest families of France, who had rallied to the empire. The assemblage was a brilliant one. There were Montmorencys and Beaumonts and Audenardes in abundance. But to Marie Louise, as to her Austrian attendants, they were all alike. They were French, they were strangers, and she shrank from them.

Yet here her Austrians must leave her. All who had accompanied her thus far were now turned back. Napoleon had been insistent on this point. Even her governess, who had been with her since her childhood, was not allowed to cross the French frontier. So fixed was Napoleon's purpose to have nothing Austrian about her, that even her pet dog, to which she clung as a girl would cling, was taken from her. Thereafter she was surrounded only by French faces, by French guards, and was greeted only by salvos of French artillery.

#### NAPOLEON'S FEVERISH IMPATIENCE

In the meantime, what was Napoleon doing at Paris? Since the annulment of his marriage with Josephine he had gone into a sort of retirement. Matters of state, war, internal reforms, no longer interested him; but that restless brain could not sink into repose. Inflamed with the ardor of a new passion, that passion was all the greater because he had never yet set eyes upon its object. Marriage with an imperial princess flattered his ambition. The youth and utter innocence of the bride stirred his whole being with a thrill of novelty. The

painted charms of Josephine, the mercenary favors of actresses, the calculated ecstasies of the women of the court who gave themselves to him from vanity, had long since palled upon him. Therefore, the impatience with which he awaited the coming of Marie Louise became every day more tense, and even terrible.

For a time he amused himself with planning, down to the very last details, the demonstrations that were to be given in her honor. He organized them as minutely as he had ever organized a conquering army. He showed himself as wonderful in these petty things as he had in those great strategic combinations which had baffled the ablest generals of Europe. But after all had been arranged—even to the illuminations, the cheering, the salutes, and the etiquette of the court—he fell into a fever of impatience which gave him sleepless nights and frantic days. He paced up and down the Tuileries, almost beside himself. He hurried off courier after courier with orders that the postilions should lash their horses, to bring the hour of meeting nearer still. He scribbled love-letters. He gazed continually on the diamond-studded portrait of the woman who was hurrying toward him.

At last, as the time approached, he entered a swift traveling-carriage and hastened to Compiègne, about fifty miles from Paris, where it had been arranged that he should meet his consort, and whence he was to escort her to the capital, so that they might be married in the great gallery of the Louvre. At Compiègne the chancellerie had been set apart for Napoleon's convenience, while the château had been assigned to Marie Louise and her attendants. When Napoleon's carriage dashed into the place, drawn by horses that had traveled at a gallop, the emperor could not restrain himself. It was raining torrents, and night was coming on; yet, none the less, he shouted for fresh horses and pushed on to Soissons, where the new empress was to stop and dine. When he reached there and she had not arrived, new relays of horses were demanded, and he hurried off once more into the dark.

At the little village of Courcelles he met the courier who was riding in advance of the empress's cortège.

"She will be here in a few moments!" cried Napoleon, and he leaped from his carriage into the highway.

The rain descended harder than ever, and he took refuge in the arched doorway of the village church, his boots already bemired, his greatcoat reeking with the downpour from the heavens. As he crouched before the church, he heard the sound of carriages; and before long there came toiling through the mud the one in which was seated the girl for whom he had so long been waiting. It was stopped at an order given by an officer. Within it, half fainting with fatigue and fear, Marie Louise sat in the dark, alone.

#### THE EMPEROR MEETS HIS BRIDE

Here, if ever, was the chance for Napoleon to win his bride. Could he have restrained himself, could he have shown the delicate consideration which was demanded of him, could he have remembered at least that he was an emperor, and that the girl—timid and shuddering—was a princess, her future story might have been far different. But long ago he had ceased to think of anything except his own desires.

He approached the carriage. An obsequious chamberlain drew aside the leathern covering and opened the door, exclaiming, as he did so: "The emperor!" And then there leaped in the rain-soaked, mud-bespattered being whose excesses had always been as unbridled as his genius. The door was closed, the leathern curtain again drawn, and the horses set out at a gallop for Soissons. Within, the shrinking bride was at the mercy of pure animal passion, feeling upon her hot face a torrent of rough kisses, and yielding herself in terror to the caresses of wanton hands.

At Soissons Napoleon allowed no halt, but the carriage plunged on, still in the rain, to Compiègne. There all the arrangements made with so much care were thrust aside. Though the actual marriage had not yet taken place, Napoleon claimed all the rights which afterward were given in the ceremonial at Paris. He took the girl to the chancellerie, and not to the château. In an anteroom, dinner was served with haste to the imperial pair and Queen Caroline. Then the

latter was dismissed with little ceremony, the lights were extinguished, and this daughter of a line of emperors was left to the tender mercies of one who always had about him something of the common soldier—the man who lives for loot and lust. . . . At eleven the next morning she was unable to rise, and was served in bed by the ladies of her household.

These facts, repellent as they are, must be remembered when we call to mind what happened in the next five years. The horror of that night could not be obliterated by splendid ceremonies, by studious attention, or by all the pomp and gaiety of the court. Napoleon was then forty-one—practically the same age as his new wife's father, the Austrian emperor; Marie Louise was barely nineteen, and younger than her years. Her master must have seemed to her the brutal ogre whom her uncles had described.

#### MARIE LOUISE'S LIFE IN PARIS

Installed in the Tuileries, she taught herself compliance. On their marriage night Napoleon had asked her briefly: "What did your parents tell you?" And she had answered meekly: "To be yours altogether and to obey you in everything." But though she gave compliance, and though her freshness seemed enchanting to Napoleon, there was something concealed within her thoughts to which he could not penetrate. He gaily said to a member of the court:

"Marry a German, my dear fellow. They are the best women in the world—gentle, good, artless, and as fresh as roses."

Yet, at the same time, Napoleon felt a deep anxiety lest in her very heart of hearts this German girl might either fear or hate him secretly. Somewhat later, Prince Metternich came from the Austrian court to Paris.

"I give you leave," said Napoleon, "to have a private interview with the empress. Let her tell you what she likes, and I shall ask no questions. Even should I do so, I now forbid your answering me."

Metternich was closeted with the empress for a long while. When he returned to the anteroom he found Napoleon fidgeting about, his eyes a pair



of interrogation - points, and evidently bristling all over with curiosity.

"I am sure," he said, "that the empress told you that I was kind to her?"

Metternich bowed and made no answer.

"Well," said Napoleon, somewhat impatiently, "at least, I am sure that she is happy. Tell me, did she not say so?"

The Austrian diplomat remained unsmiling.

"Your majesty himself has forbidden me to answer," he returned with another bow.

We may fairly draw the inference that Marie Louise, though she adapted herself to her surroundings, was never really happy. Napoleon became infatuated with her. He surrounded her with every possible mark of honor. He abandoned public business to walk or drive with her. But the memory of his own brutality must have vaguely haunted him throughout it all. He was jealous of her as he had never been jealous of the fickle Josephine. Constant has recorded that the greatest precautions were taken to prevent any person whatsoever, and especially any man, from approaching the empress save in the presence of witnesses.

Napoleon himself underwent a complete change of habits and demeanor. Where he had been rough and coarse, he became attentive and refined. His shabby uniforms were all discarded, and he spent hours in trying on new costumes. He even attempted to learn to waltz, but this he gave up in despair. Whereas, before, he ate hastily and at irregular intervals, he now sat at dinner with unusual patience, and the court took on a character which it had never had. Never before had he sacrificed either his public duty or his private pleasure for any woman. Even in the first ardor of his marriage with Josephine, when he used to pour out his heart to her in letters from Italian battle-fields, he did so only after he had made the disposition of his troops and had planned his movements for the following day. Now, however, he was not merely devoted, but uxorious; and in 1811, after the birth of the little King of Rome, he ceased to be the earlier Napoleon altogether. He had founded a dynasty. He was the head of a reigning house. The princi-

ples of the Revolution were forgotten, and he ruled, as he thought, like other monarchs, by the grace of God.

As for Marie Louise, she played her part extremely well. Somewhat haughty and unapproachable to others, she nevertheless studied Napoleon's every wish. She seemed even to be loving; but one can scarcely doubt that her obedience sprang ultimately from fear, and that her devotion was the devotion of a dog which has been beaten into subjection.

Her vanity was flattered in many ways, and most of all by her appointment as regent of the empire during Napoleon's absence in the disastrous Russian campaign which began in 1812. It was in June of that year that the French emperor held court at Dresden, where he played, as was said, to "a parterre of kings." This was the climax of his magnificence, for there were gathered all the sovereigns and princes who were his allies, and who furnished the levies that swelled his Grand Army to six hundred thousand men. Here Marie Louise, like her husband, felt to the full the intoxication of supreme power. By a sinister coincidence, it was here that she first met the other man, then unnoticed and little heeded, who was to cast upon her a fascination which in the end proved irresistible.

#### THE COUNT VON NEIPPERG

This man was Adam Albrecht, Count von Neipperg. There is something mysterious about his early years, and something baleful about his silent warfare with Napoleon. As a very young soldier, he had been an Austrian officer in 1793. His command served in Belgium; and there, in a skirmish, he was overpowered by the French in superior numbers, but resisted desperately. In the *mêlée*, a saber slashed him across the right side of his face, and he was made prisoner. The wound deprived him of his right eye, so that for the rest of his life he was compelled to wear a black bandage to conceal the mutilation.

From that moment he conceived an undying hatred of the French, serving against them in the Tyrol and in Italy. He always claimed that had the Archduke Charles followed his advice, the Austrians would have forced Napoleon's

army to capitulate at Marengo, thus bringing early eclipse to the rising star of Bonaparte. However this may be, Napoleon's success enraged Neipperg, and made his hatred almost the hatred of a fiend.

Hitherto, he had detested the French as a nation. Afterward, he concentrated his malignity upon the person of Napoleon. In every way he tried to cross the path of that great soldier, and though Neipperg was comparatively an unknown man, his indomitable purpose and his continued intrigues at last attracted the notice of the emperor; for in 1808 Napoleon wrote this significant sentence:

The Count von Neipperg is openly known to have been the enemy of the French.

Little did the great conqueror dream how deadly was the blow which this Austrian count was destined finally to deal him!

Neipperg, though his title was not a high one, belonged to the old nobility of Austria. He had proved his bravery in war and as a duelist, and he was a diplomat as well as a soldier. Despite his mutilation, he was a handsome and accomplished courtier, a man of wide experience, and one who bore himself in a manner which suggested the spirit of romance. According to Masson, he was an Austrian Don Juan, and had won the hearts of many women. At thirty, he had formed a connection with an Italian woman named Teresa Pola, whom he had carried away from her husband. She had borne him five children; and in 1813 he had married her, in order that these children might be made legitimate.

In his own sphere, the activity of Neipperg was almost as remarkable as Napoleon's in a greater one. Apart from his exploits on the field of battle, he had been attached to the Austrian embassy in Paris, and, strangely enough, had been decorated by Napoleon himself with the golden eagle of the Legion of Honor. Four months later, we find him minister of Austria at the court of Sweden, where he helped to lay the train of intrigue which was to detach Bernadotte from Napoleon's cause. In 1812, as has just been said, he was with Marie Louise for a short time at Dresden, hovering about her, already forming schemes. Two years after this, he overthrew Murat at

Naples; and then hurried on post-haste to urge Prince Eugène to abandon Bonaparte.

When the great struggle of 1814 neared its close, and Napoleon, fighting with his back to the wall, was about to succumb to the united armies of Europe, it was evident that the Austrian emperor would soon be able to separate his daughter from her husband. In fact, when Napoleon was sent to Elba, Marie Louise returned to Vienna. The cynical Austrian diplomats resolved that she should never again meet her imperial husband. She was made Duchess of Parma in Italy, and set out for her new possessions; and the man with the black band across his sightless eye was chosen to be her escort and companion.

#### THE DOWNFALL OF MARIE LOUISE

When Neipperg received this commission, he was with Teresa Pola at Milan. A strange smile flitted across his face; and presently he remarked, with cynical frankness:

"Before six months I shall be her lover, and, later on, her husband."

He took up his post as chief escort of Marie Louise, and they journeyed slowly to Munich and Baden and Geneva, loitering on the way. Amid the great events which were shaking Europe, this couple attracted slight attention. Napoleon, in Elba, longed for his wife and for his little son, the King of Rome. He sent countless messages and many couriers; but every message was intercepted and no courier reached his destination. Meanwhile, Marie Louise was lingering agreeably in Switzerland. She was happy to have escaped from the whirlpool of politics and war. Amid the romantic scenery through which she passed, Neipperg was always by her side, attentive, devoted, trying in everything to please her. With him she passed delightful evenings. He sang to her, in his rich barytone, songs of love. He seemed romantic with a touch of mystery, a gallant soldier whose soul was also touched by sentiment.

One would have said that Marie Louise, the daughter of an imperial line, would have been proof against the fascinations of a person so far inferior to herself in rank, and who, beside the

great emperor, was less than nothing. Even granting that she had never really loved Napoleon, she might still have preferred to maintain her dignity, to share his fate, and to go down in history as the empress of the greatest man whom modern times have known.

But Marie Louise was, after all, a woman, and she followed the guidance of her heart. To her Napoleon was still the man who had met her amid the rain-storm at Courcelles, and had, from the first moment when he touched her, violated all the instincts of a virgin. Later, he had in his way tried to make amends; but the horror of that first night had never wholly left her memory. In truth, she was a simple and somewhat sentimental German girl. Napoleon had unrolled before her the drama of sensuality, but her heart had not been given to him. She had been his empress. In a sense, it might be more true to say that she had been his mistress. But she had never been duly wooed and won and made his wife—an experience which is the right of every woman. And so this Neipperg, with his deferential manners, his soothing voice, his magnetic touch, his ardor, and his devotion, appeased that craving which the master of a hundred legions could not satisfy.

In less than the six months of which Neipperg had spoken, the psychological moment had arrived. In the dim twilight she listened to his words of love; and then, drawn by that irresistible power which masters pride and woman's will, she sank into her lover's arms, yielding to his caresses, and knowing that she would be parted from him no more except by death.

From that moment he was bound to her by the closest ties, and lived with her

at the petty court of Parma. His prediction came true to the very letter. Teresa Pola died, and then Napoleon died, and after this Marie Louise and Neipperg were united in a morganatic marriage. Three children were born to them before his death, in 1829.

It is interesting to note how much of an impression was made upon her by the final exile of her imperial husband to St. Helena. When the news was brought her, she observed casually:

"Thanks. By the way, I should like to ride this morning to Markenstein. Do you think the weather is good enough to risk it?"

Napoleon, on his side, passed through agonies of doubt and longing when no letters came to him from Marie Louise. At last the truth was told him, and he received it with that high magnanimity, or it may be fatalism, which at times he was capable of showing. Never in all his days of exile did he say one word against her. Possibly, in searching his own soul, he found excuses such as we may find. In his will he spoke of her with great affection, and shortly before his death he said to his physician, Antommarchi:

"I desire that you preserve my heart in spirits of wine, and that you carry it to Parma to my dear Marie Louise. Please tell her that I loved her tenderly, and that I have not ceased to love her."

The story of Marie Louise is pathetic, almost tragic. There is the taint of grossness about it; and yet, after all, there is a lesson in it—the lesson that true love cannot be forced or summoned at command, that it is destroyed before its birth by outrage, and that it goes out only when evoked by sympathy, by tenderness, and by devotion.

#### THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

I SEE the lamplight, as the evening wanes,  
In shadowed gold against the window-panes;  
I watch the inmates moving to and fro,  
Yet know not whence they come or where they go.

In this vast wilderness—the city's heart—  
Remote are we, although not far apart;  
Unlike we may be, and yet much the same—  
The transient puppets in life's complex game!

*William H. Hayne*

# FOR THE CHAPS

BY VINGIE E. ROE

AUTHOR OF "A FORGOTTEN ATTRIBUTE," "THE UNIVERSAL ANGLE," ETC.

WHERE they came from nobody knew. They drifted into the country one late October, with a covered wagon whose dingy old canvas flapped forlornly, and an apologetic team of horses. One cow trailed behind the outfit, and a row of little towheads stuck curiously out, along the sides of the vehicle.

They were a tall, lank, shifty-eyed man in a slouch-hat and what had been a suit of store clothes, and a woman who was palpably the mother of the towheads.

They halted within a stone's throw of Willow Creek and settled, by squatter's right. They built a sod house, the woman working like a man. They fenced in a little corral with long saplings, stake-and-rider fashion, banked up a winter shelter for the cow and the horses at one end, and were at home.

Occasional riders from the neighboring ranches stopped with a friendly greeting, but the lank man's response was so ungracious that it was not courted a second time. How the newcomers lived through that winter was a matter for conjecture. With the spring, the man got out a rusty plow and went to work, making long, black furrows that lay across the prairie stark and clear-cut. Those ugly furrows held a mighty promise, for the level bottoms of Willow Creek were wonderfully rich.

Many a day, as the coming warmth forced open the door of the sod house—which was made from the sideboards of the wagon—the woman stood at the threshold with her hand above her eyes, and watched the thin horses crawling along at the constantly widening edge of the breaking. She had colorless light hair that flew fitfully about her weather-darkened face, and light eyes that held

an anxious look, while between the straight black brows—a weirdly striking feature in her drab colorlessness—there clung two deep lines. The little towheads were so many replicas of her face, even to the peculiar watching expression.

The meals she set for the man, when he came in at noon and night, were pitifully sparse, but she made them palatable with an anxious smile. If corn-meal and year-old "salt side" were scarce, there was plenty of water in Willow Creek, and the scant hand-made furnishings of the sod house were a sight for men in their spotlessness. The little towheads, patched and faded, fairly shone with cleanliness.

Lem Williams, from the Bar A, got a cup of milk there one day when the man was at the other end of the widening black field. At the ranch, that night, he said to the circle:

"That's a *woman* over on Willow Creek—a woman from God's country. She's clean and straight-backed and lean. She's fine, if she is mighty homely. There's something funny about the layout, all right; but it's not the woman!"

And that seemed to be the consensus of opinion among the far-scattered ranches. The man was never seen off the acres he had preempted, and his work began to show. When the spring advanced sufficiently, he planted his corn, using a rusty hand-planter that had come in the wagon, and toiling early and late. He had broken a garden and paled it in, and the woman went at it with a vim that was born of joy. Her sallowness fairly glowed as she hoed and planted, busy about the arrangement of beds. The line of towheads was eager and helpful, to the very smallest, who delved wisely with his pudgy fists.

"It's *home*, chaps!" she would some-

times cry happily to the children. "It's home, and we ain't never a goin' to leave it! We'll build a house some day, and have a rockin'-chair with a tidy, and maybe an organ!"

All her life she had dreamed of that—an organ to stand shining in a corner, with a bottle full of flowers on the top. But her growing happiness, which warmed with the spring, did not hinder her from the tireless survey from the door of the sod house, nor entirely wipe out the lines between the black brows. The spring was fine and open that year, with gentle rains and seasonable warmth, and by and by the thin, timid rows of pale green began to stretch widely across the big field. It was wonderful how fast they grew and darkened in color—a fine, sturdy stand of corn. The woman watched it daily with misty eyes.

"Oh, Bill!" she said over and over, as the man came in to wash at noon. "Ain't it fine? Seems as if I cayn't enjoy it enough! D'you think it's goin' to be a good year?" To which the man always responded shortly that he thought so. "Because so much depends on the start," she would go on, unheeding his taciturn manner. "And see what we'll have for the chaps—a home and plenty to eat; and some day thar'll be schools come into hyar. Oh, Bill!"

The chaps—they were always foremost in the woman's speech. It seemed that her tireless energy was kept alive by her hope for them.

"Schools," she would say often, "and man's work, and a home in the country—they'll be somebody yet, with the start we're gettin'!"

She blushed scarlet the day she said that, for the man looked up with a sudden fire in his shifty eyes.

"Yet?" he sneered. "Wan't they always somebody? Settin' 'em agin their daddy, are ye?"

The woman's mouth hardened, and a look of tears came into her face. She rose quietly and went about her work.

## II

It was about this time that the first of a string of happenings took place in the Wasatch range country. The Circle T. lost a bunch of cattle. Theft was rare, because the justice of the cattle-

men was quick and decisive; yet this was neat robbery. Then the P. C. Q. sent out a hue and cry directly on the heels of the other; and before anything had been heard or done, a lone rider from a ranch far to the north, at the foot of the hills, brought word of a whole herd of horses run off in a night.

The cattlemen were amazed at the boldness of the thing. It was all the work of some one agent—of a past-master in the craft; they all agreed to that. Before many hours small parties of very grim men were threading every dip and hollow in the Wasatch country, heading in a great net for the hills.

Lem Williams rode casually by the sod house on Willow Creek. He found the woman in the garden—green now in the budding beauty of orderly beds—down on her knees, singing as she worked. She had begun to sing, these days; she just couldn't hold back the swelling hopes and ambitions that were springing now, for the first time, in fancied security.

She rose with a smile of greeting for the only man, except Bill, to whom she had spoken this year, wiping her earthy fingers on a faded seed-sack.

"Howdy?" she said cordially. "Will ye get down?"

Lem awkwardly took off his hat.

"No, ma'am," he said nervously. "I just dropped around to see if you had lost anything lately—any stock or anything." He felt a queer presentiment.

"Any stock?" the woman said blankly.

"Yes. We've lost some cattle. So has the P. C. Q., and I thought maybe you had, too. We're out on the hunt."

He ceased, looking at her in amazement. She turned as white as the little clouds sailing on the blue spring sky, and grasped the frail palings for support. Her slim body swayed twice, to the right and back. Her lips opened, and then closed as she got her bearings again.

"No," she said quietly. "No, we hain't lost nothin'."

There was an awkward pause; then Lem turned his horse and rode away.

"Funny!" he said aloud to himself. "Too derved funny! Poor woman—and the little towheads!"

He would have given a good deal if



he had not ridden by the house on Willow Creek, for among cattlemen there is an unwritten law concerning the punishment of thieves—a law that takes no account of outsiders; and knowledge gained by one belongs to all.

When he had gone, the woman turned to the children, standing obediently by in mannerly silence. She still held to the palings.

"Chaps," she said hoarsely, "y'all go on out in the field to daddy."

With tragedy in her eyes, she watched them file out of the garden, a little row of sturdy youngsters. Then she hurried into the house. Once inside, the long, accustomed bravery of her face gave way. She fell upon her knees by the shakily table, rocking back and forth with her hard brown hands clasped into tense knots.

"Oh, Lord A'mighty!" she cried aloud. "Oh, dear Lord, don't let it be! Don't let it be! It's Pawnee Sam out ag'in! I might 'a' knowed—I might 'a' knowed!"

As if the sound of the spoken name had conjured up the reality, the thing for which she had watched from the door of the sod house was materializing in the little swept yard.

A man on a powerful gray horse came around the garden. He was short and heavy-set, and the face under the wide hat was more than ordinarily evil. Sharp black eyes, bright and dominant, gleamed beneath a thatch of black hair.

He rode to the very door, and, leaning down, looked in. His eyes met those of the woman kneeling by the table. She gave a short cry, strangled in her throat.

"Hello, Hallie!" he said easily. "Where's Bill?"

At that, all the tense apprehension of the past months burst out from the woman's lips.

"Never again, Sam! Ye go on away! Oh, Lord, Sam, go away! Go away before he sees ye!" She leaned forward, her lips apart, breathless. "Please go away, Sam!"

The man looked at her curiously. Then he laughed.

"Can't do it, Hallie, without Bill. Got the finest bunch in the hills over there. Ain't a man in the country can take 'em out as slick as Bill—you know

that. Needs a slick hand this time; they're after me already, though they're headed the wrong way," he chuckled. "Got to have Bill."

"For the chaps, Sam!" she cried shrilly, her voice sliding like a youth's. "Let him be! We've got a start—a home. Oh, Lord, Sam, cayn't ye let me have a home and a man now? He's settled down and workin', and the chaps'll be somebody hyar some day. Oh, Sam, for the chaps, go on away, quick, afore he sees ye!"

The anguish in her lean face was written plain. The man saw it and laughed. He turned his big horse.

"Can't accommodate you this time, Hallie," he said brutally. "Maybe next time. Got to have Bill now."

He had seen the man far over in the field. The woman did not move for a moment, as the big horse walked away. Her face was working pitifully.

"And he'll go! Oh, Lord in Heaven, he'll go!" she whispered dryly.

The squat figure swayed insolently in the saddle, with an overbearing bravado. As the distance widened between them, the agony in the woman's eyes grew, nearing some climax of pent-up strength. She leaned forward more and more, holding her breath.

As Pawnee Sam turned the horse at the fence corner her open mouth shut, and her face fell suddenly into deep, hard lines. She rose quickly and softly, reached behind the open door to where Bill's rifle stood, raised it steadily to her shoulder, looked along the barrel to the half-turned back of the man on the gray horse, and deliberately pulled the trigger. There was a crack, a flash, a bit of smoke—and Sam threw up his hands, swayed, and slipped out of the saddle. The gray horse stepped around and stood still.

### III

HALLIE was still standing in the door, holding the rifle, looking with fascinated eyes at the inert heap in the yard, when a string of men rode around the house from the back. They were strangers, mostly, though Lem Williams and a few from the P. C. Q. were among them. They stopped in silent amaze. Then the foremost rode forward.

"What's happened, ma'am?" he asked quietly.

The woman turned her eyes to him.

"It's Pawnee Sam—I killed him," she said simply. "He was after Bill to help him run off a bunch he's got in the hills—and I killed him. He's bossed Bill for ten years down in Texas. They sarved two terms together—ranch mates, pen mates, thief mates! I hain't ever had a home, bringin' up the chaps mostly in a wagon. I cayn't stand it! I coaxed Bill to come hyar, and we got a start, a home. I was lookin' foward to schoolin' the chaps some day; but Bill ain't a man when Sam's got hold o' him. The chaps is gittin' big enough to know; they cayn't ever be anybody with their daddy follerin' Sam. So I killed him!" She spoke as if all life had left her voice, as if it was a dull matter that must be iterated. She looked steadily at the foremost man. "I had a right—for the chaps!" she said again.

The man took off his hat. He was a man of unsuspected sensibilities.

"Yes, ma'am," he said gently, "you had a right." He opened his coat. A

star of service shone on his flannel shirt.

"I was after him myself. He was worth while. There's a reward of five hundred dollars on his head, dead or alive. You beat me to it, ma'am. You've done a service to the country." He turned to the heap. "Come, boys, put him across the gray—from the north ranch, ain't it? We'll take him into Dead Horse."

As the string of men, after a few awkward words, rode away around the house with their gruesome prize, the woman stood in the door with her eyes still fastened upon that spot in the swept yard. She realized dully that through all the years to come she would see the limp form of Pawnee Sam, killed by her hand, lying at the door of the little home she loved.

Then she raised her gaze to the distant field, where a wee white line followed obediently after the crawling dots of the horses and Bill. A breath of relaxation, of stolid courage and justification, swept over her lips—a sigh of tempered peace. The chaps had come into their future!

#### FROM HEART TO HEART

A RUBY in a drop of wine,  
A sapphire in a sea of blue,  
A pearl for a shell of pearl unseen—  
The heart of you!

A rose in scarlet bowers of bloom,  
Untempered of the sun and dew;  
Too deep for the trumpet of the bee—  
The lips of you!

A diamond in a crystal spring,  
A star astray in clouded skies—  
The light of an older world that waits  
In your young eyes!

A statue in a niche of snow,  
A spark behind a hearth of flame—  
The dull indifference of the lips  
That speak your name!

The cries of children in a house  
With children crowded, loud with cheer—  
Your voice lost in the mad replies  
Of the throngs that hear!

But fire in wine, and rose on marble,  
A sunbeam on a dull-gray sea,  
The cry of a child in a motherless world—  
Your call to me!

*Aloysius Coll*

# THE BUSINESS SITUATION AND SOME- THING ABOUT INVESTMENTS—A GLANCE BACKWARD AND A LOOK FORWARD

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

IN the January, 1908, issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, just one year ago, I published an article entitled "A Rare Opportunity for Making Sound and Large-Paying Investments." In the introductory sentences I said:

I doubt if we shall have again in many years an opportunity to buy sound securities—bonds and stocks of great railroads and

strong industrial concerns—at prices so low as those of to-day.

I then gave a list of railroad and industrial stocks and bonds that I regarded favorably, which list I am now reprinting, for the purpose of showing the advance that has already been made in the prices of these securities. Here is the list:

## RAILROAD STOCKS

	Closing price Nov. 23, 1907	Closing price Nov. 17, 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
Atchison .....	70 $\frac{1}{4}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	+26 $\frac{1}{4}$
Baltimore and Ohio.....	78 $\frac{3}{8}$	108 $\frac{5}{8}$	+30 $\frac{1}{4}$
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.....	97 $\frac{3}{8}$	149 $\frac{1}{4}$	+51 $\frac{7}{8}$
Chicago and Northwestern.....	131	173	+42
Delaware and Hudson.....	131	177 $\frac{3}{4}$	+46 $\frac{3}{4}$
Great Northern.....	113 $\frac{5}{8}$	140 $\frac{7}{8}$	+27 $\frac{1}{4}$
Illinois Central.....	118	148 $\frac{1}{2}$	+30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Louisville and Nashville.....	88	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	+30 $\frac{1}{2}$
New York Central.....	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	116 $\frac{5}{8}$	+22 $\frac{3}{8}$
New York, New Haven and Hartford.....	135	158 $\frac{1}{2}$	+23 $\frac{1}{2}$
Norfolk and Western.....	62 $\frac{1}{4}$	83	+20 $\frac{3}{4}$
Northern Pacific.....	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	156 $\frac{1}{4}$	+48 $\frac{3}{4}$
Pennsylvania .....	110 $\frac{1}{4}$	130 $\frac{1}{8}$	+19 $\frac{7}{8}$
Reading .....	81 $\frac{7}{8}$	140 $\frac{5}{8}$	+58 $\frac{3}{4}$
Southern Pacific.....	68 $\frac{1}{4}$	118	+49 $\frac{3}{4}$
Union Pacific.....	112 $\frac{7}{8}$	183 $\frac{1}{4}$	+70 $\frac{3}{8}$

## INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

	Closing price Nov. 23, 1907	Closing price Nov. 17, 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
American Car and Foundry (preferred).....	81	107	+26
American Locomotive (preferred).....	85	109 $\frac{3}{4}$	+24 $\frac{3}{4}$
American Smelting (preferred).....	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	107 $\frac{1}{8}$	+21 $\frac{5}{8}$
American Sugar (common).....	103	133 $\frac{1}{4}$	+30 $\frac{1}{4}$
General Electric.....	109	155 $\frac{3}{4}$	+46 $\frac{3}{4}$
National Biscuit (preferred).....	90 $\frac{1}{8}$	118 $\frac{1}{4}$	+28 $\frac{1}{8}$

INDUSTRIAL STOCKS (*continued*).

	Closing price Nov. 23, 1907	Closing price Nov. 17, 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
National Lead (preferred).....	83	106	+23
United States Steel (common).....	24	57 $\frac{7}{8}$	+33 $\frac{7}{8}$
United States Steel (preferred).....	82 $\frac{1}{4}$	113 $\frac{3}{4}$	+31 $\frac{1}{2}$
Virginia-Carolina Chemical (preferred).....	85	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	+30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Western Union Telegraph.....	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{4}$	+4 $\frac{3}{4}$

## BONDS

	Price in Nov., 1907	Price in Nov., 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
American Tobacco (six per cent).....	90	106 $\frac{3}{4}$	+16 $\frac{3}{4}$
Atchison (four per cent).....	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	+19 $\frac{1}{2}$
Baltimore and Ohio (gold fours).....	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	+9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chesapeake and Ohio (four and a half).....	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	+16
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.....	99	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	+5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Delaware and Hudson.....	89	103	+14
New York Central (four per cent).....	86	94	+8
Pennsylvania (convertible, three and a half).....	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{3}{4}$	+10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Southern Pacific.....	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	94	+16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Union Pacific (four per cent).....	95 $\frac{1}{4}$	103 $\frac{3}{8}$	+8 $\frac{1}{8}$
United States Steel (sinking-fund fives).....	78 $\frac{5}{8}$	102 $\frac{7}{8}$	+24 $\frac{1}{4}$
Western Union Telegraph (five per cent).....	86	97	+11

I followed up this first article on investments in the January number with five others, covering with the series six months, from January to June inclusive. I discussed from month to month the business and financial conditions of the country, predicting as a logical analysis the recovery in business that has already sprung into pretty broad activity, and that is well on the road to a maximum heretofore unequalled. The very great advance in prices since the panic, shown by this table, has followed the recovery as a natural consequence.

## SOUND REASONS FOR CONFIDENCE

I urged that in no previous panic had the general underlying conditions been so sound. Our money was as good as any money in the world, and our manufacturing were not congested with overproduction. Neither were the shelves of our merchants loaded with unwieldy stocks of unsold goods. Our people as a whole were rich, and were accustomed to comforts and luxuries which they would insist on having. And this insistence meant, in the near future, a certainty of work for the big factories and for the thousands of small shops or manufacturing of one kind and another. More-

over, nature had been deaf to the cries of the panic-stricken speculators and the vast aggregation of disaster-slanted brains. It promised an enormous yield of crops—which promise has been more than made good.

Under such conditions the recovery in business and in general confidence could not be long delayed. It was a certainty that it could not be long delayed. And yet Wall Street, the accepted barometer of the business and financial world, indicated, not only by the low prices of securities, but by a pitiable wail of despair, that in its opinion the country had gone to smash for good and all. The gloom was so dense with these high lights of finance that one couldn't have cut it with an ax. There were exceptions here and there, to be sure, but they were extremely rare.

## TO HELP THE SMALL INVESTOR

I had two purposes in these discussions. The one was to help to restore confidence by making it clear that conditions were in reality not half so bad as they seemed to be. The other was to point out the very low prices of securities—the bargain-counter prices, in fact, for stocks and bonds of the very first grade. I was

anxious to see these good securities scattered among the people—the small investors—instead of continuing in the vaults of the millionaires, and in Wall Street as the football of reckless speculators.

It is a saying in Wall Street that the public never "comes in" until prices have soared to the breaking-point—never "comes in" until the manipulators of the market are ready to get out. My wish was to get you in early on this depression—to get you in ahead of the frightened "financiers" who were then on the run.

#### A FORECAST THAT HAS BEEN VERIFIED

Friends of mine, both in Wall Street and out of Wall Street, warned me of the awful danger of these optimistic articles, and of the disaster they meant to the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. But one must do his own reasoning—must argue out his own conclusions—if he is to accomplish much for himself, or to be of any considerable benefit to others. My analysis of the situation was free from doubt and uncertainty. It was not a matter of guessing—not even a gamble as to the outcome. With this conclusion so clear to me, I saw no reason for yielding to the persuasion of those whose deductions I could in no way square with my own. And so I told you what I thought, and what I felt certain would be the result.

I am talking over this bit of history with you now, not for the purpose of throwing bouquets at myself, but rather **TO EMPHASIZE THE STAND THAT MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE TOOK IN THE RESTORATION OF CONFIDENCE AND BUSINESS ACTIVITY, AND THE VALUE OF ITS ADVICE.** All who followed my reasoning have made money, and a good deal of it. And the same advice that I gave to you, I followed myself. If I had not been willing to follow it myself, I should not have given it to you. In fact, I was then, as I am now, willing to take chances myself that I would not have recommended to you—would not now or at any time recommend to you.

So far as concerns this magazine, my wish, beyond all others, is that it should be a dependable magazine, and that you

should learn to look upon it as such. **IT IS A CONSTRUCTIVE, NOT A DESTRUCTIVE MAGAZINE.** It stands for upbuilding and uplifting. It wants, and I believe it merits, your confidence, because there is not an insincere note in its pages from cover to cover. If it scores any one or anything, it does so because it believes it to be right to do so, and not for the purpose of sensationalism or circulation-building, or for any other ulterior purpose whatsoever. If it indorses a theory or condition, a person or a combination of people, or a corporate entity, this magazine does so because it is the straightforward thing to do—the honest thing to do.

#### MATCHLESS PROSPERITY BEFORE US

Notwithstanding the great advance in the prices of securities, the tide of speculation is by no means at its flood. There is not the chance of big profits for investors that there was a year ago, or even six months ago, but that most good stocks and bonds will show a considerable further advance is beyond question. We have now entered upon a period of matchless prosperity. Nothing save pestilence or famine, or some great calamity of nature, can prevent it. With the sounder and saner and more honest view-points of business and business methods, with the astounding annual output of our fields, our forests, and our mines, with our manufacturing outranking those of any other country in size and management and organization, with our own market and the markets of the world for our products, and with favorable financial conditions and confidence in our chief Executive and in the earnestness and wisdom of our captains of industry, we must score a record in expansion and development that will make the most brilliant achievements of the past seem commonplace and indifferent.

And with this prosperity, which means unparalleled activity in all the channels of endeavor, it follows with unerring certainty that good securities will command higher prices. Higher prices for good stocks and bonds drag up with them the prices of doubtful and worthless ones. But my advice is to stick to securities that are known to be good—things sound and sure.



Here are a few that "look good" to me at the present writing:

#### THE UNITED STATES STEEL SECURITIES

I think extremely well of the Steel stocks—I mean the securities of the United States Steel Corporation. Size of dividend and degree of safety considered, United States Steel Preferred is to-day, to my mind, the best apparent purchase in the entire list. It is a seven-per-cent stock at par. It is now selling at 113¾, and at 113¾ it yields more than six per cent on the investment.

I wonder if you know how to figure these percentages—that is, to determine the yield of a security at a given price and with a given rate of dividend. Some of you know, of course, but to those who do not know it is worth while to learn. This is the way of it—take the percentage of dividend, and add two ciphers to it. Then divide the number thus obtained by the price at which the stock is selling, and you will get the yield on your investment—the percentage that your money will earn you.

For example, United States Steel Preferred, a seven-per-cent stock at par, is selling at 113¾. Add two ciphers to the dividend, making 700, then divide 700 by 113¾, and the result will be 6.15. Or, again, suppose a three-per-cent stock sells at 50. Divide 300—three with two ciphers added—by 50, and you get the yield on your money—six per cent. I hope this will be useful to some of you. It is really vital, if you are going much into finance, and almost every one is a financier to some extent.

To go back to Steel Preferred. With the enormous assets of the corporation, and with its great earning powers, I look upon this security—the preferred stock, mind you—as in the class of a bond. At 140, Steel Preferred would still yield five per cent—which is more, considerably more, than can be had from first-rate bonds. As a matter of fact, the best railroad stocks, to say nothing of bonds, when they have reached a normal selling value, will not yield so much as five per cent. It seems reasonable to conclude, therefore, that Steel Preferred will, not only advance to a five-per-cent basis, or a selling price of

140, but may very well go even higher. Meanwhile, it is safe, and is paying its quarterly dividends with unfailing regularity.

Steel Common, while vastly more speculative, is perhaps the most popular international security in the world. It is well regarded in all the money centers of the earth, and is constantly strengthening its grasp on the confidence of investors and speculators everywhere. The impregnable position of the Steel Corporation clearly suggests much higher prices for Steel Common, and it is the belief of men well grounded in finance and in the movement of prices that the stock must eventually go very much higher, and that it may reach 75 well within a year. I am not recommending this stock to you if you are a small investor, because it is far more volatile and speculative than Steel Preferred and other good preferred stocks that bear large interest.

#### THREE GOOD PREFERRED STOCKS

Another very good stock is International Harvester Preferred, now selling at 107. I believe this to be one of the best of all the industrial stocks, and a pretty good second to Steel Preferred. It is equally safe, I think, and its management is equally good. From the fact, however, that the Harvester Company is a much smaller concern, its securities may never become so popular as those of the United States Steel Corporation.

American Car and Foundry Preferred, now selling at 107, shows an attractive yield, and is, I think, a very good investment. In times of business activity this corporation is extremely prosperous; and as business activity is now swinging our way at a very rapid pace, Car and Foundry must soon begin reaping a big harvest once more. The railroads, which have spent little money on equipment during the past year, must begin to look sharp after the rehabilitation of their property, and with their inevitable demands for steel rails must go big orders for new and renewed rolling-stock.

Pressed Steel Car is a very similar security. Its seven-per-cent preferred stock is now selling at 99, and at this price is among the lowest of the first-rate seven-per-cent preferred issues. The

reason for its comparative cheapness may be found in the fact that this company, like Car and Foundry, has had little or no work for the last twelve months. But like Car and Foundry, also, it will doubtless soon be running its works to the limit of their capacity. It is, I understand, in very good financial condition, with plenty of money to execute the forthcoming orders as they materialize.

#### STANDARD RAILROAD STOCKS

Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Reading, Atlantic Coast Line, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, all look to be good purchases, even at present prices. That all or most of them will show important advances within the next year, or at any rate the next two or three years, is altogether probable. New York Central, in 1905, sold as high as 167 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and on a five-per-cent dividend. It wasn't worth the price, but it doesn't follow that it won't go as high again; and under new conditions it might be worth the price, and even more, and might pay good dividends on that price.

Pennsylvania has never reached quite such high figures as has New York Central, though it seems to me to be the better stock of the two, and present

prices appear to sustain my view. Both of these, however, occupy very commanding positions—perhaps the most commanding positions held by any American railroads.

Atlantic Coast Line has registered as high as 170, and will probably attain again to its old figures. It may not go so high, and then again it may go higher; but that it is worth more than it is now selling for, and will bring more—a good deal more—is a safe gamble. It is a very well-handled road, and with the Louisville and Nashville, which it controls, covers a vast stretch of exceedingly productive country. It is the popular highway between the North and the extreme South, having the first call on the passenger traffic to and from the great winter resorts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

With the other roads that I have mentioned, and with a great long list that I have not mentioned, there is a similar margin of difference between present prices of their securities and the highest recorded figures. This informal article, however, is already too long, and I must not continue the discussion any further for the present month.

**DON'T SPECULATE. DON'T BUY ON MARGIN. BUY SECURITIES OUTRIGHT, IF YOU BUY AT ALL.**

*This article is written on November 17.*

#### WOMAN, THE HOME-BUILDER

MAN, thou hast built the house,  
But I have built the home;  
And wheresoe'er thy feet may fare,  
Wherever thou mayst roam,  
Back to this hearth which I have lit  
Thy weary steps shall come.

When unto dust thy house  
Shall crumble in dismay;  
When stone and turret shall fall down  
On some disastrous day,  
Our children's children shall not see  
My silent work decay.

Thine the imperial power  
Races unborn shall learn,  
But mine shall be the victory  
For which high kings must yearn.  
When time at last shall wreck thy house,  
My hearth's faint spark shall burn!

*Charles Hanson Towne*

# CHARLES E. HUGHES, A REMARKABLE FIGURE IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

CHARLES E. HUGHES, Governor and Governor-elect of New York, might be described as a professional sop to the hydra of public conscience. The politicians have a habit of tossing him to the public by way of appeasing its wrath. They have commonly done this with some lingering hope that the public would devour him, and let them escape while it was thus occupied.

Pathetic as it is to record the fact, they have been uniformly mistaken in their calculation. The public, instead of destroying him, has elevated him; and now, by dint of a most remarkable indorsement, it seems to have endowed him with the terrors of the many-headed monster and sent him forth to eat up the politicians! Which shows one way the plans of mice and politicians have of ganging agley.

This modest office lawyer, with small experience as a forum advocate and none as a demagogue, by a series of strange upheavals in the conscience movement of his State, has been brought to a unique place among the country's public men. With neither experience nor equipment, with no taste for the play of the politicians, he has beaten the politicians at their own game—generally by refusing to play it with them.

Little more than two years ago, at the opening of his first campaign for Governor, he presented a sorry spectacle of practical incompetence for the work of the stump solicitor. In the year just closed, his speeches, delivered to vast and acclaiming audiences in many States, marked the high tide of the campaign's intellectual achievement.

There is no estimating Hughes by ordinary standards. Other men have done much of the same work he is doing, but

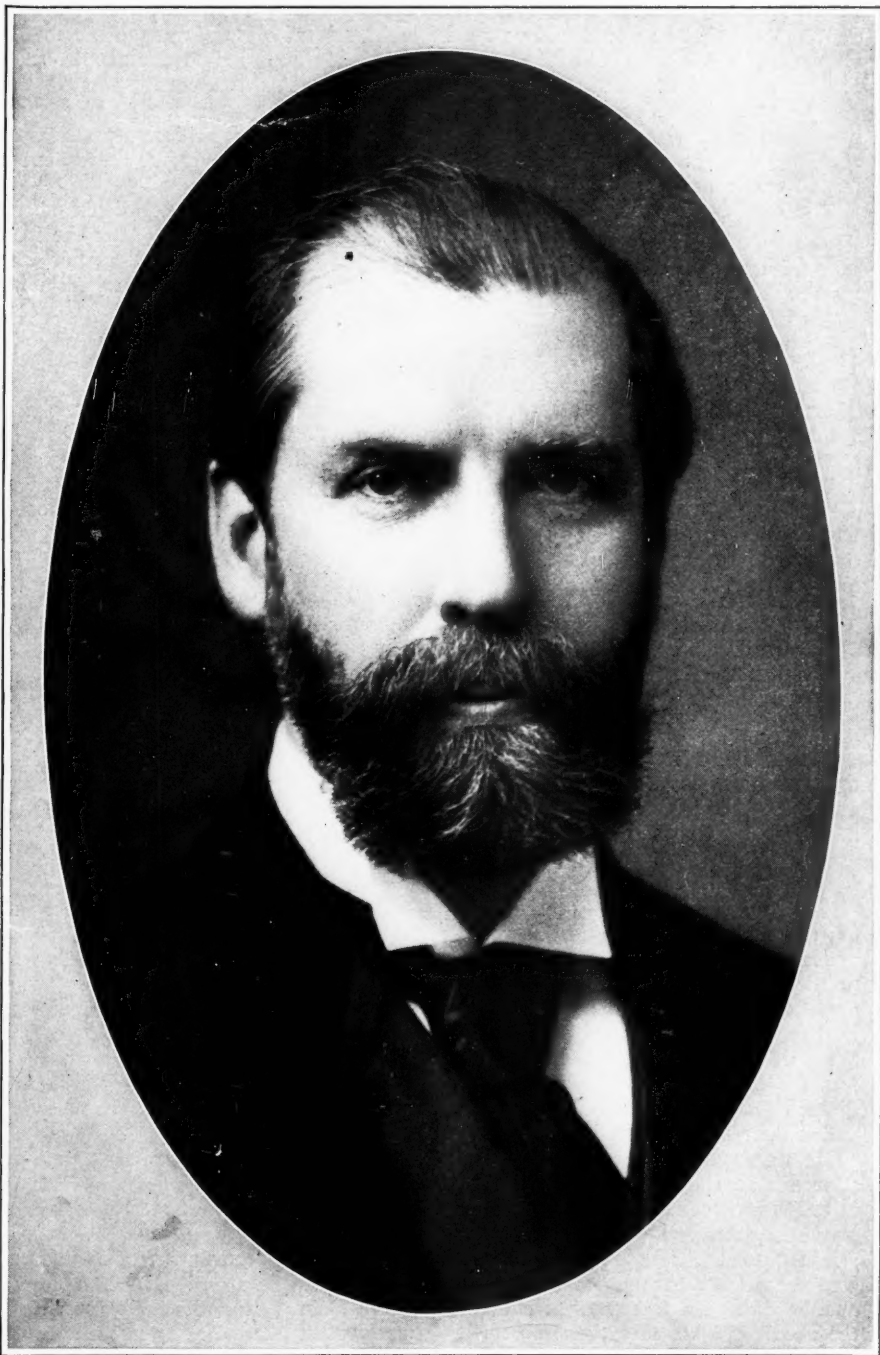
none has done it in the same way. What more will he do? How far will he travel? Nobody can guess, because nobody else ever did things quite in his way, or traveled just his gait.

Hughes is animated by the simple conviction that he must do the job that is cut out for him, according to his own ideas and in his own way. That is all. He was a good lawyer, but comparatively unknown, when he was chosen as counsel for the gas investigation in New York. It was a huge and thankless task, but Hughes went out for facts. He got them. That made his first public reputation as an investigator. The gas litigation, at this writing, is awaiting a decision of the United States Supreme Court, in a case based on the facts which were elicited by Hughes.

So when it came to the insurance investigation, Hughes was first used as a sop to the Cerberus of public opinion. He had made a reputation as an investigator, and the public insisted on the inquiry being conducted by a man whose integrity and ability appealed to it. He was chosen, and everybody now knows with what skill and persistence and singleness of purpose he did his work. That investigation is recognized as one of the towering landmarks on the route of the crusade for higher and better ideals in business and public life, and particularly in the interrelations of the two.

## HOW HUGHES ENTERED PUBLIC LIFE

When it was over, Hughes went back to his law-office; but the people of New York had him in mind. He wasn't an aspirant for any public position. It was a spontaneous affair, the generation of the Hughes movement in politics. He was nominated for mayor, and declined to run. A very large number of people



CHARLES E. HUGHES, WHOSE REELECTION AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK WAS ONE OF THE  
MOST INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF RECENT POLITICS

*From his latest photograph—copyright, 1908, by Chickering, Boston*

dimly opined that he would make a good Governor; a few men who were party leaders regarded the idea as preposterous, because he wasn't a politician. The party was in dire straits for a candidate who would make the right appeal and inspire confidence.

One day, as the story goes, somebody told Theodore Roosevelt that there was just one man with whom the Republicans could carry New York, and Mr. Roosevelt demanded the name.

"Charles E. Hughes," was the proposal.

The Presidential comment, delivered after a moment of earnest thought, was, according to this chronicle, similarly sententious:

"Bully!"

The politicians protested. They controlled the convention—that is, they could count a control. But they nominated Hughes. It was another case of offering up Hughes as a sacrifice to the devouring demon. It might be just as well for the party to name the best possible man, and, if it must lose the election, to lose while standing on high moral ground.

But it didn't lose. Hughes was the only man on his ticket to be elected; and being elected, he set about the business for which he had been chosen.

#### HUGHES AND THE LEGISLATURE

The Legislature was still pretty largely of the old-fashioned kind. It didn't understand Hughes, because he wasn't a politician. He told it what he thought ought to be done, and then he sat on the lid and waited for something to happen. When it didn't happen, instead of sending for the recalcitrant statesmen and dickering and dealing with them, he invaded their home districts.

He managed to be invited to deliver addresses at dinners and other functions in towns which chanced to be represented in the Legislature by men who were unfriendly to the Hughes program. Of course, the Governor must say something; and he did. He talked right out from the shoulder. He told the people what he was trying to get done, and how important it was.

In this cheery, social fashion he kindled fires under one after another of the

legislators who were antagonistic to his bills. He appealed to the people. He insisted that if the people wanted the things done for which they had elected him, the people must bring pressure to bear on their agents in the State Senate and Assembly.

There was no room for doubt about the attitude of the people, after the idea burst on them that their Governor was making appeal to them. The legislators saw the point, and the Governor's measures passed. It wasn't the regular way, but it was proving effective.

The insurance-reform laws, the public-service-commission act, and, later, the famous anti-betting legislation, were passed by the same general processes of appealing to the people. The ballot-reform and direct-nomination proposals of the Governor failed, but he will get another chance for them.

#### A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

In the height of the struggle over the antibetting legislation the Governor was pressed for consideration, at the Republican national convention, as a Presidential possibility. The politicians didn't want him, but they yielded and named a delegation of their own kind, instructing it to cast the State's vote for him. Once more, Hughes was the sop; he wouldn't be nominated, but maybe it would be the end of him.

He wasn't nominated; but neither was he ended. The people back in New York hadn't lost confidence in the man who had so much confidence in them. It became apparent that unless the Republican party put its best foot forward, the Empire State might be in danger when the Presidential vote should be cast. Public opinion all over the country had become interested in Hughes. It demanded his nomination for Governor as a sort of hostage—a guarantee of good faith in the party professions of reform intentions for the future.

So the State convention of September, 1908, met at Saratoga. Nobody was for Hughes, in that gathering. Everybody was against him. But from all over the land came the demand for his nomination. The Governorship of one State had become a national issue.

"If you don't nominate Hughes for



Governor of New York, we may lose Indiana," was the strange plea which Hoosierdom sent to Saratoga.

Ohio, and Illinois, and Wisconsin and all the rest of the middle West joined in the demand for Hughes. Once more he was tossed to Cerberus—nominated for sure defeat, they said; but if the people demanded it as the possible price of national victory, why, of course New York must make the sacrifice.

#### HUGHES AS A CAMPAIGNER

As soon as his great fight was won in the nominating convention, the West began demanding him on the stump. He opened the Republican campaign at Youngstown, Ohio, with a speech which nobody answered down to election-day. He furnished in that one speech the best ammunition the Republicans used in the whole national contest. This is not mere enthusiasm of eulogy; it is what everybody has admitted. Hughes toured the middle West and proved the most effective stumper on either side. His two years' experience, since his first campaign for the Governorship, had perfected him in the art of convincing oratory. He was the analyst, the logician, of the campaign.

"Going to nominate a mere cross-examiner for Governor?" his opponents

had said contemptuously, two years earlier. But they forgot their contempt when Hughes cross-examined the political program of his opponents in the national race, and applied the dissecting-knife of merciless logic to some of their proposals. The cross-examiner won his case.

Nominated for sure defeat, they had said at Saratoga; but after his swing through the West he returned to New York and made a like campaign there. Discouragement gave way to hope, and hope to confidence, among Republicans; and when the votes were counted he had seventy thousand plurality.

Governor Hughes is at the middle of his career as Governor. He has found a new way of getting results, and he must put it to the test of further trial. It is too early to forecast the conclusion of his career.

When Roosevelt is out of office, a few weeks hence, Hughes will stand before the nation as the foremost exponent of the great body of sentiment which demands that big business shall be kept out of politics. That is a tremendous issue, in this country. To stand as the spokesman of so determined and wide-spread and righteous a movement is to occupy a position of the first potentiality among American public men of the time.

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#### THE VOYAGE

Out, out upon the sea we sail  
To brave the tempest and the gale,  
To seek some golden shore afar,  
Where Fortune and her favors are.

By some the harbor ne'er is won,  
Despite the journey well begun;  
The storm besets and ruin lies  
Where yesterday were fairest skies.

For others, blest with kindlier winds,  
The speedy ship the harbor finds—  
A haven safe where all is well  
And Fortune stands as sentinel.

For me, my craft is sailing on,  
Through mists to-day, clear seas anon.  
Whate'er the final harbor be  
'Tis good to sail upon the sea!

*Blakeney Gray*

# THE ACCOUNTING OF LOCKHART WARWICK

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "LAW AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW," ETC.

THE platform of the lonely railway station at Mount Manaton was much shorter than the train, so that the Rev. Dr. Glight, disembarking from the last car, was obliged to stumble uncomfortably among the ties of a siding. It was growing dark; the little doctor was near-sighted; and his suit-case wearied his feminine fingers. He wished already that he had declined Warwick's invitation.

In this unchristian mood, he saw Bessborough, tall and ponderous, descending from the Pullman ahead of him.

"Why!" he faltered. "Why, Bessborough!"

"Glight? You here, too?"

After a surprised pause, they shook hands with a heartiness obviously overforced by both. The celebrated lawyer gave a quizzical laugh.

"So Warwick has asked you and me for the same visit, eh?" said he.

"I had a letter from Warwick," said the clergyman somewhat stiffly. "I think I have not mistaken the date."

"He invited me for to-day by word of mouth," said Bessborough, "at the thirtieth reunion of the class, last June. I understand that he has quite a large establishment for a solitary bachelor. There may be plenty of others staying with him. Is no one here to meet us?"

They circled the station and found a smart mountain buckboard, drawn by a spirited pair of roans.

"Mr. Lockhart Warwick's?" questioned Bessborough.

The liveried driver touched his hat. The two bags were bestowed beside him, and the two guests took the rear seat. The road, dimly discernible in the gathering dusk, wound along the grade of the

California upland. Great clouds threatened rain, and the air was singularly stagnant.

"Devilish deserted country!" said Bessborough curtly. "How far to Mr. Warwick's, driver?"

"About four miles, sir."

"Party of visitors there?"

"No, sir. You two gentlemen is all, sir."

Bessborough took no pains to smother a grunt of puzzled disgust, of which the clergyman politely affected to be unobservant.

"I was not able to attend our class reunion," said Glight. "I should have liked to see Warwick. He has never been back before."

"Queer fish!" commented the lawyer, dropping his voice out of the coachman's hearing. "Warwick hardly said two words to anybody, although none of the gang had met him for thirty years. He just sat around in a corner and blinked. Something wrong with his eyes, you know — snow-blindness, or something, that he got in the Klondike. Anyhow, that was his excuse for not helping us tear the lid off things, the way he used to. Do you remember the time—but of course you wouldn't."

"I sincerely regret Warwick's affliction," said Dr. Glight formally.

"Well, he's made his pile," retorted Bessborough, and shifted uneasily on the cushion. "You ought to tackle him for that blessed missionary college of yours. Got up to the million yet?"

"We hope and work and pray, Bessborough."

The clergyman spoke with a trace of professional intonation, and his companion sniffed irascibly. The good doc-

tor did not add that he had already appealed to Warwick; that, in fact, his present invitation to Warwick's place was the sole result of a money-begging letter which he had written, having noticed Warwick's name and circumstances in a newspaper. But why had Warwick simultaneously invited Bessborough—Bessborough, successful but unscrupulous, who stood, in his private and public life, for all that was worldly and much that was evil? Dr. Glight sighed.

Ever since leaving the railroad, the buckboard had been climbing a steady slope, bare, so far as one could make out, of habitation. The flat mountaintop, over which they now drove, had about it an odd suggestion of the seashore. From it no higher ground was seen anywhere; the clouds drifted near; the infrequent trees grew squat, as if cautious of wind and weather. The driver finally guided his horses through a gateway in a rough wall.

"Warwick told me he rents this place from Jorgan, the artist," grumbled Bessborough. "Nobody would live by choice in such a wilderness, except an artist, or a fool, or Warwick. There he is, on the porch."

The ground story of the spacious and picturesque house was of native rock, above which jutted many gables of stained wood. At one side was a low, round building, connected with the main house by a short corridor.

"Jorgan's studio, I suppose," said Bessborough.

## II

AN elderly butler took their luggage; and their host ushered them into the broad hall. Warwick was a ruggedly framed man, long of limb, short of neck, with powerful shoulders slightly stooped, as if bearing an invisible weight. His clipped black beard lay close against the swarthy skin of his angular face; and he wore a loose suit of tweeds, markedly unfashionable.

"Now, you'll want to go to your rooms," said he briskly. "Simms will show you; but mind, I don't change togs for dinner, and neither shall you."

"Where are the spectacles, Lockie?" asked Bessborough. "Eyes better?"

"Oh, I'm seeing extraordinary clear

to-night," said Warwick. "Extraordinary clear, I assure you;" and he smiled curiously at them as they ascended the stairs.

From the landing, Glight, with a sudden impulse, glanced back. Warwick was still planted on the hearth-rug, but the smile was gone. His brow was furrowed, and his lips were set in a straight line. He clenched one fist and struck it passionately against the palm of his other hand. The little clergyman wheeled quickly into his bedroom.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, to the reflection of his pale cheeks in the mirror.

The chamber was perfectly appointed, and a servant unpacked the doctor's traveling-bag. His preparations for dinner were soon accomplished, and he went down, a trifle timorously, to the hall; but Warwick had vanished.

Glight tiptoed into a library. Warwick was never a reading man; and Dr. Glight observed with amusement the monotonous rows of books, imprisoned behind glass, which lent a cold, unfriendly glitter to the luxurious bindings. From the library a door, now ajar, gave upon a dark passage; and at the end of the passage was another lighted apartment.

"That must have been the painter's studio," thought Glight; and he sauntered toward it.

Its equipment was peculiar—a blanketed camp-bed, a rude table, primitive toilet appliances, a gun-rack, and a row of pegs, from which hung jerseys and oilskins. If the round room had been squared and walled with logs, it might have been a miner's cabin.

"Merely a Klondiker's boudoir," said Warwick from the library. "Dinner's ready!"

He waited for his guest to precede him to the dining-room across the hall; and Glight heard him fasten the door of the passage.

An excellent dinner was excellently served by the butler and a maid. Bessborough began the meal with enthusiasm, pledging Warwick in the first tumbler of champagne and rallying him with convivial memories. To these Warwick was sufficiently responsive for the demands of hospitality, but no more so than that. His glass was seldom touched. Bess-

borough did not once penetrate his courteous reserve; and Glight, after a few feeble essays, did not try.

"The weather," brilliantly remarked the doctor, sipping his *demi-tasse*, "is close to-night, I think."

"There's a big storm on the cards," said Bessborough.

"Probably," agreed Warwick lightly. "A big storm!"

He rose and pulled together the portières of the door into the hall. The man-servant placed a decanter of brandy and a silver tray of cigars.

"That will do, Simms," Warwick said. "We want to be quite alone. Clear the maids out of the pantry."

"Going to tell us a good story, are you, Lockie?" chuckled Bessborough. "You used always to have the spiciest ones. Let's make this married parson blush. I'm still a bachelor, like you;" and he applied himself zealously to the cognac.

Warwick, with inscrutable satisfaction, surveyed his ill-paired guests—the religious, high-minded clergyman, and Bessborough, keen and practised in the wisdom of a baser world.

"Stories, by all means," he said. "Shall I lead off?"

### III

"THINGS happen to a fellow in the Klondike," began Warwick, as if searching his recollection for a diverting episode. "For instance, I was strapped in Dawson in the winter of ninety-seven. When the ice went out, and boats came up the river in the spring, I got a carpenter's job at eighteen dollars a day. I fed up and laid by a little dust. Then I decided that I'd make or break. I couldn't stand another winter, and I couldn't win to the States.

"Well, I bought a single-pack outfit and followed a fool stampede up Hunter's Creek. By the time we got there, the creek was staked from end to end, like a new city street; so I hit out alone over the divide toward the Beaver. There wasn't any trail. In the middle of a nigger-head swamp I ran into another prospector who was traveling lonesome, the way I was. The two of us made camp together. I recognized him for an old Spaniard who had fiddled in

a Circle City dance-hall. His name was Caravigo."

Warwick paused to select a cigar; and the clergyman looked toward the curtained door.

"What's that rustle?" said Dr. Glight, listening. "Rain?"

"Get on with your Spaniard, Warwick," drawled Bessborough, who was somewhat bored.

"It seems," resumed Warwick, "that once, for a freak, when I was flush, I'd paid Caravigo a pound of gold for fiddling a Liszt concerto while the crowd was yelling for 'Sweet Marie.' Caravigo had never forgotten it, and he thought I was a fine man—a kindred spirit. Well, we made camp. The minute he unrolled his pack, I saw he'd been lucky to meet me. He didn't have grub enough for a week, and second-class grub at that. I gave him supper, and found some liniment in my kitty-bag and rubbed it on his ankle, which he'd sprained, jumping a log. That won his heart, I expect—that and the Liszt concerto business. Anyhow, the next morning he showed me the laundry-slip, and told me where he was bound.

"It was the same old yarn. I'd heard the like of it a dozen times. A drunken Indian, a quart of whisky, a mysterious gulch where you could kick up nuggets with your bare feet, a wild-geese chase into a trackless desert on half rations—and your own silly skeleton under a snow-drift for a rollicking finish. Caravigo had taken down the Indian's directions on a laundry-slip. I laughed at it; but it was more than I had. I was pointed nowhere in particular, and as well as go there I might hitch up with the fiddler. Besides, he was sort of a helpless, pathetic figure in that deadly country. I took out a cartridge from my revolver and tossed it up. It fell with the bullet to the north. I went with Caravigo.

"His crazy chart, naturally, was no good—no more of a guide than the tip of your nose. I laid the course myself, aiming to fetch up at the head-waters of the Klondike River. Caravigo thought we were following the Indian map. He couldn't speak English very well.

"One afternoon we were sailing down a kind of a precipice affair toward a run-

ning creek. Caravigo limped along behind, with a crutch I'd made him to favor his crippled ankle. I heard a squeaky shout—"Madonna! Madonna!" it was—and I looked back. The crutch had keeled over a little boulder, hanging on the ledge, and showed up gold-sign—yes, loose gold—gold almost ready to mint! I dropped my pack, and grabbed out my pan, and flew at the creek. I'd never made a real big strike; and this was big—enormous. The first pan of muck proved it, but I'd washed maybe two or three before I came partly to my senses. Caravigo was still squealing out "Madonna!" alongside the boulder.

"I tramped half a mile or so down the gulch. It was virgin country—all ours to claim from. The walk steadied me, and I commenced to see straight. When I got back, the old Spaniard had moved down to the water. He had broken into the grub, and was gnawing, like a wolf, at a great hunk of raw bacon. In getting at the meat, he'd torn open the sack of beans, and the last of 'em was dribbling into the creek. I drew my gun—Caravigo didn't have any—and ordered hands up.

"'Rich! I'm rich!' he yelled. 'Rich, rich, rich!' and he capered about.

"No, it wasn't pleasant. I tied him to a tree—he wasn't strong, even in his delirium. Then I gathered up all I could of our provisions and took account of stock. We had been shaved down pretty close before. Now I could see that it would be a sprint between starvation and the best and swiftest one of us. As for the other one— Have a fresh cigar, doctor?"

Dr. Glight hastily declined, and eyed Warwick with dreadful apprehension.

"How about finding game?" suggested Bessborough.

"Not a feather," averred Warwick. "No chance of it."

The clergyman leaned forward.

"What did you do, Warwick?"

"Left him," Warwick replied.

"Left him?" echoed Bessborough, recoiling. "Left him to suffer and starve, like a dog—a lame, mad dog?"

"He didn't starve," said Warwick. "I don't think he suffered. I took care of that. When Caravigo's body was found, three months later, by the first

stampeder up Lockhart Creek, there was the hole of my bullet in his skull."

#### IV

DR. GLIGHT pushed his chair back from the table.

"It is too horrible!" he broke out painfully. "I cannot sit here—cannot stay under this roof to listen to a—"

"Well, where else can you go, this weather?" railed Bessborough, with a hard laugh; but his voice was strained and shrill. "For Heaven's sake, let us understand you, Warwick," he said, and reached for the decanter.

"I have brought you two men here to-night on purpose to have you understand me," said Warwick, raising his voice emphatically. "My fortune is grounded on Caravigo's death."

The lawyer's face expressed only a little less of shocked dismay than Glight's; but Warwick noted neither. He looked straight ahead at the crimson tapestry of the door.

"I left Caravigo," he said stolidly, "and traveled down the gulch. I looked for the best gold-sign, and I staked out a discovery claim at quite a distance from where—from where I'd started. The creek seemed to shift to the east, and I knew my only chance was to the west, where I might strike a camp on the river. So I turned west. It was tough going. I don't remember much about it. When my grub was gone, and my belt and boot-tops, I ate some berries that gave me vertigo and cramps, and laid me out stiff for I don't know how long. And the funny part of it was that I was a millionaire all the time. I guess that's what kept me gripping to it. I crawled into a camp on the Klondike on my hands and knees, and the boys gave me the last slab of pilot bread they had in the tent."

Bessborough drew a long breath of relief.

"The Spaniard could never have lived through it," said he.

"I had just about enough strength," continued Warwick, not heeding him, "to hold my tongue. As soon as I could stand, I canoed to Dawson and filed my claim. I did a neat job in tipping off a few of my pals—the boys who gave me the bread were among 'em—and we



organized a secret outfit to beat the stampede. We did it, too. I sold out after a while, and that's all."

He paused, and thoughtfully crinkled the damask cloth between his thick fingers. The clergyman shook his head.

"No, that is not all," objected Glight. "Penitence—reparation!"

"Penitence?" sneered Bessborough. "Well, reparation—yes." He nodded at Warwick. "Had Caravigo any heirs?" said he.

Warwick smiled briefly.

"Do you both agree," he pursued, "that my next step should have been to hunt Caravigo's heirs?"

"More than that, Warwick," firmly insisted Glight. "You were called upon, by divine and human law, to—"

"One thing at a time, doctor," said Warwick. "Let us discuss one question, if you please, at a time. In Dawson the old Spaniard had left no acquaintances. After a while I went to Circle. In Circle his daughter, Carmen, a girl of eighteen, was employed in a bakery. She was poor, and proud, and friendless—and beautiful. The story of the finding of her father's body had drifted down there. She knew that Caravigo had been shot. Do you appreciate the Spanish nature? This girl's one idea was the detection of the unknown man whom she called her father's murderer.

"She had inherited a musical talent. I posed for a musical crank, and tried to make her talent an excuse for my interest in her. I hired a missionary's widow to live with Miss Caravigo, and I fitted them out with everything they could want. The excuse worked all right with Carmen, but it didn't go with anybody else. People commenced to talk about her and me. The temperature in Alaska sinks to seventy degrees below, but it doesn't freeze up Mrs. Grundy. Finally this gossip got to the girl, and she refused my help. I loved her, and I love her now. This I could not bring myself to tell her, but I asked her to bear my name."

"And she?" stammered Glight.

"She consented," said Warwick. "Her foreign notions, you see, of a marriage of convenience. She is my wife."

"With that black gulf between you—that impassable gulf of her father's

tragedy?" Bessborough half arose from his chair and sank back again, frowning.

"She is my wife," reiterated Warwick, "in law; but our marriage was—and is—a legal arrangement, and nothing more; an arrangement to give me the right to protect her—to let her share my money, without stain."

"I see," said Bessborough. "An act of reparation."

"But what of justice?" cried the clergyman. "I need not speak abstractly. What of practical justice to this girl's life, to her right to happiness?"

"And your own right, Warwick?" added Bessborough. "Have you forfeited that? The situation is intolerable, I think. The marriage was a cruel mistake to both—but I beg your pardon."

"I should be begging yours," said Warwick earnestly. "I have brought my two old friends to sit here as an expert jury—representative, if you will allow me, of opposite view-points; but you have agreed twice—once in approving my search for Caravigo's child, once in condemning my method of restitution. Will the jury agree again?"

"I will agree to no deceit!" vehemently declared Dr. Glight. "I will agree to nothing except a confession to your wife."

"Ah!" murmured Warwick. "And you, Bessborough?"

"I reach the same conclusion by a different road," said the lawyer. "It is obvious, to my mind, that you ought not to be married to the daughter of the man you—to this woman. Tell her the truth, then. For lack of witnesses, if for nothing else, you will be safe from criminal prosecution; but her knowledge of the story would result in an immediate separation, and without scandal. She would not dare, on her unsupported testimony, to raise a scandal. Tell her the truth!"

"My jury works well together," rejoined Warwick. "A separation! Is that also a part of your verdict, doctor?"

"Inevitably," assented Glight.

"For the first time," said Warwick, "and not five minutes ago, I told her the truth about my love for her, and about her father's death."

"What do you mean?" vociferated the minister, clutching the table-edge.

Bessborough was quicker-witted. He sprang toward the portières.

"Let's see!" he snapped; and threw the curtains wide apart.

In the hall, leaning against the massive newel-post, stood a girl.

"My wife, gentlemen," said Warwick softly.

V

SHE acknowledged neither Glight's automatic bow nor Bessborough's astounded scrutiny. Her great eyes, the greater now for the pallor of her perfect face, were riveted fast upon Lockhart Warwick. Slowly she raised one hand to the carving behind her; the lace sleeve fell back from her rounded arm; and she turned, so that her white profile, immutable as a cameo, gleamed against the dark wood.

The simple movement broke a certain spell which bound the men to silence. The clergyman fluttered around indignantly on his heel.

"Really, Warwick!" he protested. "This preconcerted—"

"Eavesdropping—yes," said Warwick. "I told you that I should abjectly beg your indulgence. I do so. I wished her to hear your expert advice given impersonally. Your civilized refinement has been untried by Carmen. Its expert advice I wished her to hear directly—not through me. I would take, you see, no color of advantage of her—a fragile excuse for my impoliteness, but the only one I have."

"I, too—I ask pardons," spoke Carmen clearly.

She advanced into the room. Over the table hung a scarlet lamp. With her head dominantly erect, she crossed the shadowy barrier into the circle of ruddy light. It was like the calm, defiant entrance of a knightly swordsman upon the arena of a medieval tournament.

"I have to ask pardons, gentlemen. I do not know altogether—what you call—customs of this your world." She picked her phrases laboriously, but without the slightest embarrassment. "I am ignorant—I am not taught until lately, when I learn much. Oh, yes, so much to-night about this your world!"

"It appears," rasped Bessborough, still angered by the trickery of his host—"it appears, madam, that our ingenious scene was devised to instruct you!"

The brutality of the words, and the girl's brave loneliness, wrung Glight's sympathy as in a vise.

"My dear lady," said the kind clergyman impulsively, "if there is anything I can do for you—believe me, our world shall not leave you homeless, friendless. I promise you that. Mrs. Glight and myself—if there is anything—"

"Thank you, Glight," intruded Warwick.

"And, of course," followed Bessborough, after a pause, "if I can be of legal assistance—as to the separation, or otherwise—"

"Personified generosity!" observed Warwick grimly. "You hear, Carmen?"

"I have heard. I hear all."

"And do you understand?" pursued Warwick. "Do you understand the verdict of this higher, wiser world? We are not in the Yukon country now, Carmen. We are where the lives of men and women must be balanced as delicately as a canoe in Three-Mile Rapids. And there are no better judges of the various balances, I think, than Glight and Bessborough." He bowed constrainedly. "I ought to be willing to abide by their decision. Do you understand what must be done?"

"Do you?" she said.

"They decide that we must part," answered Warwick in a flat monotone. "That it is impossible and shameful—this form of marriage between you and the man who compassed your father's death. They have considered everything, and that is their decision."

"They have not considered everything!"

"Everything which has been told us," amended Glight.

"No, *señor!*"

Her hand strayed to the table and chanced upon the keen blade of a knife. A sinister fear mastered Bessborough, and he took a step in her direction; but Carmen disregarded him, slipping the blade for a moment between her graceful fingers. Suddenly she swept a little gesture with it and dropped the knife on the cloth. It was as if she had cut off Bessborough and Glick from her physical presence; and the minister withdrew vaguely toward the hall.

"Did they consider that you love me?" she demanded proudly.

Warwick started back, beyond the glow of the lamp.

"I love you!" he said, out of the shadow. "They know that I love you."

"And do they know that I, too—"

"Carmen!" whispered Warwick.

"Yes, my husband. May I not speak at last? What is done, that is done. What is to be, that will be. But my heart shall be yours forever!" Her voice rang like a silver bell. "The two wise men—what is their wisdom?" She waved her arm disdainfully. "My father is gone. You have told me how. I pray for his soul, as now I shall pray the good God to forgive you, who must needs release my father's broken spirit from his poor body. That was the cruel fortune of the so cruel North. That I can understand. But the wisdom of the two wise men? It is nothing. For why? Their wisdom is without love, my husband. Their wise world—I am ignorant—but it is not mine!"

"Nor mine, by Heavens!" cried Warwick passionately.

"They spoke of a black gulf between us, not to be passed," she recalled. "There is within me here a bridge to pass on;" and she clasped both her hands upon her breast.

"You can pray for my forgiveness," said Warwick, leaning forward. "Can you also forgive?"

"If you love me," said Carmen steadily.

Warwick glanced at the lawyer with misty, half-blinded eyes.

"Good night!" mumbled Bessborough awkwardly; and joined the clergyman on the stairs.

## VI

THE SUN was in a cloudless sky when Dr. Glight awoke. He hurried downstairs to find Bessborough pacing the library; while Simms, the butler, hovered about with the distracted countenance of a decorous servant who beholds the very pillars of social propriety crumble to the ground.

"Here's a flare-up, doctor!" prefaced Bessborough. "Warwick has gone!"

"Gone?" said the minister blankly. "He has gone?"

"Gone for good," said Bessborough. "Left me a letter."

"And one for you, sir," quavered Simms.

He handed a sealed envelope to Glight and sidled away doubtfully.

"Listen to mine first," proffered the lawyer. "This is what Warwick writes:

"DEAR BESSBOROUGH:

"I am completing my discourtesy to my guests last night by running away from them this morning. Invent any reason you can—perhaps it is to save you an argument and Glight a sermon. Money for winding up my household I have left with Simms, who is a trustworthy factotum, and who will give you, I hope, an edible breakfast. Before you finish it, I shall have commenced a long journey."

While Bessborough turned the newspaper, the clergyman's bewildered glance ran down the adjoining passage to the studio. The gun-rack and the row of pegs were unoccupied, and the bed was stripped of blankets. Bessborough continued the letter:

"I may add that my wife, having rejected, as you know, the verdict of the civilization which you and the doctor so comprehensively represent, has gone with me to begin a new fight for fortune in the North."

"Now, what the dickens does he mean by that?" queried Bessborough.

Dr. Glight mechanically tore open his sealed envelope. He drew from it two enclosures. One was a signed and witnessed memorandum, and the other was a bank draft; and at the six numerals cut across the draft the minister blinked incredulously.

"My college!" he breathed. "For my missionary college! No—it cannot be!"

He seemed afraid to move; and the draft shook in his fingers.

"Tainted money, eh?" jeered the cynical lawyer.

Glight stood speechless; but abruptly the scorn passed from the other's face, and his eyes became radiant with strong emotion.

"By the Lord, doctor, if you ask me," he cried, "I say that it is cleansed—fragrant—hallowed with a man's penance and a woman's love!"

"Amen!" said Dr. Glight.



THE OLD FARMHOUSE AT WEST HILLS, NEAR HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, IN WHICH  
WALT WHITMAN WAS BORN ON MAY 31, 1819

## WALT WHITMAN'S EARLY LIFE ON LONG ISLAND

BY WILLIS STEELL

IN the definitive edition of his works, in ten sumptuous volumes, one may look in vain for the real Walt Whitman; and even in the biographies of him so far written one feels the absence of actuality. It is a cardboard man they present, not a man that one can walk around. In order to preserve the image of himself which the poet carefully set up—that of an “initiate”—his editors have outdone him, and have obliterated the human touches. They step into the artificial atmosphere which he created but did not breathe, and once there they begin to see with strange vision and to measure with outlandish tape.

Fortunately for the preservation of his memory as a man and not as a freak, there are still living people who knew Whitman and who treasure the recollection of their friend as a quiet gentleman

of simple manners, an affectionate friend, a good neighbor, and a thorough patriot.

On Long Island, in the several villages and in the one great city where the poet's childhood, youth, and early manhood were spent, many witnesses are to be found to tell cheerful stories of his optimism and his great heart. If a little dazed by his fame as a poet, these old acquaintances never begrudged him any good he was able to get out of life, and would not deflower his poet's wreath after death. But they remember him as a fellow mortal, with faults like themselves, or, at least, with human failings, but at the same time big with warm feeling, generous sympathy, and surpassing magnetism.

It may be as well to call these witnesses before it is too late; otherwise, critics and biographers will have their own way in making of Walt Whitman a sightless

marble bust to fit into a niche in some Hall of Fame.

#### WALT WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE

In West Hills, a tiny hamlet on the north shore of Long Island which

ward only a far-fetched sentiment, yet, it chanced that some light was thrown by my pilgrimage on the sweetness and simplicity of the poet's character, for I learned that in 1853 Walt took his father to the old home, to see it for the last time.

"An old, old man and very feeble he was," said the woman, herself aged, who told the simple story. "I remember him because my mother said he was Louisa Van Velsor's husband. Louisa Van Velsor married a Whitman, and the Whitmans have been around here since before the Revolution. I don't remember the son distinctly, except that he was pretty tall and had a nice smile. He took care of the old man like as if he was a woman."

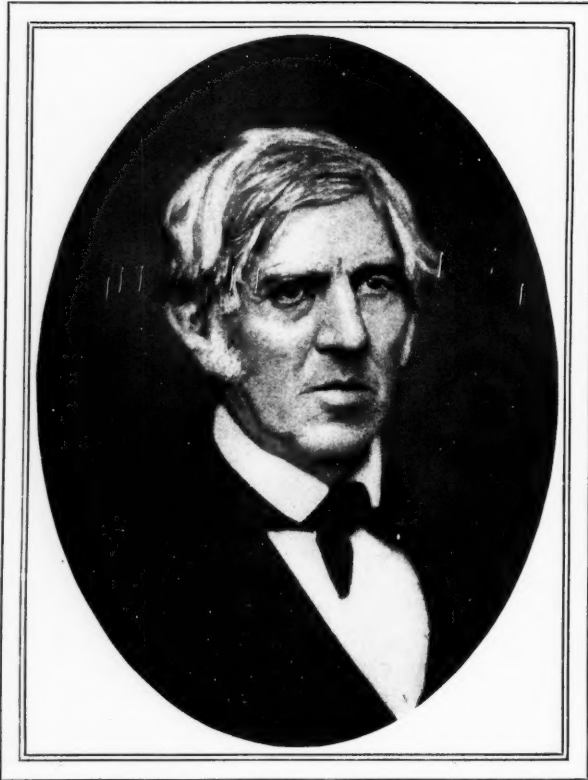
A man in the neighborhood recalled directing the strangers to an older building, the Whitman ancestral home, now a woodshed on an adjoining farm. He had told his father of the incident, and that old gentleman had remarked:

"That was old Walt Whitman and one of his boys. Whitman must be going to die, for he said when he went away

from here, away back in the twenties, that he wouldn't ever come back again except just once before he died. Old Walt Whitman was as obstinate as they make 'em, and I guess he kept his word."

#### BOYHOOD DAYS IN BROOKLYN

It was to Front Street, in Brooklyn, that "Old Walt" took his brood from West Hills. Here, while the eldest boy, Jesse, helped his father at carpentering, Walt had to "mind" the two younger children, Mary and Hannah. He proved but a slack nurse, for their home was near the Brooklyn ferry, and the wonder-



WALTER WHITMAN, THE LONG ISLAND WOOD-CUTTER AND CARPENTER  
WHO WAS THE FATHER OF THE POET

*From a daguerreotype*

"trades" in Huntington village, nothing is remembered of Walt—a fact not strange since his father—Walter Whitman, wood-cutter and carpenter—after four children, of whom Walt was the second, had been born to him there, removed his family to Brooklyn when the future poet was a boy of four. The house in which Walt was born still stands, though without a memorial tablet. It is a shingled farmhouse of two stories and a lean-to, and after nearly a century it still affords a comfortable habitation to a well-to-do farmer's family.

Although a visit to it promised to re-



ful river, with its many strange craft, immediately fascinated the youthful Walt. It was a fascination that endured through his long life. Although never a traveler by sea or land, whenever the poet had the choice, he chose to live near a great river, and he ever loved a ferry.

One might as well be writing of Shakespeare's early life as of Whitman's for the ensuing eleven years, so blank they seemed. The family prospered, and moved five times, each time to a better neighborhood, and, to Walt's unutterable homesickness, each time farther from the river. It is known, because he has said so, that his friends were boys who worked or played near the water. He had one particular crony—a driver of a coal-cart, whose good fortune it was occasionally to cross the river by means of the horse ferry and to rattle up the rough streets of New York. Once Walt made the trip with this man, and his first near view of the metropolis was had from the dusty seat of the coal-cart.

At eleven years of age, a halt was called to these vagrant excursions, and Walt was sent to a lawyer's office. He could read, but he could scarcely spell. How he was to make himself useful he didn't know; and when he found that the lawyer's windows overlooked the panorama of the upper bay, Walt didn't care. There, day after day, he would sit and stare, drinking in strange impressions, while the simple tasks set for him were left undone. Perhaps, in his case, these impressions served as well as a regular school; but the time came when he must learn to spell, and where could he gain that necessary knowledge better than in a newspaper-office?

To two local weeklies—the *Long Island Patriot* and the *Star*—the lad was sent in succession, and spelling was taught him at the printer's case. At the latter office an adverse verdict was passed upon him; notwithstanding which he was



MRS. WALTER WHITMAN, MOTHER OF THE POET—HER MAIDEN NAME WAS LOUISA VAN VELSOR

*From a daguerreotype*

not dismissed, because everybody liked him.

"A nice little fellow, but born lazy," the verdict was.

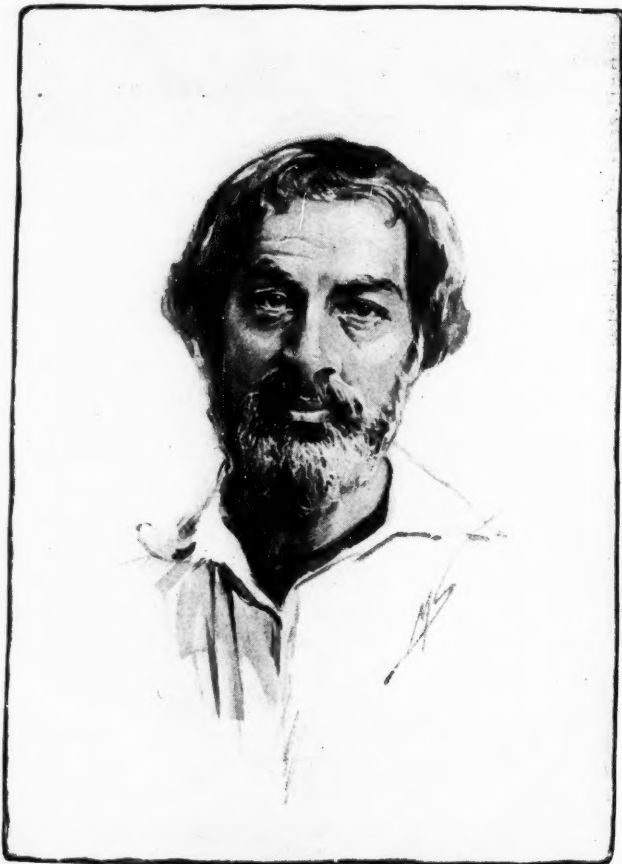
Again his companions were of the class who worked with their hands—"rowdies, roughs," as he called them, who "cocked their hats to suit themselves." In Myrtle Avenue, where the Whitman family lived for a period, in a house which is still standing as a butcher's-shop, the neighbors used to warn Mrs. Whitman that her boy was going to the bad because of the comrades he affected, but Walt persuaded his mother that they were mis-

taken. The lad had a way with him that was difficult for his mother, or any one, to resist. It was not coaxing; it was bland, and he usually won his point.

Indeed, by the testimony of Jeff Whitman, his younger and best-loved brother, Walt had an unerring instinct in the se-

sea, beside which the ferry dwarfed in fascination.

Every Saturday afternoon, in weather which in a boy's estimation was "good," the brothers wandered away to Coney Island. They raced up and down the level sand, bathed and slept; and while the



WALT WHITMAN, AUTHOR OF "LEAVES OF GRASS"

*From a daguerreotype which was made in or about 1854, and which is probably the earliest existing portrait of the poet*

lection of his friends; he did not choose bad ones, but those of strange character.

#### WALT'S LOVE OF THE SEASHORE

By this time Jeff and he had discovered Coney Island—a wild and desolate strip of sand which the ocean alternately tore away and brought back to suit its own fantasy. An occasional fisherman's shack was then the only human habitation. Here Walt learned to know and love the

more active Jeff dug a few clams to take home as a propitiatory offering. Walt dreamed and sought to understand the tongue of the ocean. His blood swung to the rhythm of the waves, and never afterward coursed in a normal, commonplace flow. What strange words he formed to go with the lap and the boom, what weird fancies coyly approached him and withdrew with the tide, even he could not remember; they remained in-

articulate. But this inchoate utterance, this singular vocabulary, lingered with him, influencing his novel expression of himself.

Thereafter, as long as he lived in Brooklyn, a day at Coney Island was part of his week. Later, when he had attained the dignified position of editor of a daily newspaper, regularly as Saturday afternoon came around, he deserted his desk, leaving, as he said, "the nations to take care of themselves" while he resumed his interrupted series of colloquies with the sea.

#### WALT ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT

Walt was a youth of seventeen, but as tall and broad as a man, when his family removed to Norwich, Long Island, where he joined them in May, 1836. A summer of delightful loafing, with tramps that led him to the Great South Bay, was followed by a winter as a country school-teacher in Babylon. He "boarded 'round," and in consequence became acquainted with more kinds of people than he had ever known before. In consequence of his occupation, and of his itinerant way of living, this part of Long Island is richer in recollections of Walt Whitman than any other section. In fact, through his arrest on a charge of assault and battery, Walt became something of a public character on the "merry South Side."

The Whitman family were, at this period, farming the old Merwin place, about a mile and a half west of Babylon. Between their farm and that of a neighbor named Carman lay a pond where Walt delighted to fish. One day, while he was sitting in his boat and angling, young Benjamin Carman, who was fishing also, thought he could have better sport by annoying Walt. At first he threw stones so as to disturb the water near the fisherman; but as this had no apparent effect upon Whitman's temper, he got into his boat and began rowing round and round the poet.

Even this annoyance failed to call forth a remonstrance. Instead of rebuking his annoyer, Walt engaged the lad in conversation until he incautiously rowed within the swing of the other's fish-pole. Then Walt brought the pole across young Carman's shoulders and

thrashed him severely, dismissing him finally with the advice never again to interfere with a fisherman.

Walt did not tell the story, but young Carman did, and his father swore out a warrant for Whitman's arrest before Justice Joel Jarvis, of Huntington. News of the arrest spread quickly, and when the constable produced his prisoner it seemed that all of the South Side was there to see. General Richard Udall prosecuted, but the schoolmaster pleaded in his own defense. He did not dispute the evidence, but contented himself by telling the jury that he had 'trounced the boy for interfering with a fisherman's vested rights. When the jury filed back into the court-room, Justice Jarvis looked over his steel-bowed spectacles at the foreman, one John Edwards, and asked him if the jury had agreed upon a verdict.

"We find," said Edwards, a stubborn Englishman, "that 'e did not 'it 'im 'ard enough."

No admonition or persuasion of the justice could make the jury change its finding into a more regular form, and in the court records the verdict stands precisely as rendered.

#### FIRST ESSAYS IN LITERATURE

Walt Whitman, as described by the old ladies of Babylon, was a handsome youth, full of life, broad-shouldered and muscular, holding himself erect and walking easily, but never in a hurry. His dress suggested the seaman, for his collar was cut low, and his shirt-front usually rolled back, exposing his robust chest. While his clothes were coarse, they were neatly kept, and the terse description, "rough as a farmer and neat as a sailor," fitted him well.

As a teacher, Walt was successful in arousing his scholars' desire to learn; but he seldom taught from books. He conveyed what he had acquired from the study of trees and skies and waves, and he was sensibly ahead of his era in the introduction of the personal element in his work. Men and women who are now old remember him as the only teacher who tried to make the paths of learning pleasant. They liked him, and so did their parents, for Walt, while quiet in his manners, and not much of a talker, could

interest them by his conversation when he tried.

He was already making an effort to write. A Hawthornesque sketch, "Death in the Schoolroom," which was published a year later under the initials "W. W.," had a basis of fact in a happening of his own class-room. This dearer hope took him out of teaching and back to the printing-press. From Babylon, in 1838, he went back to Huntington, where he founded the *Long Islander*, a weekly publication which is still issued regularly.

At Huntington there are elderly men who can point out the stable on the main street which was once Walt's publishing office. A short winter served for the experiment, but these survivals of his generation recall quite vividly the hermit life lived by Whitman. He dwelt in his office, "doing" for himself, except on rare occasions, when a subscriber paid in real money and not in cord-wood or potatoes. Then Walt used to take his dinners at the village inn until his cash had been eaten up.

In the main, this winter was so uneventful, and Walt was so seldom seen abroad, that he had packed up his scribbled sheets and his few belongings—the paper having suspended publication—and had been back in Brooklyn for nearly a month before the Huntingtonians realized that he had gone. The *Long Islander* resumed publication under more stable management, but except the one visit paid there with his father, fifteen years later, Walt was seen in Huntington no more.

Equipped with this experience, he applied for, and obtained, two editorial positions of some importance—first, on the *Brooklyn Times*, and then on the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Once more he took up

life as he had left it, spending his leisure on the water-front of Brooklyn, or on South Street, New York, and fleeing to the sea whenever city life became too crowded. His friends were printers, young men who worked with their hands; he had no "society" acquaintances; he knew few women.

Finally deposed from his place on the *Eagle* for his antislavery editorials, he followed his father's trade of carpentering, and built small houses for workmen, carrying to his toil daily a dinner-pail and a book.

The "real" Walt Whitman of this epoch resembled every other workman—content to build a house and sell it; to build another, and sell that; so quiet, reserved, and simple outwardly that none of his intimate friends ever suspected what was "simmering" within. He was very affectionate toward these friends, liking to hold their hands and to buy them little gifts. When one of them was sick or despondent, Walt went out of his way to exert what he already called his "magnetism" to heal the sufferer or cheer him up.

A volume of Emerson brought the "simmering" poet to a boil; suddenly he quit carpentering and disappeared to the eastern shore of Long Island to meditate on his "Leaves of Grass." On his return to Brooklyn he set up his poems in the office of Rome Brothers, in Fulton Street.

The poet had found himself, but in the same degree he had lost the Walt Whitman that Long Islanders knew. From the moment that he had conceived his mission to be that of the poet-prophet of America, much of the "old man," in the biblical phrase, he put away. He had created a rôle; his subsequent effort was to live up to it.

#### AT TWENTY-ONE

UPON the mountain tops of Hope we stand;  
Below the valleys of Decision roll;  
Beyond the vales by Freedom's breezes fanned  
We glimpse the peaks of Truth that are our goal.

Mayhap we'll never gain those heights so fair  
That gleam above the mists of Doubt and Pain;  
And so we linger, breathing Hope's pure air,  
Unmindful of the struggle on the plain.

Littell McClung

# STORIETTES

## A Premature Explosion

BY ANNA MATHEWSON

GODFREY LEFFINGWELL, the third of that stiff, unnicknamable appellation, had not enjoyed his breakfast, though it had been served with the usual rigid punctuality, though the morning was balmy, and though he was but twenty-nine and in excellent health.

Opposite had sat his widowed mother, whose nose, forehead, and standards were all abnormally high and unmitigated by any sense of humor. By a supercilious remark she had acidulated the cream of human kindness with which Godfrey was prepared to eat his cereal; for her sarcasm was directed at Flossie Burton, the first girl toward whom his fancy had seriously inclined.

He left the maternal criticism unanswered, but retaliated, on reaching the quiet New England street, by forsaking his route to the ancestral law-office and passing the home of the happy-go-lucky Burtons. No Flossie appeared, though he walked slowly; but from the gate suddenly emerged a small colored woman, butting her way with an empty baby-carriage so hastily that her neat apron was caught and torn by the latch.

To Blanche Johnson had been awarded the distinction of laundering the Leffingwell linen for so long that she considered herself a privileged retainer of that family. She, therefore, accepted Godfrey's chivalrous assistance as a matter of course, and burst into speech as torrentially as she had come through the gate.

"Mighter knowed somepin'd go wrong, atter dat dream las' night!" she panted, straightening the hat that obliterated one eye and propelling the rickety vehicle beside Godfrey. "Serves me right for goin' outside my regular famblies; but Mis' Smiff said dese folks wanted deir washin' took, an' I s'posed dey'd do, dough dey wasn't quality like you' ma, Mist' Gawd-

frey. I'll settle dat ol' Smiff woman—sendin' me plumb into a lun'tic 'sylum! "

"What!" gasped Godfrey, too amazed to silence these comments upon Flossie's family.

"Yassir; dat's what 'tis—private lun'tic 'sylum, Mist' Gawdfrey. Jus' lemme tell yo'!"

With volcanic force the recital poured forth. Her bewildered listener saw vivid visions of a "respectable cullud pusson" entering the Burton abode; being led by the cook to the top floor; being left there to extract the laundry from a hamper, and then convey the bundle homeward, *via* the kitchen. But, not finding the back stairway, she had timidly descended the front one, and had opened the vestibule-door, meaning to regain the kitchen from outside. Fearing, however, that to use the main entrance would be deemed a liberty by the unknown family, she reconsidered, closed the door, and proceeded through a hall toward the culinary department.

All was silent as she cautiously turned the knob of what she supposed to be the kitchen-door. To her horror, there leaped from the room a hideous clamor, wherein masculine and feminine notes mingled in one raucous "*Booh!*"

She portrayed it so explosively that Leffingwell jumped.

"What?" he again helplessly gasped.

"Yassir; jus' like dat! Muster took twenty people fo' such a holler. Den still ag'in, an' an ol' lady come out in de hall—Mis' Button 'twas—an' sorter 'pologize. Nawsir; I don' know what she said—somepin' 'bout her son George, I b'lieve; but I's too skered to care fo' nothin' 'cept gittin' away from dat house fas' as I could git. Come out de kitching-do' an' lef' dat bundle o' clo'es right on de back po'ch; grab de wagon an' run



interest them by his conversation when he tried.

He was already making an effort to write. A Hawthornesque sketch, "Death in the Schoolroom," which was published a year later under the initials "W. W.," had a basis of fact in a happening of his own class-room. This dearer hope took him out of teaching and back to the printing-press. From Babylon, in 1838, he went back to Huntington, where he founded the *Long Islander*, a weekly publication which is still issued regularly.

At Huntington there are elderly men who can point out the stable on the main street which was once Walt's publishing office. A short winter served for the experiment, but these survivals of his generation recall quite vividly the hermit life lived by Whitman. He dwelt in his office, "doing" for himself, except on rare occasions, when a subscriber paid in real money and not in cord-wood or potatoes. Then Walt used to take his dinners at the village inn until his cash had been eaten up.

In the main, this winter was so uneventful, and Walt was so seldom seen abroad, that he had packed up his scribbled sheets and his few belongings—the paper having suspended publication—and had been back in Brooklyn for nearly a month before the Huntingtonians realized that he had gone. The *Long Islander* resumed publication under more stable management, but except the one visit paid there with his father, fifteen years later, Walt was seen in Huntington no more.

Equipped with this experience, he applied for, and obtained, two editorial positions of some importance—first, on the *Brooklyn Times*, and then on the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Once more he took up

life as he had left it, spending his leisure on the water-front of Brooklyn, or on South Street, New York, and fleeing to the sea whenever city life became too crowded. His friends were printers, young men who worked with their hands; he had no "society" acquaintances; he knew few women.

Finally deposed from his place on the *Eagle* for his antislavery editorials, he followed his father's trade of carpentering, and built small houses for workmen, carrying to his toil daily a dinner-pail and a book.

The "real" Walt Whitman of this epoch resembled every other workman—content to build a house and sell it; to build another, and sell that; so quiet, reserved, and simple outwardly that none of his intimate friends ever suspected what was "simmering" within. He was very affectionate toward these friends, liking to hold their hands and to buy them little gifts. When one of them was sick or despondent, Walt went out of his way to exert what he already called his "magnetism" to heal the sufferer or cheer him up.

A volume of Emerson brought the "simmering" poet to a boil; suddenly he quit carpentering and disappeared to the eastern shore of Long Island to meditate on his "Leaves of Grass." On his return to Brooklyn he set up his poems in the office of Rome Brothers, in Fulton Street.

The poet had found himself, but in the same degree he had lost the Walt Whitman that Long Islanders knew. From the moment that he had conceived his mission to be that of the poet-prophet of America, much of the "old man," in the biblical phrase, he put away. He had created a rôle; his subsequent effort was to live up to it.

#### AT TWENTY-ONE

UPON the mountain tops of Hope we stand;  
Below the valleys of Decision roll;  
Beyond the vales by Freedom's breezes fanned  
We glimpse the peaks of Truth that are our goal.

Mayhap we'll never gain those heights so fair  
That gleam above the mists of Doubt and Pain;  
And so we linger, breathing Hope's pure air,  
Unmindful of the struggle on the plain.

Littell McClung

# STORIETTES

## A Premature Explosion

BY ANNA MATHEWSON

GODFREY LEFFINGWELL, the third of that stiff, unnicknamable appellation, had not enjoyed his breakfast, though it had been served with the usual rigid punctuality, though the morning was balmy, and though he was but twenty-nine and in excellent health.

Opposite had sat his widowed mother, whose nose, forehead, and standards were all abnormally high and unmitigated by any sense of humor. By a supercilious remark she had acidulated the cream of human kindness with which Godfrey was prepared to eat his cereal; for her sarcasm was directed at Flossie Burton, the first girl toward whom his fancy had seriously inclined.

He left the maternal criticism unanswered, but retaliated, on reaching the quiet New England street, by forsaking his route to the ancestral law-office and passing the home of the happy-go-lucky Burtons. No Flossie appeared, though he walked slowly; but from the gate suddenly emerged a small colored woman, butting her way with an empty baby-carriage so hastily that her neat apron was caught and torn by the latch.

To Blanche Johnson had been awarded the distinction of laundering the Leffingwell linen for so long that she considered herself a privileged retainer of that family. She, therefore, accepted Godfrey's chivalrous assistance as a matter of course, and burst into speech as torrentially as she had come through the gate.

"Mighter knowed somepin'd go wrong, atter dat dream las' night!" she panted, straightening the hat that obliterated one eye and propelling the rickety vehicle beside Godfrey. "Serves me right for goin' outside my regular famblies; but Mis' Smiff said dese folks wanted deir washin' took, an' I s'posed dey'd do, dough dey wasn't quality like you' ma, Mist' Gawd-

frey. I'll settle dat ol' Smiff woman—sendin' me plumb into a lun'tic 'sylum'!"

"What!" gasped Godfrey, too amazed to silence these comments upon Flossie's family.

"Yassir; dat's what 'tis—private lun'tic 'sylum, Mist' Gawdfrey. Jus' lemme tell yo'!"

With volcanic force the recital poured forth. Her bewildered listener saw vivid visions of a "respectable cullud pusson" entering the Burton abode; being led by the cook to the top floor; being left there to extract the laundry from a hamper, and then convey the bundle homeward, *via* the kitchen. But, not finding the back stairway, she had timidly descended the front one, and had opened the vestibule-door, meaning to regain the kitchen from outside. Fearing, however, that to use the main entrance would be deemed a liberty by the unknown family, she reconsidered, closed the door, and proceeded through a hall toward the culinary department.

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fo' dear life. Me enter dat place ag'in? Not fo' million dollars! Gwine tell Mis' Smiff what I think o' her rec'mendin's. My new apron, too, busted on dat ol' gate! Mawnin', Mist' Gawdfrey."

The irate Blanche whisked round a corner, intent upon vengeance and Mrs. Smith.

But a ray of light now brightened Mr. Leffingwell's anguish—this unseemly performance must be a frolic of Flossie's brother, George, probably augmented by college chums on a visit. Alas, the next moment his troubled eyes beheld the suspected youth, carrying a grip, evidently *en route* from the station to the "private lun'tic 'sylum," and his reluctant ears received a slangy greeting as they passed.

What a family to marry into! Was he not mistaken in thinking Flossie superior to the rest? All his inherited prejudices arose and clamored.

Had it not been beneath the Leffingwell dignity, he might have inquired into the mystery, or he might have accompanied George and heard Flossie's account of the incident, which ran thus:

"You remember how you scared everybody last month, getting in quietly and shouting 'Booh!' at us? Well, we decided to return the compliment this time, and give you a reception to raise your hair. So we listened until the vestibule-door opened softly, and when this knob turned—oh, Georgie, darling, such a noise! Mother, Marjorie, and I in different keys; grandpa booming like a fog-horn, and father giving an Indian war-

whoop, the most blood-curdling thing you can imagine. But when the door shut quickly without a sign from you, mother grew pale and whispered, 'Mrs. Black!' Marjorie and I bolted into the china-closet, for we couldn't face her. Oh, you don't know—she's the stranger who moved in next door, with her aunt from Boston. Her aunt died yesterday, and mother offered the use of our phone, telling her to come in the front way without ringing. And then to be met with yelps and howls! Terrible! We didn't breathe till mother came back to say that, instead of Mrs. Black, we had merely scared a poor little colored laundress out of her wits. So our joke died a violent death, and after this we'll never say 'booh' to a goose! Thank goodness, it didn't really matter!"

Nevertheless, thanks to Blanche Johnson, perhaps it did really matter. For once in his deliberate life, Godfrey acted on impulse, and departed by the afternoon train for Washington to see his friend, the Hon. Cecil Calthorpe of the British embassy. Calthorpe's stately sister had won Mrs. Leffingwell's unqualified approval.

Later on, Flossie, becoming conscious that some unknown obstacle had barred her progress in a certain direction, accepted Daisy Green's invitation to visit Chicago. Daisy's sprightly brother was popular with all the Burtons.

But if it had not been for the premature explosion of a practically meaningless monosyllable—

## For the Honor of the Corps

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

THE rays of the Sicilian sun had begun to slant among the palms and pines of the garden. The inmates of the little hotel in Palermo were waking from midday siestas, and planning their afternoon forays upon the sights of the city. Miss Ethel Follansbee, of New York, reclined gracefully on an ancient stone hemicycle and jabbed her parasol with meditative languor into the gravel walk. Miss Follansbee's parents, still in their cool

rooms, showed a woful lack of enthusiasm as sightseers; but fortunately Mr. Gerald Carter, one year out of Yale, was not equally recreant.

They had all landed from the steamer two days before; and steamer friendships are close—for the time, at least—especially when a boy and a girl spend most of the hours together talking bad Italian and trying bravely to improve it. Carter came strolling along the walk, quite ignorant, of course, that he would

find Miss Follansbee on the stone hemicycle. He raised his hat and tried to look surprised. Then he sat down beside her and poked his cane once or twice into the gravel.

"Any plans for the afternoon?" he asked.

She shook her head rather disconsolately.

"Mother and father are resting still. I hardly believe they'll be down in time to go anywhere."

"Is that any reason why we shouldn't?"

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, I don't care," he said vaguely. "Let's just stroll. The streets here are mighty interesting, and we can change our minds if we find something better."

"Wait a minute, then. I'll run up and tell mother and father I'm going;" and Mr. Carter waited somewhat longer than a minute.

Then they wandered out together, with a wise aimlessness worthy of older and more experienced travelers. They loitered along winding ways ranged with tall, dingy buildings whose marvelous Gothic windows you could not see, because the streets were so narrow; around medieval-looking market-squares whose queer meats and vegetables and fish made you a trifle less hungry and were better forgotten; and, finally, up into the comparatively broad Maqueda, with its modern shops, its streams of Sicilian fashion and Sicilian poverty, and here and there a rough fellow doffing his cap or crossing himself and murmuring prayers before some glass-guarded street-side Madonna in a battered gilt frame.

They were passing a café of the better sort, where a row of little round tables on the sidewalk invited the fashionable wayfarer to his ice or his sirup. The dark room behind enticed but few, for the Sicilian loves to be seen even more than to see. Carter turned to his companion.

"Don't you want to stop and try one of their ices?" he suggested. "I've heard they're good."

Miss Follansbee assented with enthusiasm. They were living the life of the town, and each experience counted. A waiter took their orders. Then their eyes wandered over their fellow patrons.

The survey was casual enough, but it was returned with much more than legal interest, for the Sicilian man-about-town is not reticent in his scrutiny of women.

Three young cavalry officers sat at the next table, with their short gray cloaks thrown back, and each fixed his dark eyes on Miss Follansbee's face and kept them there with a calm insistence which, despite all the self-poise of the American girl, began at last to prove embarrassing. She reddened under the stare, and turned away, but it seemed to reach her cheeks even through the back of her head.

Then one of her unsought admirers spoke, ostensibly to a companion, but in a voice he made no effort to lower. Possibly he assumed that the girl, being a foreigner, could not understand Italian. More likely he did not care.

"Ah, my Luigi! What pretty blue eyes these American ladies have. If I mistake not, that smile of the *signorina* was for you."

The youth addressed twirled up his little black mustache and waved his cigarette deprecatingly.

"Doubtless she admires all brave soldiers. A fair field for each of us! I shall not grudge you your chances."

They laughed, and Miss Follansbee flushed a deeper crimson. Carter swung round in his chair and glared savagely, but the three ignored his presence, and the stare still bore steadily upon its victim's back.

"Camillo is right," broke in the third, "and Luigi is generous only because he knows he is irresistible. Let me beg of you, though, my friend, that you will be more constant to this conquest than you were to the little Annunziata."

"Annunziata? Ah, but she was of a different sort," said Luigi disdainfully.

"Truly different," exclaimed Camillo. "Our Sicilian girl can avenge inconstancy. In her black eyes are poniards; in the blue ones are only tears. Therefore be kind in victory."

There were indeed tears in Miss Follansbee's eyes — tears of mortification and nervous resentment. She half rose from her chair.

"Come, let's go, Mr. Carter. I—I don't really think I care for an ice after all."

"But see now," protested Luigi. "She is going. She does not appreciate—"

"Coquetry—mere coquetry," began Camillo, and then he was conscious of a tall, broad-shouldered fellow towering above him, with a face glowering with rage.

Carter's eyes blazed from one to the other of the three. His Italian was crude and halting enough, but it shot from his lips with a vigor that more than made up for bad grammar and slender vocabulary.

"I don't know what you call this kind of thing in Italy, but in America we'd call it cowardly blackguardism. If I were alone here, I'd punch a little decent manners into all three of your heads!"

He didn't know the Italian for "blackguardism," so he let it go in English; but the meaning hit the mark square and hard. There was an instant of silence; then Luigi rose, his olive face a shade paler. He drew a card-case from his pocket, took out a card, and, with a formal bow, handed it to the American.

"I am at the service of the *signor*," he said.

Carter glanced at the name, and thrust the card savagely into his pocket.

"All right!" he said.

At that moment an Italian officer stepped from the door of the café and walked quickly to the table where the young men stood. His short hair, almost white, was brushed straight up, and a bushy gray mustache curled across his face. Carter could not place his rank by the undress uniform, but from the confused salute of his three adversaries he guessed that it was high. The newcomer bowed with grave courtesy.

"I have to tender you, *signor*, a sincere apology for the inexcusable behavior of my young men. I desire you to know that there are Italians who appreciate the treatment due to ladies and to foreigners who are the guests of their country. Pardon me if I say that the affront offered to you is second to the affront offered to the honor of my corps. That affront it is my duty to assume. I beg you will give me the card you have just received."

Carter hesitated.

"I thank you, *signor*," he said at last, "but this affair is personal. The customs of your country are not mine, but I take the responsibility for what I've said. Least of all do I want to hide behind authority."

"I do not stand on my authority," said the officer quickly. "With me, too, it shall be personal, and you will pardon me if I say again that the offense to me is first. You will give me the card."

The tone of command, and the age and presence of the speaker, bore down the opposition of the younger man. He drew the crumpled card from his pocket and surrendered it. The three young officers still stood stiff at attention, with pale faces. The old man bowed to all four, turned on his heel, and reentered the café. Then Carter's thoughts went suddenly back to his companion.

Miss Follansbee was in tears. There seemed to be nothing more to be said, so he gave her his arm and they went out. Once in the street, her self-control returned, but Carter was still badly upset, blaming himself for his outburst, full of apologies to the young woman, doubtful most of all about his surrender of the card and the quarrel.

"I'm nothing but a boy and an ass! That's the truth of it," he said bitterly. "First I lost my temper, and then I went clean rattled."

"I think you were very brave, and—and I didn't mind it at all," she insisted, now in the rôle of consoler. "They were perfectly horrid. There'll be a duel, of course, and I'm, oh, so relieved that you aren't in it on my account! I do hope that dear old gentleman won't be hurt, though."

Through the evening vague and impossible schemes by which she might avert the trouble of which she was the innocent occasion presented themselves, one after another, to Miss Follansbee's mind, but each seemed more impracticable than the last. Carter gloomed helplessly; and so, at last, they went to their rooms and to a restless pretense of sleep.

In the morning, Ethel came down late to her coffee, and Carter had gone out; but just before luncheon she found



him in the writing-salon, glaring with knitted brows at a Palermo newspaper.

"You wasted your sympathy," he said savagely. "I've heard of Sicilian ways of doing things, but this brings it pretty near home. Listen;" and he read:

"Last night the Lieutenant Signor Luigi di Fano was assassinated by a dagger-thrust near the church of San Giovanni dell' Origlione. The assassin is unknown."

Miss Follansbee looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Don't you see?" he said. "Di Fano was the name on the card I gave that murderous old devil. He said he'd make it personal, and I should say he had, all right! This *is* Sicily, only I couldn't have dreamed—"

But Miss Follansbee sat dazed.

"And he seemed such a lovely old gentleman!" she murmured.

In the barrack of the Palazzo Sclafani, the General Caravelli read the same paragraph, pulling his big mustache with a grim smile on his dark face.

"Ah, these Americans!" he murmured. "They condemn the Italian for his avenging of the private wrong. Men are the same the world over; but truly, I would not have thought it of the boy. He seemed of the gentle blood, and this was not the act of such."

But in a darkened room in the Via del Protonotaro the little Annunziata sat brooding, with the traces of many tears in her dark eyes, while her kindred went in and out silently, casting upon her glances of condolence and of pride.

## The Cure

BY HARRIET GAYLORD

"I WONDER what bee father's got in his bonnet now?" queried the Rev. Josiah Marcy's wife as she watched him stand for ten minutes in absent-minded thought, his gaze on the cottage across the way.

"What is it, Josiah?" she asked as he entered the doorway of the parsonage.

Her husband's absorbed, serious mood passed, and he chuckled.

"What is it? Oh, I'm planning to abduct a young female."

"Josiah!"

"Now, don't get riled, mother. I'm going to take you along as chaperon."

"For the land's sake, what do you mean?"

"I'm going to take Amy Burt with us down to Ella's wedding to-morrow, and get her to take an interest in life again."

"She won't go!"

"Don't you be too sure. I'm going to put it to her straight, and I'm going right over to do it now."

Before his wife could get her breath, the white-haired country parson was on his way bare-headed across the street.

"I want to see Amy," he said to her mother. "I'll go right out into the orchard."

"I wish you would," exclaimed the girl's mother. "I don't know what we'll do to rouse her. Seems like she's just fading away. Hour after hour she lies out in the hammock where she used to sit with him."

"Yes, I know," answered the Rev. Josiah gently. "It has gone on too long."

"Good morning, Amy," he said genially, as he took his seat on a rustic bench between two apple-trees. "Why, you look like a white blossom yourself. I'm glad you don't wear black any longer."

"Ed loved white," the pale, pretty girl listlessly replied.

"Yes, I know. Let me see, it is a year since he died, isn't it?"

"A year and one month. We should have been married a year ago last Thursday."

"Ah, my child, you have suffered! One of the best years of your life has been devoted to pain and grief. I feel rebellious about it, Amy."

"Rebellious?"

"Yes. Youth was not meant to grieve. It would pain Edward sadly if he could see your suffering."

"Oh, don't say that! It is the proof of my love."

"Was Edward selfish?"

"Never."

"Would he want you to spoil your youth?"

"Never."

"Then why should you do what would hurt him? Do you want to be selfish?"

"You know I don't!"

"My child, I have sympathized with you keenly in your overwhelming sorrow. Does that give me the right to speak frankly to you now?"

"Yes."

"My dear, grief unduly prolonged is merely a bad habit."

The girl sat erect in indignation.

"Mr. Marcy!"

"It is not merely a bad habit," he went on calmly. "It is a sin—the sin of selfishness. The time has come when you should no longer hug your grief to your heart before the world, but try to help other people to find happiness. I want you to go with us to Marcyville tomorrow, to see Ella married to Daniel Willcox. I want you to try to rejoice in her happiness. The best cure is to cut most deeply with the knife."

The girl expostulated, wept, rebelled, but she had a New England conscience; so finally the pale, pretty martyr consented to the sacrifice.

As they drove over the mountain next day in the buggy behind old white Maria, the comfortable parson and his spouse tried to divert and arouse their patient, with results at first pathetic, in the end more satisfactory. Jolly, red-cheeked Ella flung her arms about the girl's neck in greeting.

"Oh, you shall stand up with me!" she cried. "Myrtle Hazen has just come down with the measles."

"I couldn't!" Amy shrank painfully from the ordeal, but the Rev. Josiah patted her shoulder.

"Think how happy you will make Ella, my dear," he whispered, and again the white-faced martyr was led to the sacrifice.

Under the magic influence of clothes, her soul warmed a trifle as she helped Ella to dress.

"You'll stand up with Robert Whitman," cried Ella. "He is such a love! Dan's chum at Dartmouth, you know. He's going out to Manila next week—a

splendid business opening. Oh"—and she hugged Amy from sheer delight—"I am so happy!"

Could Amy say or feel, "I am so sad," at such a moment?

When the ceremony was over, a great jollification began. During the serving of refreshments, Amy and Robert Whitman distributed bits of wedding-cake, and his merry daring and evident ignorance of her tragic grief made her feel more like her old self than anything that had occurred since the death of her lover. At last he insisted on ensconcing her in a corner, where they would be quite by themselves. After piling a small table high with dainties before her, he leaned back in his chair.

"I want to see how a lily eats," he declared.

"I'm ashamed," actually laughed Amy, "but I'm awfully hungry, and I'm going to eat like a peony. But you must eat, too."

"Sure!" He proved his pleasure at her suggestion. "Tell me why you are so pale," he demanded.

"I—I haven't been well for a year."

"Do you know how you made me feel the minute I looked at you?"

"No—how?"

"As if I wanted to pick you up and hold you in my arms and kiss warmth and life into you."

"Mr. Whitman!" The lily's cheeks were flooded, and she rose in indignation.

"What's the matter? Sit down! I'm just being honest. It isn't right for a beautiful girl like you to look so pale and sad. Any man who didn't feel as I did wouldn't be *decent*! Sit down."

She collapsed into her seat with a little nervous laugh.

"I'm not used to such abrupt ways," she gasped. "Is this your usual method of talking to a girl you have just met?"

"Not a bit of it! No girl ever made me feel this way before. Now, that statement requires proof, and I haven't any time to waste. I've got to start for Manila on Wednesday of next week. Will you go with me? I have never before seen a girl I wanted to marry, but the minute I saw you I was done for. That is straight. Please! I'll try to make you very happy—"

The look in his honest eyes stirred

Amy's whole being as nothing in Edward had ever stirred her except his death. She gazed at him in fascination, then gasped:

"Why, I can't! Don't you know?"

"Know what? Don't tell me you are already engaged?"

"I was—but he died!"

"You poor little girl!" His eyes were a caress. "And I seem to rush in on your grief. How long ago?"

"A year."

"Oh, but you mustn't spoil your life any longer. Let me try to make it happy again. I will, dear, I will!"

"Please, please don't say any more to-night! You—you are so appallingly sudden. Let me get my breath."

"All right, dearest; only remember, my time is so short I couldn't wait to win you slowly. I must have you to take care of—to make happy. Don't forget!"

His hand touched hers for a moment; then he talked in rollicking fashion of himself and his prospects. Finally he cut an apple in two.

"We'll let Fate decide," he declared gaily. "You eat half and I'll eat half, and then we'll count the seeds."

She laughed like a happy child. This devotion was sweet to her wounded soul. They counted: "One, I love—" on to "Eight, they both love," and there were no more seeds.

"You've hidden some!" she charged.

"No, honest Injun! 'They both love!' More than I dared hope!"

"You're breaking your promise!" Amy rose. "I shall not talk to you any more to-night."

"Dearest—" he protested; but she nipped his fervor short.

"You go and get the old shoes. I'm sure Daniel and Ella are going soon."

Later, in Ella's deserted room, a bewildered but no longer white-faced martyr tried to reason herself out of her ebullient, unwonted interest in life. She conjured up the image of the dead Edward, an ordinary enough young farmer, flailing her vacillating soul with scorn when a laughing, manly, masterful face would come between her and her ashes, murmuring:

"Live, beloved, live. Let me show you that life is good!"

Ah, she would have her dream of happiness this one night! She would stay

awake and make believe; then to-morrow she would say no, and go back to the servitude of her sorrow.

A rap at her door woke her from a sound, dreamless sleep to find sunlight flooding the room. The hired girl handed in a box with dainty wrappings. Amy blushed as she tore open the fastenings, and laughed to find within a rosy-cheeked apple. On Robert Whitman's card were written the words:

Count and let Fate decide! How can I wait till breakfast to see you?

Somehow the past seemed dead, and she had a morning heart. When she had cut open the apple, she sang the words for pure joy:

One, I love; two, I love; three, I love, I say;

Four, I love with all my heart;

Five, I cast away.

Six, he loves—

Was that all? No, she found another!

"Seven, she loves!" Surely there would be eight? But the Fates had spoken. She hesitated for a moment, then recklessly flung open Ella's desk, and, wrapping the seven seeds in a bit of paper, enclosed them in an envelope. Summoning the messenger who had brought the box, she sent her answer to her impetuous lover; then she gazed with dire consternation at her flushed face in the glass.

After breakfast the exultant young man piloted her toward a rose-covered summer-house in the garden.

"Did you mean it?" he demanded. "You sweet, pale little lily, have I won you?"

"I'm a wicked, faithless girl!"

"You angel! Wicked! You!"

"Suppose you had died! What would you think of me for behaving like this?"

"My dear, my dear, for twelve long months you have grieved for your lost lover. The best man on earth isn't worth that much sorrow in any woman's heart! If you mourned for me one week, I should feel myself rich indeed."

"You say so now to gain your point."

They had reached the door of the arbor, and stood drawing in breaths dizzy with the fragrance of roses and spring-time and youth, their eyes locked together.

"Dearest, leave the dead past!" he

murmured, taking her hands and carrying them to his lips. "Give your present and your future to me! Could you let me go so far away without you?"

"Oh!"—and the word was a sob—"no, I couldn't! That's just it! I don't want to do it, but I've got to give you my life!"

"Happy, are you, little bride?" asked

the Rev. Josiah a week later, as he held Mrs. Robert Whitman's hands just before she started on her long journey.

She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him on his cheek.

"You dear old thing! Suppose you hadn't had that inspiration to take me to Ella's wedding! Happy? Ask Robert!"

## Joseph Ledowsky's Coat

BY CLARISSA MACKIE

WHEN a capricious customer finally decided that the only coat which suited his fancy was the one adorning young Joseph, Mr. Ledowsky simply waved a soiled hand toward his son.

"Take it off, Choseph," he said briskly.

The customer departed with his purchase, and Joseph, gorgeous in pink shirt-sleeves, confronted his parent, who was jingling some change in the cash-drawer.

"Now I ain't got no coat," he said plaintively.

"Find one," returned Mr. Ledowsky crisply.

Joseph's face brightened. He fetched a coat from the dusty window and slipped it on.

"Look!" he said excitedly.

Nathan Ledowsky peered over the rims of his huge spectacles and surveyed his son with manifest disapproval.

"Der coat has a elegant looseness, Choseph, and der style iss genteel, but we can sell it for a dollar fifty—it iss too expensive, eh, mama?"

From the inner gloom of the shop, where rows of garments hung limply on racks stretching into a smoke-laden obscurity, emerged Mama Ledowsky, diffusing an odor of garlic. She raised a fat forefinger at her son, and the young man quailed beneath the piercing glance of her black eyes.

"Mind, Choseph! Your papa lented twenty-five cents upon that coat only last winter, and times iss hard! There iss a coat here—"

She waddled into the shadows whence she had evolved.

Joseph looked wistfully at the reflection of his stooping figure in the grimy mirror. Despite his nineteen years, he was thin and undersized, with narrow, sloping shoulders, which were now concealed by the generous proportions of the flashy coat checkered in bright blue and gray. The sleeves were three or four inches too long, while the padded shoulders imparted a grotesque width to the upper part of his body and formed unsightly protuberances—much like epaulets—above his arms.

The coat was many sizes too large for Joseph Ledowsky, but he yearned toward its luxurious amplitude with the craving of one who has always been buttoned too snugly into the small sizes of second-hand garments.

"It is so new, papa," argued Joseph as he removed the coat. "I will pay for it—I will work harder—"

Nathan slammed his greasy ledger on the counter.

"Put it back and mark it 'bargain,'" he squealed impatiently. "Times iss bad, and if you kin work harder, you be about it now!"

Again Mrs. Ledowsky's bulk issued from the shadows.

"Here iss a coat you kin have, Choseph," she said, with an indulgent smile creasing her countenance. "It hass a bigness like der other, and der checks iss pritty, too."

She held out a wrinkled garment, colored in squares of dingy brown dotted here and there with moth-holes. The coat had been pawned six years before; and something in the appearance of the man who offered it, and the fact that

there was an ugly little slit just below the left shoulder, had caused Nathan to huddle it into an obscure corner and forget all about it.

Joseph surveyed the coat dubiously.

"It ain't so stylish," he muttered peevishly. "Maybe I kin mend it and press it."

He laid it aside, and hung the coveted blue coat in the window just as Sadie Levy passed along. Joseph stepped to the door and spoke to her.

"Hello, Sadie," he said bashfully.

"Hello, yourself!" returned Miss Levy, pushing the heavy, dark pompadour out of her eyes. "Are you going to wear that swell coat to the dance to-night, Joe?"

Joseph hastily explained the incident which had left him coatless for a brief period.

"And he wouldn't let you have this one?" she cried indignantly. "It's elegant, Joe! Ain't he mean?"

Joseph nodded miserably.

"Don't forget who you're going to take to-night," she said significantly as she flashed around the corner.

As if Joseph could forget that he was to take pretty Sadie Levy, who would wear a peek-a-boo waist, and sparkling combs in her hair—while he, her escort, must bring humiliation upon her with his shabby, moth-eaten coat!

It must be borne, however, and Joseph did the best he could with needle and hot irons, further embellishing his toilet with a shining celluloid collar and a purple necktie. Even then, the coat betrayed its ancient origin, and the moth-holes looked worse than ever.

At the dance-hall Sadie rejoined him outside the dressing-room, where she had laid aside her wraps. She looked at his coat in speechless indignation.

"Joe Ledowsky, I can't dance with *that!*" she said at last. "I ain't got the nerve to do it!"

She vanished within the ballroom, and presently Joseph's miserable eyes observed her waltzing with a black coat.

Whenever she approached the doorway, where her escort peered wistfully in at the gay scene, Sadie turned her head away. Joseph saw her dance with several black coats, with one gray coat, and, finally, with the identical coat which had

hung in Nathan Ledowsky's window that afternoon. Joseph recognized it by a small rip in the right elbow.

After a time, the orchestra paused to take breath; and in that instant Sadie Levy dismissed her partner of the blue checked coat, and appeared at Joseph's side.

"Come!" she whispered breathlessly. "It ain't no fun to dance with them, Joe! I was awful mean!"

"You could be ashamed of me, Sadie," he said resolutely, "with all them stylish fellers"; but she was clinging to his arm, the music rippled into rhythm, and they swayed into the whirling throng.

Joseph Ledowsky could dance well, and Sadie gave herself up to a strange contentment even while her bright eyes rested on the moth-eaten holes on the padded shoulder nearest her.

"It ain't the coat so much as the feller in it," she said suddenly.

Joseph blushed with her as their eyes met. His chin went up, his back straightened, and he felt much older as his arm tightened about her.

When it was all over, and they had walked home through the brilliant streets, Sadie paused on the door-step.

"You got my key?" she asked.

Joseph thrust a thumb and finger into the small-change pocket on the right side of his coat.

"It's went down through a hole," he explained as he fished diligently in the lining of the garment.

When he drew out the key, he brought out a tight little wad of paper, which unfolded into a soiled twenty-dollar bill.

"That coat ain't so bad!" cried Sadie gleefully.

"It was a fine coat before that," said Joseph meaningly. "And, Sadie," he continued, thrusting the bill into her hand, "you take this money—and go to the bank—and put it in for—*Mrs. Joseph Ledowsky!*"

"There ain't no Mrs. Joseph Ledowsky," whispered Sadie shyly.

"Come two years from now, when I can save money, there will be!" said Joseph boldly.

Just then the arc-light on the corner sputtered and blinked, and in the darkness which ensued Joseph received his answer.



# LIGHT VERSE

## PARENTAL

TWO children from the selfsame parents  
came,  
And one was bad, the other free from blame.  
One robbed the bank and lived on alley beer;  
The other filled his parents' hearts with  
cheer.  
One spent his time behind the prison-bars;  
The other rode around in motor-cars.  
The moral of this tale—though all in vain—  
To you, kind reader, will no doubt be plain.  
The parents, for the good boy that they  
raised,  
Should by a grateful world be thanked and  
praised;  
As for the other—here's their recompense—  
*He* was, of course, the work of Providence!

*Thomas L. Masson*

## BALLADE OF THE ANTIQUE SHOP

DULL sheen of pewter vessels, glint of  
brass,  
And bulk of ancient wood—a chest of teak  
Some China sailor brought his waiting lass;  
A highboy of mahogany, where never  
streak  
Nor stain outstayed the waxing day each  
week;  
Quaint spreads where lavender survives  
the must,  
And luster tea-sets—pray, your choice be-  
speak,  
For all the hands that treasured these are  
dust.

What phantom faces crowd the vaporous glass  
O'er which the eagle perches, with bright  
beak!  
On them how many seasons' snow and grass  
Have lain, on withered and on rounded  
cheek!  
Yet grows the gilded bird nor old nor weak,  
Though they are all in one oblivion thrust.  
And still the mirror shimmers, silver, sleek;  
But ah, the hands that polished it are dust!

And she that wrought this sampler, to  
surpass  
All samplers else—ambitious she, though  
meek—  
Her name is in the corner there. Alas,  
And on a crumbling slab of stone, oblique

Against the winds upon a hillside bleak.  
"Where thieves do not break in, where  
moth and rust  
Spoil not," she stitched, "my treasure will  
I seek."  
And ah, the hands that wrote it, they are  
dust.

## ENVOY

Dear lady, connoisseur of things antique,  
Dost sometimes hear, across the bargain  
lust,  
The ceaseless, grim *memento mori* creak—  
"The hands that shaped and used us, they  
are dust"?

*Katherine Hoffman*

## THE INFINITUDE OF LOVE

TO love you more than I do now,  
To be more kind when doubts assail,  
And stronger—seeing you are frail,  
This you would have my New Year's vow.

Your daily way I may endow  
With greater kindness; cease to rail  
Impatiently, when like a slough  
Our worries gulf us, sick and pale.

But, dear, no effort would avail  
To change my love in one detail.  
No matter when I try, nor how—  
Because I cannot—I shall fail  
To love you more than I do now!

*Edward W. Barnard*

## THE SIMPLE LIFE

MY wants indeed are very few—  
A nice string orchestra or two  
To play at even while I dine;  
A stable, and a limousine;  
A house in town, and in the hills  
A bungalow devoid of frills;  
A house-boat down in Floridee,  
A cottage somewhere by the sea;  
A library in which to find  
The wisdom of all human kind;  
Well stocked with poets, and with tales  
In which the action never fails;  
A navy small—steam, sail, and gas;  
A farm replete with garden-sass;  
A game-preserve well stocked with birds,  
And pastures filled with lowing herds;  
An ice-box crammed from base to chin

With canvasback and terrapin;  
A man to shoo away the flies  
When lazy summer round me lies;  
Another one in winter cold  
To keep the furnace blithe and bold;  
An opera-box three nights a week;  
A club or two in which to seek  
Relief from sudden loneliness,  
Which on the best of us will press;  
Some high official sinecure  
With salary that's safe and sure;  
And then a million cash allow  
For things I cannot think of now—  
Give me but these, and you will see  
You'll hear but few complaints from me!

*Wilberforce Jenkins*

### A LEGEND OF HELLAS

HER marble form was born of white sea-foam,  
First wrought upon imagination's wave;  
Her eyes, twin stars, were plucked from  
heaven's high dome  
And placed as beacon-lights to guide and  
save;  
Her hair was wooed and kissed by furtive  
beam  
Of silver moonlight, and her wondrous  
smile  
Poured forth bright sunshine in full golden  
stream,  
Illumining each dark and treacherous  
aisle.  
Thus was Alcestis formed, and statue-like  
Was placed upon a niche within my mind.  
Then Cupid entered, armed with shaft to  
strike  
The marble breast, the statue's heart to  
find.  
But lo, the image moved! With conscious  
pride  
I turned, and found Alcestis was my bride.

*Kenneth Bruce*

### I AM ENAMORED OF THE MORNING

I AM enamored of the morning.  
And whatsoever it has for its adorning—  
The clean, clear, free, fresh airs;  
The globed dews  
With their prismatic hues,  
Opaline, sapphirine;  
The sheen of myriad leaves;  
The yet ungarnered sheaves;  
The pinnacle of the pine  
With the wayfarer wind  
Holding exalted gossip; the enshrined  
Sequestered pools still dappled with the  
dusk;  
Breathings of flowery musk

And nard and frankincense.  
Here there is no pretence!  
All things are primal, mirthful, hale of heart.  
Earth has forgotten art,  
Sloughed dotard fashion,  
Regained its Eden passion;  
Life, like a sound oak-bole,  
Is sane, is whole,  
And to the eyes of the true worshiper  
This benison will confer—  
Rapt beauty-glimpses of its inner soul!

*Clinton Scollard*

### IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

HAMMOCK-SWUNG from pine to palm  
California lies,  
Looking toward the Isles of Calm  
Down the sunset skies;  
Poppies swoon upon her breast,  
Poppies on her brow;  
Softly drop the dreams of rest  
From the redwood bough.

Dreams of argonauts and gold,  
Dreams of flowers and fruit,  
Music heard in days of old  
Mingled lip and lute;  
Life seems like a seraph-psalm  
Sung in paradise!  
Hammock-swung from pine to palm  
California lies!

*Clarence Urmy*

### A BRIDGE QUARREL

WE played at bridge, and she and I  
Were partners. Sometimes, on the  
sly,  
Her satin slipper pressed my shoe;  
She gazed at me with eyes of blue  
And softly smiled, as if to say:  
"What shall I play?"

We played at bridge, and she and I  
Lost long and heavily. "Oh, why,"  
She cried, "why did you lose the game?"  
I said: "Well, I think that's a shame!  
You lost the game as much as I!"  
She said: "Oh, fie!

"You know I took in all the tricks,  
And had two honors! Points were six!"  
I said: "You know you won but two,  
And trumped my tricks the whole way  
through!"  
She said: "Well, if I ever heard  
Talk so absurd!

"You really are ridiculous  
To think of making such a fuss  
About a few old trumps and things:

I don't like bridge, but then it brings  
Out all one's brains, I have been told."  
"I make so bold,"

I interposed, "to say that you  
Have not lost much where they came  
through!"

She said: "You horrid, horrid thing!  
I'd give you back this stupid ring,  
But that I'd hate the world to know  
We quarreled so!"

I said: "We never did, till you  
Began to bridge the whole day through;  
I never have a single game  
Of hearts from morn till night!" "A  
shame,"  
She said; "let's play—just me and you!"  
I said: "Pray do!"

*Celia Myrover Robinson*

### A MODEST AMBITION

Worthy Homer sometimes nods.—*Horace*

HE wished for fame, but of a modest kind.  
He knew he'd not a true immortal  
mind,  
But did his best whatever he was at,  
And sought the simple praise that goes with  
that.

Quoth he: "The bay of Homer's not for  
me;  
That's not my style of immortality.  
Be this for laurels green my highest bid—  
I'd like to nod as well as Homer did!"

*Carlyle Smith*

### AFTERNOON TEA

TEA in the afternoon—  
I don't refuse it;  
I always have a spoon  
With her who brews it;  
So, when the time is up  
And the tea's ready,  
Joy overflows my cup—  
Tea makes me heady.

Often so much I drink  
On these occasions,  
It gives my heart, I think,  
Wild palpitations;  
Yet when I tell her so,  
Pardoning treason  
She ever answers: "No,  
Tea's not the reason!"

Now, Doctor Cupid, pray  
If you discover  
Signs of heart-failure, say  
So to a lover.

Said he: "The signs are sure,  
But you can please her  
And get a certain cure:  
Marry the teaser!"

*Cyril Evers*

### TO AN AMERICAN BEAUTY

MY love's a rose—  
A perfect flower;  
Her beauty grows  
With every hour.

And when she smiles,  
A fragrance rare  
My heart beguiles  
With visions fair.

And when she pouts  
At me forlorn,  
I have no doubts  
About the thorn!

*Blakeney Gray*

### THE REASON

"KISS me, sweet!"  
"And wherefore, pray?"  
"Just because I'm glad to-day;  
Just because my heart is light,  
And the azure skies are bright,  
And in all this earthly bubble  
There's no hint of pain or trouble;  
Just because—but why repeat?  
Kiss me, sweet!"

"Kiss me, sweet!"  
"And wherefore, pray?"  
"Just because I'm sad to-day;  
Just because my eyes are wet  
With the tears of old regret,  
And in all the world about  
All the sunshine's blotted out;  
Just because—but why repeat?  
Kiss me, sweet!"

*Berton Braley*

### A HAPPY COUPLE

YOU'LL find her at the little teas  
Where gossip is the fashion;  
In bridge much happiness she sees,  
And dress with her's a passion.

He likes a quiet billiard-game;  
To yachting he's devoted;  
And at the club he has won fame—  
For poker there he's noted.

The happiest of men is he  
In all the ranks of swelldom,  
And satisfied with life is she;  
They ne'er dispute—or seldom.

A happy married couple—lo,  
They know not broil or tangle;  
They only meet at meals, and so  
Have little time to wrangle!

*Nathan M. Levy*

BEAU GILFEATHER

HE was sitting on his doorstep  
In the long New England evening,  
Looking up at Hemlock Mountain  
And the quarries where he labored,  
Thinking of the purple hills of Tipperary,

When the fiddles began playing  
In the country club across lots;  
Then he stirred, and like one dreaming  
Up he leaped, and wandered dancing  
Down the meadow, singing melodies of  
Ireland.

Mr. Manners and Miss Tarleton  
Think they led that pretty german;  
But 'twas really young Gilfeather,  
Dancing down the moonlight meadow  
With the queen of all the fairies for his  
partner!

*Sarah N. Cleghorn*

A MATTER OF HISTORY

I WAS reading history—  
Lives of queens and kings,  
Massacres and mystery—  
Entertaining things—  
When I was disturbed. I swear  
This one's temper tries!  
Some one came behind my chair,  
Covered up my eyes!

When once more my eyes were free,  
I beheld a sight  
That made all my anger flee;  
Was it sylph or sprite?  
'Twas Clarissa, young and gay!  
Books were left alone;  
I began to learn straightway  
History of my own!

*Harold Susman*

A BALLADE OF OLD PRESENTS

THE mouchoir-case, lace-trimmed, be-  
flecked  
With pink rosettes or azure bows;  
The shaving-pad, its cover decked  
With mottoes, thoughtful or jocose;  
The slippers, on whose velvet toes  
Forget-me-nots and heartsease rear  
Suggestive heads—where, where are those?  
Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

The smoking-jacket, "*chic*, select."  
The cushion labeled "sweet repose"  
(How oft has its protuberance checked  
An idle youth's desire to doze!)  
Silk, scented "hangers," rows on rows;  
Shoe-bags and travelers' toilet-gear,  
And "daily thoughts" in rime and prose—  
Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

The quilted muffler, to protect  
A manly chest against the snows;  
Suspenders—painted!—for the Elect,  
And collar-bags for lesser beaus—  
Are these but dust the sad wind blows  
To cosmic voids beyond our sphere?  
Oh, ye who wrought them, which maid  
knows  
Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

ENVOY

Princess, or nymph less grandiose,  
Prithee refrain, though men be dear,  
From Yuletide toil till they disclose  
Where are the gifts of yesteryear!  
*Anne O'Hagan*

NOWADAYS

HUSH, my little one! Hush, my pretty  
one!  
Daddy will rock you to rest.  
Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one,  
Here on your daddy's vest.  
Mother will come to you soon, my dear,  
Only a few hours yet;  
She will come home when her speech is  
done—  
For mother's a suffragette!  
*Charles S. Gerlach*

THE PATH TO HEAVEN

T WAS a wee little path, this path I  
would sing;  
It ran through the meadow and skirted the  
spring;  
In and out 'mong the sumacs, and on  
through the wood  
Where the tall, green-domed hemlocks in  
majesty stood.  
Across it a squirrel frisked lissome and gray,  
And a chipmunk perched chattering not far  
away.  
'Twas a wee little path, as was said at the  
start,  
But 'twas ample to lure both my feet and  
my heart,  
For it led to a tryst-spot—the old poplar-  
tree,  
Where Clarissa was patiently waiting for  
me!

*Richard Wightman*

# PRESIDENT NORD ALEXIS AND HIS NEGRO REPUBLIC

BY G. J. M. SIMONS

THE republic of Haiti, and its sister republic of Santo Domingo, on the same island, are the only two negro nations that have won their independence from white men, and have managed to maintain it. Haiti has been free since 1804, when it broke the ties which bound it to France. Some of the choicest of Napoleon's troops were unable to subdue it, not so much because of the fighting power of the blacks as because of the ravages of yellow fever.

In the struggle there arose one man of pure negro blood—Toussaint l'Ouverture—who showed himself the equal of his white opponents both in diplomacy and as a statesman. The treachery of the French general, Leclerc, betrayed this remarkable leader into captivity and exile. He was succeeded by the ferocious Dessalines, who fought with a barbarity truly African. It was Dessalines who declared the independence of the republic; and though he overthrew the constitution, made himself emperor, and ruled as a tyrant, nevertheless it was by his act that Haiti attained an independent nationality. Though its government has always been essentially despotic, grasping, and irresponsible, still the small republic has managed to sustain itself in spite of greedy presidents and innumerable revolutions.

The area of Haiti—which occupies about one-third of the island—is estimated at some ten thousand square miles, with about a million and a half inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are full-blooded negroes and one-fifth mulattos. In the whole republic there live fewer than five hundred white men, who tell strange

stories of the people among whom they live. Haiti began with French civilization. That was overthrown; and since then the country has evolved a curious civilization of its own.

## DARK PICTURES OF HAITI

Some of the foreigners who have visited the negro republic have described it with a somewhat exaggerated pessimism. More than one of them has declared that it is reverting to African barbarism, that its religion is deeply tinged with voodooism, and that in the interior of the island mysterious rites are practised, amid which human flesh is eaten under the euphemistic name of "the hornless goat." As a matter of fact, the Haitian peasants are kind-hearted. Their tastes are very simple. The soil of the island is so rich that scarcely any effort is needed to afford ample means of living. This, of course, has influenced the customs and the temperament of the people, making for indolence and a slipshod way of living. Still, the peasants work their plantations of cotton and coffee, and gather the fruit of the island for exportation. It is only in the harbor towns—malarious, insalubrious, and seething with political agitation—that one finds the brutal type of negro, made still more brutal by contact with foreign sailors, who in these places give themselves up to every sort of license.

The president of the republic, who holds practically autocratic power, is a very remarkable man. In 1902 the chief executive was General Simon Sam. It was discovered that under him the accounts of the national treasury had been

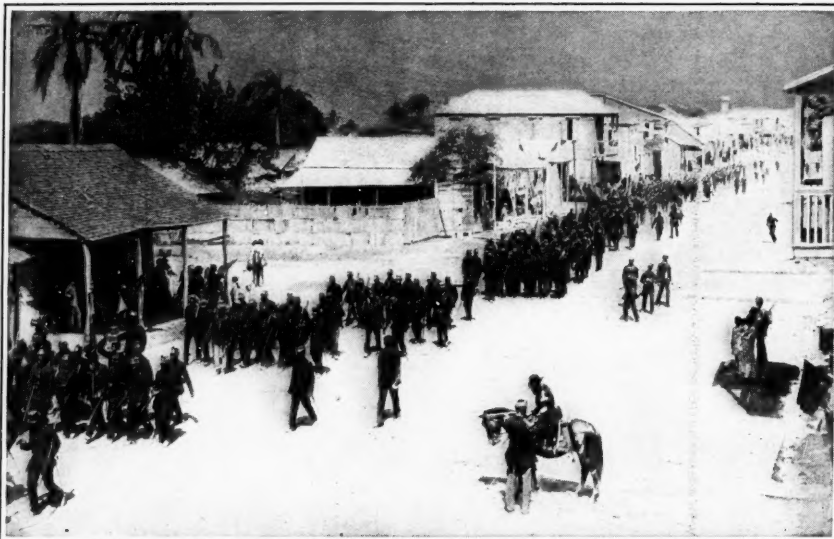
EDITOR'S NOTE—As this article goes to press, news comes that revolutionists under General Antoine Simon have defeated a force sent against them by Nord Alexis, and are threatening his capital. Whether the veteran president succeeds in quelling the outbreak or is driven from power, the crisis in Haiti adds interest to the present article, the author of which is a Dutch traveler and journalist, editor of the *Amsterdam Telegraaf*.



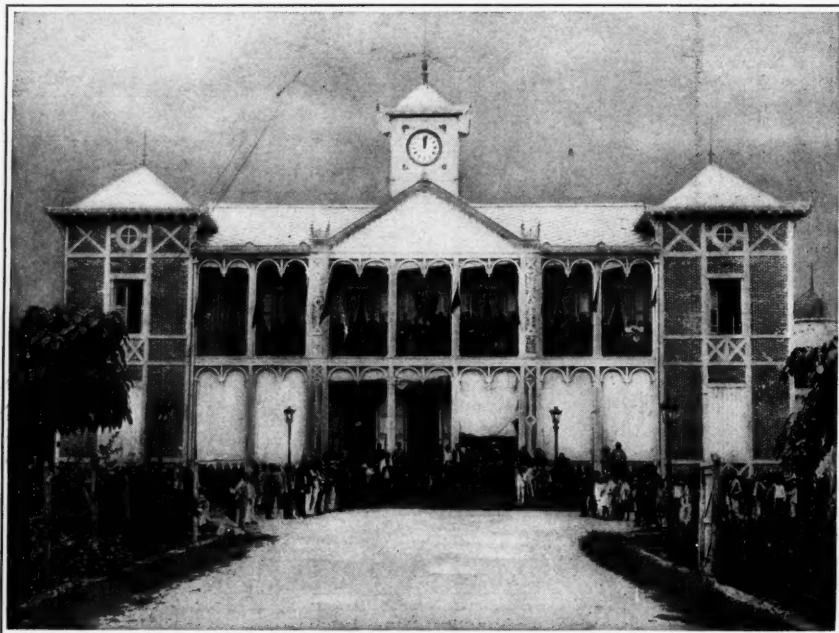


GENERAL NORD ALEXIS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI—A NEGRO AUTOCRAT  
WHO IS SAID BY SOME TO BE MORE THAN NINETY YEARS OLD

*From a photograph*



PRESIDENT NORD ALEXIS'S BODY-GUARD MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PORT-AU-PRINCE, THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI—THIS IS A REGIMENT OF SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN, COMMANDED BY NO FEWER THAN TEN GENERALS



THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT OF HAITI, ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, AT PORT-AU-PRINCE

falsified, and a very large sum of money stolen. Simon Sam immediately resigned, and hastily departed from Port-au-Prince lest some sharp and deadly penalty should be visited upon him. The Haitian people then turned almost unanimously to one of their number in whose ability to govern they had confidence. This was General Nord Alexis—a man who was verging upon his eightieth year, yet who retained the tropical vigor which one finds in the full-blooded negro of a certain type. He was elected for a term of seven years, and, according to the constitution of Haiti, will retire from office on May 15 next.

One of his first acts was to bring order out of the chaos of national finance. He did this sternly and successfully. Since then he has maintained a grip of iron upon the country, suppressing incipient revolutions, and governing, as a Haitian president must govern, with unflinching determination.

#### A VISIT TO NORD ALEXIS

Not long ago the present writer, having a card of introduction to President Nord Alexis, visited him in his palace on the Champ de Mars, at Port-au-Prince. It was a Sunday morning when I arrived there. Shabbily dressed soldiers, barefooted, and with little show of discipline, were on guard before the doors. Antique cannon, placed in the middle of the passage, also blocked the way. In spite of my card the soldiers refused me entrance. I spoke in French, asking for the officer of the guard. No one replied; but at last a palace officer appeared, wearing the uniform of an admiral, and led me through the gate.

On a broad balcony I found a number of ministers of state, admirals, inspectors, and others, all in gorgeous uniforms, for the president's body-guard, which numbers six hundred and fifty soldiers, has no fewer than ten generals; and though the navy consists of only three or four small gunboats, there is an admiral to each one. On the right of this assemblage was a band, playing marches and waltz music. In the garden below, amid cows and goats, the regular Sunday parade of the Governmental Guard was taking place. A black general, dressed in a brilliant uniform, with heavy gold

epaulets, and surrounded by a richly appareled staff, was galloping about, followed by an escort of such ragged soldiery as even *Falstaff* would have been ashamed to march with.

Passing into a cool corridor, also guarded by yawning soldiers, we ascended a broad staircase, on every step of which stood a sentinel armed to the teeth. It reminded me of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." The palace officer, observing that some of the sentinels were asleep, kicked them as we passed, and finally we reached the reception-room, which was furnished in the European fashion, but was very squalid in appearance. It was adorned with a large picture—a frightful daub—representing the first president of the republic, Dessalines, on horseback. Nord Alexis honors the memory of this man, ignorant and tyrannical though he was, because, after all, he was the liberator of his country—one who defeated the French, exterminated the white inhabitants, and gave their property to the officers of his army.

M. Marcelin, minister of finance, came into the room and shook hands with me. He has the manners of a European and, next to the president, is the most powerful man in Haiti. He could hold his own in Wall Street, so "smooth" is he as a financier, and he has carried through many transactions extremely profitable to himself and to his followers.

While speaking to M. Marcelin I was presented to a cousin of the president, who had just returned from the French military school at St. Cyr. His talk was rather interesting, especially when he spoke of Nord Alexis.

"Yes," he said, "the president interests himself greatly in affairs of state. He seems never to grow old. All kinds of stories are told as to his age; but the real reason why no one knows the exact year in which his excellency was born is because in our country etiquette does not permit any one to ask another's age. Such a question is deemed impolite, and no one ever answers it. However, I believe that the president is not older than eighty-five years. This seems pretty old, but he is really young in body and mind, as you may see from the way in which he directs the evolutions of the parade. He is wonderfully courageous, and a born

general. Mme. Nord Alexis"—her death has since been reported—"is a negress. She speaks only French. The president likes white men very well, but only when they do not meddle with our politics."

One of the president's secretaries—a splendid negro, resembling a native of the Sudan—added something to this:

"All sorts of tales are heard about our president; but the only thing which is desired is peace and national prosperity. When he orders revolutionists to be shot he is accused of being a barbarian. Yet foreigners and outsiders generally do not understand the conditions which prevail in Haiti. There is only one way to maintain peace and order, and that is to be strong, severe, and honest. It is untrue that the president receives vast sums from the treasury. He draws only his annual salary of twenty-four thousand dollars, with an additional fifteen thousand dollars for traveling-expenses. He is an extremely busy man. Early in the morning he dictates his letters, after which he has conferences with his ministers. Of course, he is a soldier before all else; yet the people esteem him as a statesman also. They love him for his sense of justice. He never forgets a favor, and he rewards amply all who have served the country. He is a devout Catholic, and laid in person the cornerstone of our beautiful new cathedral at Port-au-Prince. It is utterly nonsensical to say that his excellency is given over to voodooism and the so-called green serpent worship."

#### THE NEGRO PRESIDENT

Shortly afterward the president himself, in a green uniform, entered the room, followed by a retinue of court officials. His excellency looked very old. His shoulders were a little bent, and he stooped in walking. His head is long, and his face is bony. Extraordinary in proportion is the under part of his face, from the side of his nose down to the point of his chin. A huge pair of blue, concave spectacles hid his dark eyes. His was the face of a negro, *pur sang*, one who might have come straight from darkest Africa. His voice was low and rather rough. His French was somewhat better than the *patois* which is generally spoken in the island.

He seated himself in an easy chair, and received me thus, at the introduction of M. Marcelin. His manner was very courteous, and he said that he liked to receive foreigners and to give them any information which they desired. I asked him whether the revolutionists who were then sheltered in the foreign consulate would be shot if they came out into the streets. He answered tranquilly:

"That is quite untrue, *monsieur*. They have permission to go wherever they like. They are free men, and under the protection of the Haitian laws."

"But it is said that your soldiers would kill the whites."

"That is a foolish story. The refugees in the different consulates chatter like parrots; but they also laugh, because the consuls believe every word that is uttered. In fact, the Haitian government is strong. We shall maintain the strictest order throughout the island. We do not need the help of foreign battle-ships to protect strangers in our country. We are ourselves quite able to look out for them."

This practically terminated my interview with President Nord Alexis. When I left him I was served with iced champagne, and ushered out with great consideration.

There was nothing in the impression which I gained to make me feel that the president of Haiti was a barbarian. I could well believe that he would crush with extreme severity any resistance to his authority; but, on the other hand, the ministers from foreign countries make him out much worse than he appears to be. According to them, the old man with his bloodshot eyes behind the dark blue spectacles is a cruel savage. They assert, moreover, that his age is ninety-nine instead of eighty-five, and in saying this they unconsciously pay a tribute to his power.

On the whole, Nord Alexis is probably a fitting representative of his people, who are as yet unfitted for any other sort of government, whose cities are cesspools, whose prisons are too horrible to describe, and who, nevertheless, are naturally good-tempered, amenable to kindness, and suffering only from what seems to be the hopeless incapacity of the African for better things.

# A L I O N R A M P A N T

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "THE ROOM BEYOND," "HIS FATHER'S SON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

WE had hardly realized what it was going to be, until the night of the bankers' dinner. They held a sort of jubilee when the worst of the panic was over, and they could abolish the clearing-house certificates—something like burning the mortgage on a church.

It was after two o'clock when father started home. We had given up our automobiles during the hard times, and father took what Jim calls the one-fifty car, which means a dollar-and-a-half cab. He got out at the corner, and started up the walk to the house. Just at the hydrangea clump he saw the limb of a tree lying across the cement. Father kicked at it, but it only yielded a little and settled back into place, so he lighted a match and stooped down to look at it.

Fortunately, Jim was out late too. He got out of another cab at the corner, and almost ran into father, who was standing on the curb and trying to light his fountain pen with a match. It was by the flare of the match that Jim recognized him.

"Why, hello, dad!" he said. This was Jim's story, later. "Aren't you ashamed to set me such an example?"

Father tried to smile, and said he had eaten too much, and he thought he'd better walk around the square before he turned in; but Jim coaxed him back, and they started for the house. Half-way up the path father stopped.

"I don't think I'll go in, after all," he protested. "I'll—I'll wander around the garden. There's nothing like night air when you've overeaten."

"Fudge!" said Jim. "You come to my room, and I'll give you some soda."

"Two glasses of champagne, James," father said, almost hysterically, "and a thimbleful of Benedictine—that is all, I give you my word; and yet, to save my life, I cannot help thinking that that limb of a tree lying across the path there beside you is—moving!"

Jim looked. Then he stepped back and lighted a match. It *was* moving, thickening up until it was twice as thick as a man's arm, and inching along slimily. And it was a boa-constrictor!

Of course, when both of them saw it, they knew it was real. Jim said it had its head lifted, and that it was at least eight inches thick. Then, as it seemed to be hunching itself together, they turned around—or, no, they didn't turn; they backed down to the gate and stared at each other solemnly.

"We'd better try the back door," Jim suggested; so they went to the corner and cut across the Frisbee grounds, burning matches to see that they didn't step on another boa-constrictor; and sure enough, when they had got over the fence, and father had sprained his knee, there was another curled up like a rubber fire-hose on the back-door mat.

It seemed to be asleep, and Jim wanted to step over it and ring the bell, but father wouldn't have it. He said he could see it shaking the very tip of its tail, as if it was angry.

"I'm going to pull the fire-alarm," he said furiously; "and after I drown out this menagerie, I'm going to go across the street and kill somebody at that amusement park."

There was what mother called a catchpenny park just across the street. The place was called Eden Garden.



They got to the alarm-box, and father gave the thing a jerk. Jim was enjoying himself immensely; he leaned back against the Frisbees' stone fence, and told father to send in a general alarm while he was at it. And the top of the fence moved under his arm! It was another snake, and the last they saw of it, Jim said, it was prying the cover off

snakes have got out of Eden, and I'm sending for St. Patrick." The engines were coming up the street by this time, Jim said, and father had worked himself into a frenzy. "I'll show them,"



"I AM SORRY MY PETS  
HAVE ANNOYED YOU,  
MISS ATWOOD"

a sewer-drop, trying to get into the ground.

About that time people began to run through the park gates, and a young man came across to father. He had a blanket over his arm, and there was a swarthy man with him, carrying a basket. When they saw father, they stopped.

"What's burning?" the young man asked.

"Nothing," father snorted, giving the thing another jerk. "Some of the

he choked, "that respectable members of the community cannot be bitten by snakes!"

"Bitten!" exclaimed the young man. "Where did she bite you?"

"It doesn't matter whether she bit me on the leg or on the back porch," father snarled, and then the engines came.

It was Suzanne, mother's maid, who roused us. When mother saw the engines, she said she had been warned by a fortune-teller that she would be burned

alive, and told Suzanne to save herself and me. I went down-stairs to the front door, and there was no sign of fire anywhere, except what the firemen were raking out of the engines. On the veranda step was a good-looking young man, in a pair of slippers and an automobile-coat, and an Indian in a white turban. Between them they were trying to coax a snake into a basket.

"Nice little girl!" the young man was saying. "That's a lady. Quick, now!"

When the lid was on the basket, the young man turned to me.

"We thought it was Isabel," he explained, "and she is as quiet as a dove; but this happened to be Emma Louise, and she is having a tantrum."

"What is burning?" I demanded, for the house seemed quiet.

"Nothing," the young man said, evidently trying not to notice what I had on, "except an elderly gentleman, who is burning with rage. I am sorry my pets have annoyed you, Miss Atwood." He knew my name! "I am Balsinger, of Eden Garden, just across the street. We are neighbors, you see. You can go on, Kubar. If you care to come over any time, Miss Atwood, I would be glad to send you a pass."

"You need not trouble," I said coldly.

He seemed in no hurry to go. He stood looking at me, and I think he remembered he had no collar on, for he turned up his coat.

"I'm thinking of changing the name," he persisted, undaunted. "Paradise Place—how would that do? Alliterative, you know, Eden Garden—Paradise! Funny, too, our gatekeeper's name is Peter. Won't you let me send you a pass?"

"It would be quite useless, thank you," I replied.

This time he seemed to understand that his garden was not an agreeable subject, for he lifted his hat, and with a brief assurance that he would keep his serpents in Eden after that, he swung down the path.

Mother was a Peabody, and the Peabodys once owned all that part of the city. We lived in the old Peabody house, and most of the estate had been sold to desirable people. Just across, how-

ever, there were fifteen acres of building-lots that mother refused to sell, because she could not be sure what kind of people would buy them. There were plenty of new people crazy to live on North End Avenue; but rather than sell to them, we pastured cows for years in the heart of the city. The papers used to compute the interest going to waste, and said that every blade of grass the cows ate was worth something like fifty cents.

Father knew what was going to happen when he got mother to lease the land for five years. Nobody would build, we knew, on such a lease, and the rental seemed surprisingly large. We never dreamed of the truth—that we were to have a white-and-gilt, electric-studded, shoot-the-chuting amusement park on the Peabody land.

A man named Balsinger had secured the property, and all through the spring his men hammered and sawed. They put up a fifteen-foot white fence, and a gate with towers like a medieval draw-bridge. The whole place blazed with electric-lights, and all summer—we didn't dare go away anywhere, for fear we might meet our neighbors—all summer a band played over the gate, and drank beer, and wiped its mouth on its gold-braided sleeve.

We were very cool to father. We had to eat dinner to rag-time, and Evans, who had been in the Peabody family for years, took to serving things with jerks, and going around the table in a sort of dance step, keeping time to the music. If it happened to be a slow, dreamy waltz, dinner would last for hours.

So you can understand how I felt toward Mr. Balsinger. I could not forget, although he looked like a gentleman, that *his* peanuts littered our pavements, that red tissue-paper from *his* popcorn blew over our lawns, that *his* menagerie howled at feeding-time, that *his* mob streamed past our house on summer evenings, wheeling some of the babies and carrying the rest. Worst of all, it was *his* elephant that got loose one day, and played diabolo with mother's Pomeranian and a clothes-line. The next morning, when I was examining the lawn, covered with tracks like

dinner-plates, he had the effrontery to come over.

"I am at your feet again, Miss Atwood," he began, taking off his hat.

"Why, are these your tracks?" I asked icily.

"I am more sorry than I can say," he said abjectly. "He's usually a good-tempered beast, Tommy is. But—if you don't mind my saying it—never shoot an ammonia pistol into an elephant's trunk. He is sure to be unpleasant."

"He stuck his trunk through the dining-room screen," I said accusingly.

"He only wanted peanuts," Mr. Balsinger pleaded. "It took about four pecks to obliterate the memory of that ammonia."

It was mother who had used the pistol, but I did not consider it necessary to explain. It was queer, now that I saw him in daylight, to notice how black his eyelashes were, while his eyes were rather light gray.

"I will have the turf as good as new by afternoon," he said, seeing me look at it.

"I think it hardly possible," I answered shortly. "It has taken a hundred years of cultivation to make it what it is."

He did not seem impressed.

"I'll have as good a lawn as that in Eden by next summer," he said coolly. "If I don't, I'll get down on my hands and knees and eat it. Do you like moving pictures?"

"No."

I was standing, waiting, but he was not in a hurry to go. His eyes were not so light, after all.

"I'm sorry. There's a good prize-fight this week, and a trip up the Nile by motor-boat. Took them both myself." Mother had come out from the breakfast-room, and was eyeing us through her lorgnon. "Been over a number of times," the owner of Eden was saying. "Went over first in a cattle-boat, and tended cattle. Stoked a liner to get back. Always had to hustle. Used to get up at four o'clock and drive the ice-wagon at college. Went into the show business with a sick bear that I bought for three dollars and a bottle of whisky. That's eight years ago."

Mr. Balsinger had thrust his hands into his pockets, and was staring reminiscently across at the white paint and tan-bark paths of his Eden. From there his eyes came back slowly to the velvety turf at his feet.

"A hundred years, eh!" he said. "A century of weeding and cultivation!" He looked at me whimsically. "I suppose eight years hardly counts, does it, Miss Atwood?"

"Hardly."

Mother was still looking, so I did not dare to smile. It was almost impossible not to, his cheerfulness was so infectious. He started to go; then he turned around and looked square into my eyes.

"I'm not so sure of that, either. This is the day of quick results. It's a question of wanting a thing badly enough."

"What are you talking about?" I called, for he had started. "Do you mean—Eden?"

"No," he said. "I mean—paradise!" And with that he went. It was most unusual, any way you think about it.

After that, for three weeks I saw him only when he flew past, driving a dizzy red-and-white automobile, with "Eden Garden" in gilt letters on the bonnet. He had put an army of gardeners at work, cutting and rolling his lawns, and they began to look really creditable. On the Fourth the crowd was terrible. Father said he wasn't going to countenance the outrage by watching the fireworks, so he went to bed early. In the middle of "The Fall of Pompeii," however, he sent Evans down for mother. It seemed that a rocket stick had come down and hit him on the head. He said he had not been near the window, and that the thing must have turned a double somersault to get in at him.

Next day a pass to Eden Garden came to me in the mail. There was no card, but stuck through the edge were half a dozen blades of new grass, about an inch and a half long. And that very evening mother's sister at Lakewood ate a bad oyster, and they sent for mother. Father took her to the train, and he did not come back. Jim and I were alone after dinner, and quite by accident I mentioned the pass.

"Burn it?" Jim said. "Not on your life! Get your hat, like a good girl, Alicia, and I'll go over with you."

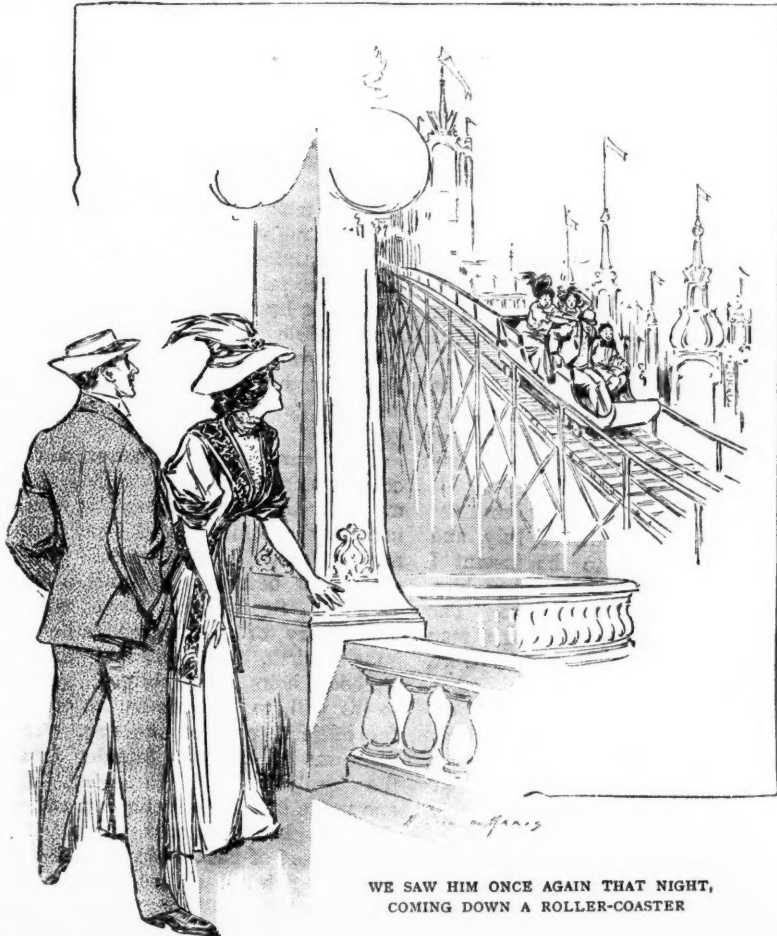
I had no excuse. I was perfectly aware that the moment I set foot under the medieval bridge, my great-great-grandmother, who was a Van Zandt, would turn right over in her grave under the pavement of the Dutch Reformed Church.

We went brazenly beneath the band, past Peter the gatekeeper, under the electric sign that read, "If you have laughs, prepare to shed them now"—and the thing was done. We walked along beside a lagoon, in a perfect frenzy of light, and the first thing we saw was father! He was standing in front

of a Japanese shop, rolling balls of some sort. We watched him pay the Jap a bill and get a queer-looking little hairpin-tray. Just as we were wondering what he would do with it, he went up to a pretty woman with a baby in a perambulator, and held out the tray.

"Pray accept it, with my compliments, madam," he said in his finest manner. "It is for the young lady in the carriage."

The baby wasn't a girl at all; any one but father could have seen that. The woman took the tray and stood staring after him as he sauntered along with his hands behind him, and the next we saw of him he was going on a trip to the north pole. We saw him



WE SAW HIM ONCE AGAIN THAT NIGHT,  
COMING DOWN A ROLLER-COASTER

once again that night, coming down a roller-coaster. He had his hat over his eyes, so that no one would know him, and a woman behind had got hold of his collar and was screaming her head off. Having the sanction of the family, so to speak, I felt better; and when we met Mr. Balsinger, and discovered that he belonged to Jim's "frat," it was only proper to be nice to him. He was, in a manner, our host.

After that we went often. We would wait until father and mother were in the midst of double Canfield, buying the deck for fifty cents and getting a nickel for every card they got out—for mother won't really gamble—and then Jim and I would slip over to the park. Sometimes Jim would wander away and leave Mr. Balsinger to me, and he was really most interesting. I must admit that there were times when I had to try very hard to remember the ice-wagon and the cattle-ship and the automobile with "Eden Garden" on it. And all the time the lawns were growing marvelously.

Then, the first thing we knew at home, Jim had accepted the assistant managership of the park. There was a scene, of course, with mother, father's rage being mitigated by the fact that it was the first time Jim had ever wanted to do anything.

"It's business," Jim said. "I'm not going to lead the camel, mother, or peddle popcorn. I tell you, that fellow Balsinger is a comer, and little Jimmy is going to trot along too!"

Burgoyne Estep came back from the Adirondacks in the middle of July, and proposed to me. Up to the instant I saw him, I had expected to accept him, but at the last minute I said no. The truth was that that very morning a man from the park had come across the street, carrying a gorgeous green-and-gilt basket. And lying in it, with a card in an envelope, as if it had been a bouquet, was a neatly cut piece of turf, well covered with strong young grass. There was nothing but the card. Fortunately, mother was not up at the time.

That evening father came home in a terrible temper. He slammed down the evening paper on the hall table, and shouted for mother. He stamped up-

stairs, and in five minutes I was sent for. Mother was in her dressing-room, and father was walking up and down, talking to himself. When I went in he stopped in front of me.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he demanded. "What do you mean by encouraging this nickel-in-the-slot fellow—this Balsinger?"

"I never did," I said. "I—I hardly know him."

"There!" father shouted triumphantly, wheeling on mother. "It's the fellow's audacity. I told you so. I set him back properly. I told him what I thought of his impertinence. I said we expected something better than a razzle-dazzle on our daughter's coat of arms!"

"If you mean, father," I began, "that the person across the street has dared to go to you—"

"Dared! Why, confound his impudence, he did more than that! He said I made him regret he had not married you first, and telegraphed for my consent afterward!"

I could have wept with fury, but when I took the whole thing to Jim, he only laughed.

"A razzle-dazzle on his coat of arms!" he said promptly. "Why, bless your little heart, a good electric-studded razzle-dazzle is worth more than a duke's coronet, nowadays. And, anyhow, Balsinger has evidently made up his mind to get you, so you're as good as got."

I am sure there was never such another wooing. Mother decided to take me away at once, although it was not necessary; nothing could have induced me to enter Eden again. But she thought it best to wait until after the 12th of September. That was the anniversary of Great-grandfather Peabody's birth, and on that date the Peabody heirs were obliged, according to his will, to go back to the old place for at least part of the day. If the idea was to keep its founder fresh in the family mind, it succeeded. Every one spoke of him unfeelingly; and after the old house burned down, it became a sort of basket picnic, with all the relatives flying back to Bar Harbor or Lenox as soon as they decently could. The farm could not be sold, under the



will, and no one would rent it; so it had become a tangle of woods and underbrush and weeds, with about a half-acre cleared around Great-grandfather Peabody's tombstone. And it was there we always picnicked.

Mother pretended she liked to go, but none of the rest made any effort. Father snarled about eating cold food, and Evans gave notice twice when the 12th came on a rainy day. This year it was more than usually awful, for I was in disgrace. Aunt Louise was still suffering from the bad oyster, so we had it to ourselves.

This brings in Mr. Pickwick, although, when Jim mentioned his project to me, I never dreamed he would choose the 12th of September.

"Here's the idea, Alicia," Jim said. "You see, Balsinger is a crackerjack at taking moving pictures, and he's got an idea. We are going to have a lion hunt, out in the country somewhere, with me stationed on an elephant and firing blanks as fast as my loader can hand 'em to me. Maybe we'll have the other elephant out, too, with natives on him, to make it look natural. Balsinger is going to have the camera outfit on the back of a runabout, with a piece of meat fastened to it, and Mr. Pickwick tied to it with a thin line. Start the wagon and the machine, and we ought to get a corking picture of old Pickwick on the trail, drooling for blood."

"Suppose he should break loose!" I shuddered.

Jim laughed.

"Pickwick?" he said. "Why, he's so tame he thinks he's a cat, and he tries to crawl in every lap he sees. The children ride him, and scratch his back for him, and feed him peanuts that he can't chew because he hasn't any teeth. Gentle? Why, he won't bite a flea for fear he might hurt it. The only trouble is to find a place wild enough near town. By Jove, the Peabody farm!"

I forgot the whole thing at once. The next time the red-and-white automobile passed the house, I looked over the driver's head without bowing. After that, for three days he went past looking straight ahead, and I knew that he

had realized the outrageousness of his conduct. Then, on the fourth day, he deliberately waited to catch my eye. I had to see him, and there was nothing to do but to bow. It was really extraordinary. I had not exchanged a word with him for a week, and yet in that time he had proposed for my hand, been rejected, quarreled with me, and made it up.

It was typical of Jim to forget Founder's Day, as we called the G. G. F.'s birthday, and to set the picture-taking for the 12th. Of course, we didn't know it then. We drove out to the farm, father and mother and the Peabody lawyer, Mr. Whittle. Evans went along with a hamper, and I had the annual bouquet for the grave.

"It is a barbarous piece of business," father growled to mother. "I don't know why your grandfather thought such a lot of his birthday. It was the one time in his life when all the credit went to somebody else."

By the time we got there it was high noon, and very warm. They were all so disagreeable that I left them there, father and Mr. Whittle playing cribbage on top of the tombstone, and mother reading a novel under a tree. Evans had put the wine to cool in the creek, and was wiping the mud off his shoes. I slipped away into the woods, and very soon I came to the ruins of what had been the original Peabody homestead. There were vines to hide the ugliness of its charred logs—yes, it was a log house—and near by was what had been a spring-house. There was nothing left but some of the wall, and the spring had spread out and formed a little lake bordered by the old garden gone wild—sunflowers and four-o'clocks going to seed, purple phlox and coral honeysuckle, and under foot a tangle of ripe clover.

No doubt my Great-grandmother Peabody made butter there, and suddenly I wished that we had always stayed at the old place, and that I could make butter, and marry some one who hadn't three generations behind him. I had a terrible feeling that the true state of the family was represented by the pallid hollyhocks of the garden around me, rather than by the prosperous turf at



"IT'S THE FIRST TIME I  
HAVE SEEN YOU WITH-  
OUT A BACKGROUND  
OF RELATIVES"

home. It was only natural that I should think of Mr. Balsinger, and from that to seeing him upside down in the pool was only a step.

He was standing just across, by the spring-house wall, and he had a leather leash in his hand. When he saw me he stopped staring and took off his hat. It was clear that he was glad to see me.

"I was looking for a beast," he called cheerfully, "and I find beauty. Is there any way to cross this moat that surrounds the family castle?"

"You needn't cross in this direction," I replied indignantly. The family castle, indeed!

"But I do need to," he called. He was jumping from one log to another. "It's the first time I have seen you

without a background of relatives, in all the time I have known you."

He was over.

"You have never known me at all," I began; "and to do as you did, going to father, and saying—"

"That's just it, Alicia," he broke in eagerly. "It was the only way to know you. Every time I looked across the street, you hid behind a hedge composed of past ancestors and present family. You will have to admit that the family was always present."

"You said," I reminded him angrily, "that you wished you had run away with me and married me first, and then telegraphed father!"

"So I do," he said calmly. "When you think about a girl so much that you let somebody stick you with a white ele-

phant that's been bleached with peroxide and ammonia, it's time to get the girl."

"I am not surprised, if this is your ordinary method of getting what you want," I stormed. "I never heard of such a thing. You—you act as if you were bargaining for a two-headed calf—with as much sentiment."

He was really astonished.

"Sentiment?" he echoed. "Why I'm afraid to start about that for fear I can't stop. I went to your father first, to do the honest thing, but—sentiment? Why, girl, I love you so much that you'll have to love me! You can't help it. Look up at me."

He caught both my hands, and there were queer little tingles where the Peábody pride was oozing out of my fingertips. His bare palms were hot, and he was very close, looking down straight into my eyes.

"Love?" I temporized. "But why—why didn't you say—"

Suddenly, as if he had seen what he wanted to see, he threw up his head with a quick gesture, and drew my hands high up on his shoulders.

"You!" he said. "You, too! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Let me go!" I cried, panic-stricken. "You know it's impossible. They would never listen to me. What—are—you—going—to—do?"

"Do?" he mocked. "I am going to kiss you, Alicia. If you don't approve of it, close your eyes. I love you, love you, girl! In all the world there is only—you!" He kissed me then—quite a number of times—and last, lingeringly, on the mouth. "Our betrothal kiss," he exulted, still holding me close. "Yes, our kiss, my lady, for you kissed *me*, too!"

Suddenly he freed me, and stood gazing over my head at something beyond me.

"Great Scott!" he said, as a shout came from the direction of the clearing, and another, a sort of view halloo, from behind us in the woods. "I forgot all about him!"

"Forgot what?"

"Nothing," he evaded, "only—I'll have to go. I forgot something that can't wait. I—" His voice trailed off; he was still staring into the woods.

"I mayn't have another chance," he said. "I don't care what happens—I am going to kiss you good-by."

"Not if there is any hurry."

I edged away from him. There was another halloo, closer now.

"Stay right where you are," he said suddenly. "Or perhaps you'd better get out on that log. That's better. Now, no matter what happens, don't move away from there—not a foot, not an inch!"

"I don't see why—" I began, but he was gone, running through the underbrush with his head low. Once he stopped and broke off a branch of a sapling, then on again and out of sight. I stood on the log for some time. Then—it seemed so silly, and he had no right to be so peremptory, when we weren't even really engaged—I started slowly toward the clearing.

There seemed to be a good many people around. Twice excited-looking men ran across my path, and one of them yelled something to me—I couldn't hear what. Then I came to the edge of a little hill, with the clearing just below me; and suddenly I understood what was going on.

Our trap had been drawn into the center of the opening, and the horses taken out. The backs of the seats were turned over, and lunch had been spread on them; but no one was eating. Standing huddled together on the extemporized table were father and mother and Mr. Whittle, while Evans stood in the back of the trap, with a bottle of sauterne poised and a face as white as milk. Sitting on the tombstone, his tongue out with the heat, his moth-eaten mane ruffling in the breeze, his tail waving benevolence and expectation, was Mr. Pickwick.

Just as I came in sight, father reached down and fumbled over the table, his eyes glued to the lion.

"Confound it!" he groaned. "He's had the last sandwich. Evans, haven't you anything else? Where's that lobster salad?"

"I beg your pardon, I think you finished it, sir," Evans quavered, without turning around. "I—I think there's some cake, sir."

Mr. Whittle eagerly stooped and

found the cake. As he raised himself, Pickwick, who had been purring with a noise like distant thunder, raised an impatient paw and smartly tapped a wheel of the trap. Mr. Whittle dropped the cake as if he had been shot, and it was gone in two gulps. Father was wild.

"What do you mean by doing that?" he demanded fiercely. "We could have made that last an hour. You—you are infernally careless, Whittle!"

"Never mind," said Mr. Whittle with affected cheerfulness. "It may finish him. He's had enough caviar and lobster to kill almost anything. Try these olives on him."

But Mr. Pickwick liked the cake. He waited for more, and none coming, he raised himself on his aged legs and tried to crawl into the trap. Mother slapped at him with her parasol, and he drew his head back and shut his eyes, wincing like a tabby cat.

"Don't do that!" father yelled. "*Don't—do—that!* You'll make him angry. Good old fellow, nice old fellow! Confound the luck, he don't like those olives!"

At first I had been terribly frightened, but now I could see a dozen men posted around the clearing, behind trees. I even thought I could make out Jim, with a helmet and puttees, and near him a man in a gray suit like Mr. Balsinger's, only he had a black box in front of him, fastened around his neck with a strap.

Mr. Pickwick sat down suddenly and pursued something along his tail to the tip. Then he began to circle around the trap, rubbing against the wheels and purring, with father and the rest turning like tops to keep facing him. What with excitement and the sun, the Peabody blood began to boil, and mother stooped unexpectedly and gave Mr. Pickwick three smart slaps with her parasol. He was so surprised that he gave a little yelp, and then he ran away, looking back over his shoulder to see if she was coming after him, and scurrying low like a scared cat. Just outside the clearing he ran into a keeper, and after a little scuffle he was captured. Of course, they didn't see that. Father had dropped to the back of a seat and was mopping his face, while

mother was trying to look as if banging wild beasts on the nose with a linen parasol was a mere bagatelle.

"A lion!" father exploded. "Upon my soul, I wouldn't have believed it. If it wasn't ten miles from town, I should suspect that idiot Balsinger and his Noah's Ark! I never heard of such a thing. Evans, get the horses. We'll have to get away before he comes back."

But Evans wouldn't put a foot on the ground. He said the trap might take root and grow there, for all he cared. I wouldn't have thought Evans had it in him. And then, tardily enough, they remembered me.

"Alicia!" mother said, jumping up and turning white; and I must give her credit for starting to get out of the trap. But at that moment Mr. Balsinger himself appeared and heard her.

"She is quite safe," he said. "The lion has been captured, and there is no harm done. If you will tell me where your horses are—"

"No harm!" father choked. "I knew you had something to do with this. Confound your impudence! I'll teach you to endanger my life, and then come and say there's no harm done!"

I saw him reach for the whip and Mr. Balsinger fold his arms without moving; then I ran headlong down the hill through the bushes. When I got to the clearing, Evans and Mr. Whittle were holding father, and Mr. Balsinger was standing in the same place, with a red line across his cheek and blood coming from a cut on his ear. Father was beside himself.

"I tell you, you'll never marry her!" he was shouting. "Don't you dare to defy me, you, making me the center of a circus performance! You and your snakes and your lions and your impudence!"

"Father, aren't you ashamed?" I demanded. "Look what you have done. He is bleeding."

"Blood!" father sneered. "It isn't blood; it's pink lemonade. Let go of me, Whittle!"

"Evans," Mr. Balsinger said quietly, "I have a little family matter to discuss with Mr. Atwood. Suppose you go for the horses."

Evans went; people had a way of doing what Mr. Balsinger told them. Then he turned to me.

"Alicia," he said, "I had meant to

"Do what?" Mr. Whittle demanded from the trap.

"You see, Alicia, although the escape of Mr. Pickwick was unpremeditated—



wait until October, but under the circumstances we had better be married the last of this month—say the 25th; you could get some things together by that time."

Mr. Whittle was alone, and small. Father shook him off and began to get out of the trap.

"I am sorry things had to be as they have been," Mr. Balsinger went on, not glancing at father. "I'm sorry, too, to appear to threaten; but really, if your father doesn't control himself better, I shall have to do it."

being the fault of your brother, who dropped the rope—still, having come out to get a moving picture, and the opportunity presenting itself just now, I succeeded in obtaining what will be the most popular exhibition film in the country. That bit where the gentleman dropped the cake, and the other, when your mother valiantly whacked the ferocious beast on the nose with her parasol—I wouldn't sell those poses for half a million dollars. By hurrying"—he looked at the sky—"I think I can use the film to-night. The Emmanuel Church



is having its picnic to-day at the park, and—"

Mother gave a little gasp and sat up straight.

"You wouldn't dare—" she began.

"What wouldn't I dare—for you, Alicia?" he asked me. "Of course, if I were a member of the family, I wouldn't think of exhibiting it in what is, perhaps, not a favorable light. Real terror is unmistakable. It cannot be faked."

"Surely no gentleman would do such a dastardly thing!" said mother again feebly.

"Not unless he was compelled to, Alicia. Of course, it could be arranged. If, for instance, your father will admit that this is blood on my handkerchief, and not pink lemonade—"

FATHER—"I'll be hanged if I will. I don't want to speak to you!"

MR. BALSINGER—"And that instead of a razzle-dazzle on my coat of arms, I may have a lion rampant—"

FATHER—"I'll sue you. I'll get out an injunction!"

MR. BALSINGER (*wheeling*)—"By to-night!"

MOTHER—"Alicia, you are not in earnest about marrying this person?"

ALICIA—"I don't know. I—"

MR. BALSINGER—"Are you?"

ALICIA (*feebly*)—"Yes."

MR. BALSINGER (*to father*)—"Blood or pink lemonade?"

FATHER (*sullenly*)—"Blood."

MR. BALSINGER—"And a razzle-dazzle on my coat of arms?"

FATHER—"A lion, confound you!"

"That's bully!" Mr. Balsinger said heartily. "Now we are all happy and friendly again, and we'll forget that film. Alicia, my automobile is just across that field in the road—I left it there so that you would not have to walk far."

"Get into the trap, Alicia," mother ordered.

I stood between them, uncertain for a moment. Then—I saw his eyes, and for all his sureness, they were strained and anxious.

"G-good-by, mother," I said, and held out my hand to him.

### THE ROAD OF MEMORY

#### UPON the Road of Memory

I lingered long to-day,  
And oh, the things that I did see  
Upon that precious way!

A little chap with dark-brown eyes,  
With others, came along;  
He was not big, nor very wise,  
But happy was his song.

He sang of days that were to come,  
When he should be a man;  
They made a truly wondrous sum,  
The things that he did plan.

But when he looked me in the face,  
'Twas with a wistful eye;  
Then turned and gazed far into space,  
And gave a little sigh.

And then he spoke. His voice was kind,  
His words—ah, they were good!  
He whispered softly: "Never mind—  
We've done the best we could!"

For on the Road of Memory,  
That leads to Yesterday,  
He was the lad I used to be  
Before my locks were gray!

John Kendrick Bangs

# THE BALKAN STATES, THE STORM-CENTER OF EUROPE

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL YELLOW PERIL," ETC.

IF the royalty of northern and western Europe may be said to furnish the romance of present-day history, the sovereign houses of the Balkan states may be said to contribute the melodrama. Some might add, the tragedy; but the latter word always conveys an impression of somber dignity and impressiveness which is entirely lacking from even the most barbarous scenes of savagery that have disgraced the courts of Servia, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, and formerly of Rumania.

The uncle and predecessor of the present ruler of the Black Mountain had his reign brought to an end through the hand of an assassin. The indescribably horrible murder of Alexander and Draga of Servia is too fresh in the public memory to need more than passing reference here, beyond mentioning the fact that the true details of the affair have never yet been published, simply because they were too shocking to be put into print. Alexander's father abandoned his throne at a few hours' notice, in order to escape a fate such as that which overtook his unfortunate son.

To go back a little farther, in 1868, Michael III of Servia and his sister, Princess Anka, were killed by bravos, shown by legal investigation on the part of the Hungarian authorities to have been hired and instigated by the late Prince Alexander Karageorgevitch, father of the present King Peter of Servia. It was, in fact, in consequence of his conviction by the Hungarian courts of having instigated the murder, that old Alexander Karageorgevitch was expelled from the dominions of Emperor Francis Joseph.

The life of King Ferdinand of Bul-

garia has been repeatedly attempted. Plots to kidnap his children and to hold them to ransom have several times been frustrated by some lucky chance. The Bulgarian statesmen to whom he owed his throne, and who were his principal lieutenants and advisers during the first decade of his reign, have nearly all met with violent deaths. The state of affairs in Bulgaria during the last decade of the nineteenth century may be imagined when I mention that a stranger, happening to call upon any of the members of the cabinet, would find a loaded carbine on the statesman's desk, and a couple of revolvers within easy reach, for all the world like the editorial sanctum of a Rocky Mountain mining town in the old lawless days.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF STAMBOULOFF

Mme. Stambouloff, the widow of Bulgaria's greatest premier—the man who brought about the election of Ferdinand by the Bulgarian national assembly, and who used to be described as the Bismarck of southeastern Europe—still preserves, as a gruesome ornament of her drawing-room, the severed hands of her husband, which are mounted on a black velvet background in a frame just beneath his portrait. They were cut off by his murderers when he was raising them to shield his face and neck from the knives of his assassins, who had fallen upon him in broad daylight, under the very windows of the leading club of Sofia. If his murderers struck only at his head and at his hands, it was because they had been informed that his body was protected by a shirt of the finest steel chain-mail. No one knew that Stambouloff wore armor, save one of the dead premier's most in-

timate and trusted friends; and no one else could have revealed the secret to his enemies. Yet, while the actual assassins have paid the penalty of their crime, the known instigator of the murder, and the false friend who betrayed the victim, still remain unpunished, and continue to play prominent rôles in public affairs.

Ferdinand's predecessor on the throne of Bulgaria—Alexander of Battenberg—was seized at night in his palace by officers whom he had loaded with favors of every kind, and by members of his picked body-guard. They carried him into Russian territory, where he was detained a prisoner for several days, until the late Czar was led by the remonstrances of every government in Europe to command his release. Prince Alexander went back to Sofia, where he was received with great rejoicings by the people; but he remained there only long enough to sign his abdication, keeping silent as to the reason therefor, but declaring that he had no alternative. To this day the true cause of his renunciation of the Bulgarian throne, and the means of irresistible pressure which the late Emperor of Russia was able to bring to bear upon him, remain a mystery of state.

The profligacies of Prince Couza of Rumania, predecessor of the present king, were such that they revolted even the easy-going Rumanians. One night he was arrested in his palace, forced to sign his abdication, and ordered to leave the country. The woman for whose sake he had deserted his universally respected wife had to flee from the palace through the streets, with bare feet, and clad only in a night-dress. She was the Princess Marie Obrenovitch, who was the mother of King Milan of Serbia, and who had run away from her own husband to make her home with Couza.

This, I am aware, is not altogether a flattering picture of the courts of south-eastern Europe. It will help my readers to realize that they have much in common with those petty German courts of unregenerate days which were so amusingly burlesqued by Offenbach in his "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein."

#### RUMANIA'S GERMAN KING

Of all these Balkan rulers, the most powerful and the most universally re-

spected is undoubtedly King Charles of Rumania, who, nearing seventy years of age, has for some time past been in such feeble health that his reign seems to be drawing to a close. The manner in which he obtained his throne was a very curious one, and is not generally known. His father, Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, was the boyhood friend and childhood playmate of Napoleon III. Charles Anthony's mother was Princess Antoinette Murat, niece of King Joachim Murat of Naples, and an adopted daughter of the first Emperor Napoleon, who gave her away at her marriage. She was on terms of sisterly affection and intimacy with Napoleon's stepdaughter and sister-in-law, Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of Holland.

After the overthrow of the Napoleonic empire, and the withdrawal of Queen Hortense to Arenenberg, in Switzerland, where she lived under the name of the Duchesse de St. Leu, she had Antoinette Murat, Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, staying with her for months at a time. Antoinette usually brought with her her boy, Charles Anthony, who thus may be said to have grown up with Louis Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon III.

Another of their playmates was Hortense Lacroix, the foster-sister of the two boys, Mme. Lacroix having been wet-nurse to both of them. Later on, Hortense Lacroix married the French painter Sebastien Cornu, and achieved considerable distinction as a writer. Throughout Napoleon III's reign she was one of his most loyal friends and trusted advisers, insisting, however, upon remaining in the background, and never appearing at his court.

When the Rumanian throne became vacant, through the deposition of old Prince Couza, the last of the Hospodars, and the leading statesmen of Bucharest turned to Napoleon III to advise them as to the choice of a new ruler, he took counsel with his foster-sister, Mme. Cornu. She, recalling the fact that their old playmate, Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, had several sons—who through their mother were grandchildren of Stéphanie de Beauharnais, married to the Grand Duke Charles of Baden—recommended the emperor to nominate

Charles, the second of these boys, for the proffered crown.

Charles was little more than a lad at the time, a mere subaltern of the First Regiment of Prussian Guards, when he assumed the reins of government at Bucharest more than forty years ago.

ion by catching her in his arms when, having tripped, she was falling headlong down the stairs of a palace where she was staying, and where he was just arriving on a visit. They have had one child, a girl, who died at the age of seven; and failing any other issue, they



FERDINAND I, KING (CZAR) OF BULGARIA, WHO RECENTLY DECLARED THE INDEPENDENCE OF HIS COUNTRY, REPUDIATING HIS NOMINAL ALLEGIANCE TO THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

*From a photograph by Pictzner, Vienna*

During his long reign he has helped to develop his country into the most prosperous and powerful of the Balkan states. Not long after ascending the throne he secured the hand of Princess Elizabeth of Wied. He had made her acquaintance in a rather romantic fash-

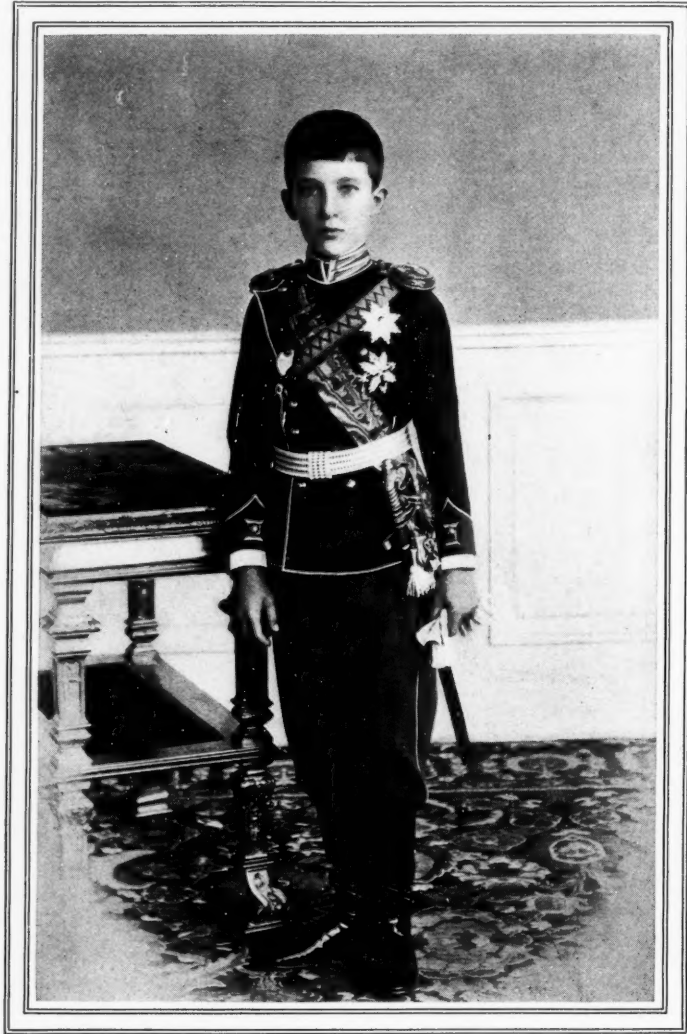
have adopted a nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, who is married to Princess Marie of Coburg, the eldest daughter of King Edward's sailor brother. The crown princess is known as one of the fairest and most fascinating of the daughters of royalty. Her aunt, the

Queen of Rumania, is still more widely celebrated through her literary activities by her pen-name of "Carmen Sylva." Charles contented himself with the title of Prince of Rumania until after the war of 1877 between Turkey and Russia, in

guns captured by his soldiers at the storming of the forts of Plevna.

THE DANE WHO RULES GREECE

More familiar to Americans than any other of the southeastern courts is that of



CROWN PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA, ELDEST SON OF KING FERDINAND

*From a photograph by Karastoyeff, Sofia*

which he rendered effective aid to the Muscovite armies. After peace had been restored, he assumed the title of king, and caused himself to be crowned at Bucharest, not with a diadem of gold, but with a crown made of metal from the Turkish

Athens, where King George has reigned for even a longer time than King Charles of Rumania. The ruler of the Hellenes, whose Christian name was originally William, is a brother of the King of Denmark, of the widowed Czarina of



Russia, and of Queen Alexandra of England. He was serving in the English navy as a midshipman when the crown of Greece—after having been offered to the late Duke of Edinburgh, and afterward to the grandfather of the present Earl of Derby—was tendered to him. Naval tradition asserts that when the Greek delegates came on board the English man-of-war on which he was serving, in order to notify him that he had become their sovereign, they found him at the masthead, whither the captain had relegated him in punishment for some boyish prank.

When Prince William—who was forced to assume the name of George as being more agreeable to Hellenic ears—arrived at Athens to assume his duties, few believed that he would remain there for any length of time. By reason, perhaps, of the ages of Turkish tyranny to which they had been subjected, the Greeks were reputed to be the most turbulent, lawless, and intractable nation of Europe. Only a few months before they had deposed their Bavarian-born monarch, King Otho, and had packed him about his business; and it did not seem likely that the young



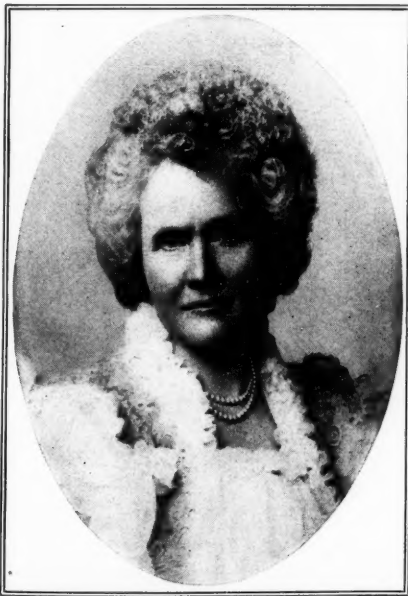
CHARLES I, KING OF RUMANIA, THE GERMAN PRINCE WHO HAS REIGNED FOR NEARLY FORTY-THREE YEARS AT BUCHAREST

*From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest*

and inexperienced Danish prince would be better able to cope with the difficulties of the situation.

King George has disappointed these gloomy predictions. With a discretion, a tact, and a soundness of judgment for which few would then have given him credit, he has succeeded not only in maintaining himself upon his throne, but likewise in imposing his authority upon the people. His imperturbable calmness has made a deep impression upon a race so passionate, so demonstrative, and so effervescent as the modern Greeks, and the unvarying sobriety of his speech and of his judgment has inspired general respect among a nation so loquacious and impulsive.

In most countries that have chosen an alien prince for their ruler, the latter has usually endeavored to strengthen his position by assimilating himself in every conceivable fashion to the people of the land of his adoption. King George has done exactly the reverse. He has declined to adopt the Greek faith, although he has allowed his children to be brought up in it. Realizing the advantage of maintaining an absolutely impartial attitude



ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF RUMANIA, WIDELY KNOWN AS A WRITER UNDER THE PEN-NAME OF "CARMEN SYLVA"

*From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest*



MARIE, CROWN PRINCESS OF RUMANIA, FORMERLY  
PRINCESS MARIE OF COBURG

*From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest*

between the rival political parties, he has held himself aloof from his subjects, and refrained from singling out any for particular friendship and intimacy. Indeed, so careful is he to avoid laying himself open to the imputation of favoritism, that he restricts his social circle at Athens in a great measure to the members of his own large family, and to foreign visitors.

The latter, providing they are persons of refinement and culture, and properly accredited, always find a warm welcome on the part of King George; and this is especially the case with Americans. It is hinted that one reason for his cordiality may be the fact that he owes much of his great personal fortune to

speculations in American grain, under the advice of the late General Meredith Reed, during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, when the Russian grain ports of the Black Sea were closed to the world.

Queen Olga, who is a Russian grand duchess, has accomplished wonders in the way of the foundation and endowment of hospitals and charitable institutions. As a little illustration of her essentially feminine thoughtfulness, I may mention that she always keeps on hand a quantity of Russian earth, some of which is placed in and on the coffin of any Muscovite



FERDINAND, CROWN PRINCE OF RUMANIA, NEPHEW  
AND ADOPTED SON OF KING CHARLES

*From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest*



CONSTANTINE, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE, WHO IS MARRIED TO THE KAISER'S SISTER, PRINCESS SOPHIA OF PRUSSIA

*From a photograph by Böhringer, Athens*

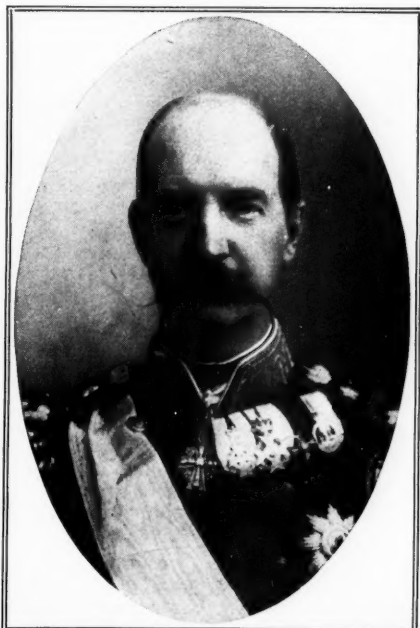


PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, THE KING'S SECOND SON, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF CRETE

*From a photograph by Böhringer, Athens*

sailor who may chance to die at the great Evangelistis Hospital at Athens; for Russians of the lower classes, who are extremely superstitious, think that their prospect of reaching heaven largely depends on having their bodies laid to rest in the soil of their own country.

Of the children of the king and queen, the eldest, the crown prince, is married to Princess Sophia of Prussia, sister of the Kaiser. The second son, Prince George, formerly governor of Crete,



GEORGE I, KING OF GREECE, THE DANISH PRINCE WHO HAS REIGNED FOR FORTY-FIVE YEARS AT ATHENS

and physically the Anak of Old World royalty, is married to the daughter of Roland Bonaparte, who is one of the proprietors of the notorious Monte Carlo gambling-establishment. The third, Prince Nicholas, is married to the Grand Duchess Helen Vladimirovitch of Russia, sister of the Grand Dukes Boris and Cyril. The fourth, Prince Andrew, has as his wife the daughter of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, who came over here three years ago in command of a

British cruiser squadron. Then there are Prince Christopher, and a daughter, Princess Marie, married to the Grand Duke George of Russia.

#### THE BOYCOTTED KING OF SERVIA

With regard to the reigning house of Serbia, it is unnecessary to say very much

officer in the war with Germany, in 1870, to win the cross of the Legion of Honor for conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield. He has not had the determination to disassociate himself from the butchers of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The fact that these men, despite the protests of the foreign powers, continue to



ABDUL HAMID II, SULTAN OF TURKEY, WHO IN HIS REIGN OF THIRTY-TWO YEARS HAS LOST MOST OF HIS DOMINIONS IN EUROPE

*From a photograph by Downey, London*

beyond the fact that King Peter, who was raised to the throne upon the assassination of his predecessor, seems as a monarch to have lost all the nerve and courage which enabled him, as a French

hold high office at his court and in his government, naturally lends color to the story that he was privy to their horrible crime, if he did not actually instigate it. It is on this account that Peter has been



PETER I, KING OF SERBIA, WHO ASCENDED THE THRONE IN 1903, AFTER THE MURDER OF KING ALEXANDER

*From a photograph by Jovanovitch, Belgrade*

boycotted by all the other monarchs of Europe, who have one and all refused to acquiesce in his offers to visit them, until he clears his name.

His wife, long since dead, was the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and a sister, therefore, of the Queen of Italy. By this marriage he has a daughter, a young woman of twenty-four, who spends much of her time with her aunt at Rome, and two sons. The elder of these boys, the Crown Prince George, has acquired a somewhat unenviable name in connection with the exuberance of his youth, his impatience of every kind of restraint and discipline, and the general wildness of his character. There may, however, be some exaggeration in the reports circulated about him, and it can be said in his favor that he is a youth of high spirit and good abilities.

King Peter has one brother, Prince Arsène, a ne'er-do-well, who was divorced by his Russian wife, a daughter of the house of Demidoff. Arsène is a colonel of cavalry in the Servian army, but he is much better acquainted with the less reputable features of Parisian boulevard life than with active military service,

and is a source of embarrassment rather than of assistance to his brother.

The Servian monarch is fortunate in the fact that no prince of the house of Obrenovitch remains in existence to pose as a pretender to his throne. The Obrenovitch dynasty became extinct in the male line when King Alexander was murdered. It is still represented in the female line by Colonel Constantinovitch, son of that Princess Anka who was killed with her brother at Belgrade in 1868.

#### THE PRINCE OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

As for the Prince of Montenegro—who is understood to be anxious to follow the example of Ferdinand of Bulgaria,



GEORGE, CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA, KING PETER'S ELDEST SON

*From a photograph by Jovanovitch, Belgrade*





PRINCE DANILO OF MONTENEGRO AND HIS WIFE,  
WHO WAS THE PRINCESS JUTTA OF  
MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ

*From a photograph by Wolff, Neu Strelitz*

and to assume the title of king—he has boasted that princesses are his country's principal article of export. One of his daughters, now dead, was the wife of the present King of Serbia; another is the Queen of Italy; two others are married to the Grand Dukes Nicholas Nicolaievitch and Peter Nicolaievitch of Russia; yet another is the wife of Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg; while Princess Xenia is on record as having declined offers of marriage from the late King Alexander of Serbia and from Ferdinand of Bulgaria. She has several brothers, the eldest of whom, Crown Prince Danilo, or Daniel, is united in childless marriage to a daughter of the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, as a great-granddaughter of King George III of England, is remotely in line of succession to the British crown.

The court of Montenegro is poverty-stricken, and the reigning prince is in constant straits for money—a condition of affairs for which not only the meager

resources of his little state, but also his own extravagance and his mania for gambling, are responsible. The prince is the head of the dynasty of Petrovitch, which has reigned over the Black Mountain for several hundred years. Until 1845, the sovereignty was associated with the ecclesiastical primacy; and as the so-called vladikas were condemned to celibacy, they were always succeeded on the throne by their nephew.

Peter II was the last of these vladikas, or prince-bishops. His nephew and suc-



NICHOLAS I, PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO, WHO  
SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE IN 1860,  
AFTER THE MURDER OF DANILO I

cessor, Danilo I, separated the civil from the ecclesiastical functions, and married the lovely Darinka, daughter of a noble Slav family of Trieste. But he, too, had no sons, and on his assassination, in 1860, he was succeeded by his nephew, the present ruler of Montenegro. Prince Nicholas is a great Shakespearian scholar. Gladstone once said of him that he was the most gifted and remarkable man of his acquaintance, while the late Czar, Alexander III, publicly proclaimed him as his "only faithful and true friend."

# ACTRESSES WHO HAVE MADE NOTABLE MARRIAGES

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS

A NEW piece by Jerome K. Jerome, called "Fanny and the Servant Problem," was recently presented in London with Fannie Ward, the American actress, in the name part. The plot of the play—which Mr. Jerome classifies as a "quite possible" one—tells of an actress in the music-halls, who marries, in Paris, a man whom she supposes to be a painter, but who turns out to be a lord. The domestic question comes in when *Fanny* discovers this last fact, and faces



THE COUNTESS POULETT (FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA STOREY)

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

the problem of finding out, likewise, that the servants at Bantock Hall are her own poor relations, with her uncle at the head of them as butler.

Now, the "quite possible" factor in

attract any particular attention. And it may be added that these unions seem to be at least as lasting and successful as the average between American heiresses and European noblemen.



ANNA, COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (FORMERLY MISS ANNA ROBINSON)

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

this story, as it presented itself in the first instance to the mind of the dramatist, was the marriage of an actress to a peer—an event of such frequent occurrence in England that it has ceased to

The Countess of Clancarty, who died two years ago—her husband has recently married again—and who was famous in her day as Belle Bilton, of the London music-halls, was not the only British



THE BARONESS VON DITTON (FORMERLY MISS MAY GATES)

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*



MRS. YARDE-BULLER (FORMERLY MISS DENISE ORME)—HER HUSBAND, THE HON. JOHN REGINALD YARDE-BULLER, IS THE ELDEST SON OF LORD CHURSTON

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

peeress of her rank who crossed the footlights to matrimony. Anna, Countess of Rosslyn, the Countess Poulett, who was Sylvia Storey, and the Countess of Orkney, formerly Connie Gilchrist, followed the same path to a coronet; and Rosie Boote reached a still loftier grade of the peerage when she became Marchioness of Headfort, in 1901. The former Eva

Carrington—her real name, I believe, was Evelyn Chandler—is only a baroness, but her husband, Lord de Clifford, bears one of the very oldest English titles—one of the few that date from the thirteenth century.

None of these marriages provoked more comment, or received more attention from the veracious chroniclers of the press,



than that of Camille Clifford to the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, the eldest son of Lord Aberdare, which took place in 1906. Miss Clifford is a native of Norway—her real name being Ottersen—and came to the United States in a very humble capacity. Her good looks soon procured her a position in the chorus of a comic opera. Oddly enough, it was this Norwegian girl whom Henry W. Savage picked to impersonate the typical New York beauty in the company he sent to England to play "The Prince of Pilsen." She remained in London, where she supported Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair," singing "Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?" It was during the run of this popular piece that she met Lord Aberdare's son and—despite some parental opposition—became engaged to him. No self-respecting manager of a musical comedy could afford to neglect so good an opportunity for advertisement, with the result that Miss Clifford was featured in the cast to such an extent that Miss May took umbrage and left it herself.

Anna Robinson, who married the Earl of Rosslyn, from whom she was recently divorced, is an American



*From a photograph  
by Bassano,  
London*

MRS. BRUCE (FORMERLY MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD)—HER HUSBAND, THE HON. HENRY LYNDHURST BRUCE, IS THE ELDEST SON OF LORD ABERDARE

who ran away from school to go on the stage in the play that first made Charles Frohman famous, "Shenandoah," in which she describes herself

printed last year in a London newspaper, during this portion of her career Miss Robinson was assigned to play one of the witches in "The Scarlet Letter," and



MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (FORMERLY MISS EDNA MAY)

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

as having played almost every female part. She remained with Mr. Frohman for three seasons in the early nineties, except that for three months she was "loaned" to the late Richard Mansfield. According to a story

was standing in the wings, enveloped in a long brown cloak. Mr. Mansfield passed her, stopped, threw back the hood from her face, and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am a witch," she told him.



LADY DE CLIFFORD (FORMERLY MISS EVA CARRINGTON)

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

"A witch? Nonsense," replied Mansfield. "We have quite enough of them without you. Take off that cloak at once. I will tell the stage-manager that in future, when we play 'The Scarlet Letter,' you are to be the village belle."



THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT (FORMERLY MISS ROSIE BOOTE)

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

Of course, if this had been published in an American paper, we might have taken it with a grain of salt; but in England, you know, they are not supposed to have any press-agents.

After her Mansfield excursion, Anna Robinson and her sister, Margaret, appeared with Crane in "The Governor of Kentucky," playing the twins.

"I fancy we shall hear more of these girls in the future," said a critic of the day; "possibly as stars, when some of the present upshooting ones begin to tumble down the skies. Having paid this just and moderate tribute to her talent and her assiduity in seeking to develop mentally, I see no harm in dwelling on her beauty. She is a brunette,

with a creamy complexion faintly flushing here and there with peachblow tints."

The Earl of Rosslyn, it may be recalled, was once an actor himself, and came to this country several years ago, under Frohman management, to play a small part under the name of James Erskine. Miss Robinson's début on the London stage was made at the Criterion in 1901, in "Undercurrents," by R. C. Carton. The rôle was that of an American girl, and it was said at the time that Mr. Carton's only criticism of her at rehearsals was that her intonation did not prove sufficiently nasal to satisfy the average Englishman's idea of the typical American. The countess retired from the stage on her marriage. She was preparing to return to it again in "The Education of Elizabeth," a year ago, but ill-health interfered, and she is said to have taken to writing a book of her recollections instead.

Another English peeress who was once an American actress is Lady Ashburton, formerly Frances Belmont. Miss Belmont, whose real name was Donnelly, was one of the fifty or sixty stage beauties who have gone down into history as members of the "original Florodora sextet."

But it is not by any means in England only that young women of the stage have made marriages that have attracted public attention. There have been many similar cases in America, the most conspicuous, of course, being that of Edith Kingdon, who left Mr. Daly's famous stock company to become the wife of George Gould.

When "San Toy" was new in this country, the song "Rhoda Had a Pagoda" was sung at Daly's by a particularly charming débutante, Minnie Ashley. Later, on the same stage, Miss Ashley again won favor in "A Country Girl"; but the public was not permitted to enjoy her talent very long, for in 1903 she was wooed and won by William Astor Chanler, a great-great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, and himself an ex-Congressman, author, and African explorer.

It is not necessary more than to mention Mabelle Gilman, whose marriage to William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, aroused so much comment when it took place in May, 1907. Miss Gilman, who is a

California girl, first became known to New York playgoers in Augustin Daly's musical comedies. She began with a small part in "The Geisha," and when Violet Lloyd went back to London, Mr. Daly promoted her to be *Mollie Seamore*.

"Her work in this rôle is most remarkable," said the New York *Sun* at the time of the shift. "As far as enunciation goes, she is Miss Lloyd's superior. It is a pleasure to hear this actress sing her songs, purely for the sake of the words."

Miss Gilman remained at Daly's until after "A Runaway Girl" was brought out, in which latter production her part was taken over, after her departure, by Marie Cahill. She starred, later on, in "The Mocking Bird," one of the most tuneful pieces ever heard in New York, but doomed to a brief career owing to bad management.

Among other American actresses who have married well is Amy Busby, who was such a general favorite when she played opposite William Gillette in "Secret Service." There were many rumors, at the time, of her engagement to the star, but she surprised everybody by becoming the wife of Eugene H. Lewis, a prominent New York lawyer. Mr. Lewis died a couple of years ago, and his widow was recently married to Theodore Douglas, who is well known in mining and financial circles.

Another case in point is that of Gladys Wallis—"little Gladys Wallis," as every one called her—who first became famous with Crane in "The Senator," and who for ten years past has been the wife of Samuel Insull, of Chicago. Mr. Insull is an Englishman who came to the United States a good many years ago to become Thomas A. Edison's private secretary, and who is now at the head of the Edison electrical interests in the West.

Edna May, too, may be added to the list, in view of the éclat that attended her marriage, in June, 1907, to Oscar Lewisohn, son of an American "copper king." Miss May—whose maiden name was Edna May Pettie, and whose first husband was Frank Titus, a professional bicyclist—was married to Mr. Lewisohn in England, where her greatest dramatic success was scored, and where she has since made her home.



# THE STAGE

## WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES

THE October crop of play failures was the biggest any month has had to offer in the history of the New York stage. Three Broadway houses closed their doors for periods varying from a week to a fortnight, while others kept open to an attendance not sufficient to pay the bill for electric lights. Of course, the managers laid some of the blame on the Presidential election, in spite of the fact that the campaign was the quietest within living memory. Moreover, while such distractions may injure successful plays, it is scarcely credible that they could bring instantaneous death to new pieces; and there was no one—not even the producers themselves—to deny that the October dead ones were hopeless after the first night's showing.

Why is this, you ask? Why isn't a manager half-way capable of telling in advance what is good from what is not even passable? To my mind, the answer is simple. It is because the opinion of the intelligent public is the very last factor that he places in the scales on which he weighs each new play as it comes up for consideration.

"Will the leading part fit Mr. Big Name?" "Will Miss Beauty look the heroine?" "I have Mr. So-and-So under contract for another season; this piece is just the thing for him." "There is open time at that theater of mine; this set would go beautifully on that stage." "My rival across the street scored a big hit with a play that had a very small cast; so this one, with only five characters, for me!" "Malfeasance in office is very much in the public eye just now, so this drama about a dishonest Governor is sure to go." "This author had a big hit with his last one; he's a favorite, sure." "The people are tired of well-known names; I'll take this play by a new one, and play him up as a discovery."

These, and others like them, are the reasons that enter into the average manager's calculations when he puts the

T-square on a new manuscript which has had the rare good luck to get as far as serious consideration. The audiences that are to sit in front of the footlights and see that particular story realized on the stage are the last things he takes into the accounting. Is it any wonder the failures outnumber the successes ten to one?

It is an open secret that most of the big hits have been made with plays in which their managers have had little confidence. "Paid in Full" is perhaps the most noteworthy of recent examples. Even after it had been tested on the road, its sponsors had so little faith in it that they decided to lay it aside after a very brief trial. The last night was set down to be played at Albany. Eugene Walter, the author, was in despair. He had tried and tried again to get managers to put his play on, and now, after he had at last succeeded in accomplishing this herculean task, the thought that his work was to be laid aside before a New York production was reached made him sick at heart.

In this extremity, he recalled the very flattering notices that one of the metropolitan critics had given his other play, "The Undertow," when it was put on for a week by the stock company at the Harlem Opera-House. From Albany, whither Mr. Walter had gone to sit by the bedside of his favorite brain-child, he sent an urgent request to this critic, asking if he could not possibly come up from New York to see the play, and pass judgment on it. The critic was Mr. Acton Davies, of the *Evening Sun*. He made the hundred-and-fifty-mile journey, saw the play, liked it immensely, and said so in print.

But even this, probably, would not have induced the managers to risk a New York performance had not a play that came over from London with a big reputation failed to draw here. Thus, you see, accident stepped into the game, as it so often does in this matter of plays. With an unexpected open date on their hands, they decided, as a last resort, to

offer "Paid in Full" on Broadway, which they did, seven weeks after it had closed so ignominiously in Albany. Today, five companies are playing the piece, and Mr. Walter's work is sought for on every side.

In the same way, an unforeseen vacancy at the Court Theater, in London, was the wedge that enabled W. Somerset Maugham to get a showing for his "Lady Frederick," which had already been declined by the very manager who finally brought it out. Within eight months, Maugham had four plays running in West End theaters, including "Lady Frederick," which proved the biggest success of all.

#### FELICITATIONS TO FAVERSHAM

The American stage has now three actor-managers—James K. Hackett, Henry Miller, and, the last to join the ranks, William Faversham. It is natural, perhaps, that two out of the three should be of English birth. In London, actor-managing is the rule and not, as with us, the exception.

Mr. Faversham has been very fortunate in the selection of a play with which to inaugurate his new régime. Oddly enough, it is not a new piece, but a version of a Spanish drama which had already been brought out in New York with the severe handicap of "Independent Theater" heading the bill-board. For, whether rightly or wrongly, New York playgoers always condemn in advance any piece that is offered to them under so-called "high-brow" auspices. The two leading actors in the play, nine years ago, when it bore the original Spanish name of "El Gran Galeoto," were John Blair and Florence Kahn. In view of its present success, it is of interest to turn back to the notices printed in November, 1899. One critic remarked:

The play itself is a very serious study of human emotions and social relations. It had a single performance at an irregular theater two years ago, and it is not likely to be offered to the public as regular food.

Mr. Faversham's version, called "The World and His Wife," was made by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, and introduces comedy relief in the shape of a

new character, a member of the British embassy at Madrid. The story has been modernized to the extent of referring to misdeeds in the commissariat department of the Spanish army during the war with the United States.

Mr. Faversham has not a great deal to say in the piece until the very end, where perhaps his long speech could be cut to advantage. But his rôle is the pivotal one upon which all the trouble revolves; and, of course, without trouble there would be no play. That an erstwhile star should be willing to appear in a part lacking in opportunities for showy work augurs well for the new enterprise, in which Mr. Faversham's wife, Julie Opp, serves him well as leading woman. In fact, the entire cast of eight is most effective.

#### BAD REALISM AND GOOD

On the same night that brought "The World and His Wife" to Daly's, Frederic Thompson presented "Via Wireless" at the Liberty, where his "Polly of the Circus" ran for more than four months last year. "Wireless" is not likely to accomplish as much in the shape of an endurance test, in spite of frantic advertising that drags into the limelight of publicity even the indorsement of the President of the United States.

The devisers of the thing were evidently carried away by the lure of Marconi's invention, as being something altogether new to stageland. After getting hold of a short story by Edward Balmer, on which the whole piece is based, they proceeded to build backward and forward from an episode that requires a yacht to founder on a reef, while news of the wreck is flashed to a passing steamer. But, however novel and attractive this may have appeared to the quartet of playwrights, they failed to analyze the make-up of a thrill.

The sputtering of a Marconi instrument was the will-o'-the-wisp that led them astray. This sputtering is, no doubt, a great adjunct to any scene—ten times as alluring as the tick of a telegraph-instrument, which gives forth only sound, without the flashes that make the Marconi so appealing to the showmen. But to have twenty minutes of clicking and flashing, accompanied by a soliloquy

from the operator telling what is happening on the unseen reef, is too much like getting one's entertainment at second hand. To be sure, the stern section of the ship, containing the wireless-room, bobs about most realistically; but this, too, grows monotonous when one finds that there is nothing else to look at for one-third of an hour.

Somewhere I have read an account of a wireless operator at sea, during a fog, taking from another vessel a message that came with startling vividness—so startling, indeed, as almost literally to give him an electric shock.

"Where are you?" he flashed back at the stranger.

The reply terrified him. It showed that the other ship was almost upon his own vessel, and it was only by the quickest and the most strenuous work that a collision was averted. This, as I recall it, was a real happening, which, it seems to me, would furnish a far more thrilling scene for a play than the one worked up with so much acclaim in "Via Wireless." In this case you would have actual peril threatening the characters you were looking at, and not impending over those you could not see.

But the Marconi episode is not the only alleged "big scene" in "Via Wireless." The other is an actual reproduction—or so the program says—of a furnace-room at the Midvale Steel Works, near Philadelphia. It is certainly very realistic in appearance, and the Luna Park shops deserve all the credit in the world for their accuracy in the art of imitating; but the action that takes place in the glare of the furnaces is disappointingly weak. In short, the best parts of the whole play—and it has some very good parts—are those of which the management has never thought to boast. One of them is an extremely pretty love-scene strung on a wireless message, and the other a dramatic episode in the last act, where the villain is unmasked.

Paul Armstrong, one of the four playwrights implicated in "Via Wireless," was represented the very next week by a far better play, wholly his own, revived after a false start of two years ago. This is the racing drama "Blue Grass," whose human nature and touches of real comedy count for more than all the electric

flashes and imitation gun-work of twenty plays like "Via Wireless." To be sure, the crucial incident of "Blue Grass"—the race—is enacted off stage, just as is the foundering of the yacht; but in the racing play we have two people watching the contest who are vitally interested in its outcome, and the thrill of their suspense carries over the footlights. This same method of depicting a horse-race was used in "Checkers" with equal effectiveness. It is far more potent in its appeal than all the treadmills that were ever devised, the long career of "Ben Hur" to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Blue Grass" is not likely to duplicate the popular hit of Mr. Armstrong's "Heir to the Hoorah" or "Salomy Jane." In fact, as I read the proof of these lines, there comes the announcement of its early withdrawal. Nevertheless, it is a play of which the author has a right to feel proud when the royalties from "Via Wireless" will have been long forgotten.

Notable in the cast of "Blue Grass" were George W. Marion, whose fame as a producer of plays has hitherto eclipsed his work as an actor, and pretty Olive Wyndham, transferred from "The Man From Home." Miss Wyndham was new to New York till she came here, in August, as leading woman to William T. Hodge. "Blue Grass" gave her a better opportunity than did "The Man From Home." Her work in watching the outcome of the horse-race showed that she has some of the real ability possessed by Maude Adams, as well as a voice that reminds one irresistibly of that favorite among all the female stars.

Harking back once more to "Via Wireless," it may be noted that a little drama from the French, "The Submarine," shown in vaudeville, gives ten times as much thrill as the theatrically impotent Marconi flashes. Of course, it is no very pleasant sight to see four men dying for want of air twenty fathoms under water, but there is no denying that the episode has real dramatic value—which, however, is more than can be said for the second scene of "The Submarine," in which the audience has to watch the funeral services on the quay over the bodies of the victims. This is

altogether unnecessary, not to say exceedingly bad taste.

#### ETHEL BARRYMORE REBELS

Why does Ethel Barrymore imperil the success of Somerset Maugham's clever comedy, "Lady Frederick," by her refusal to make herself sufficiently ugly in the all-important boudoir episode of the last act? This forms the crux of the entire play, and is the scene that carried the piece for a year's consecutive run in London, where Ethel Irving played it without a break in five different theaters. The extent to which Miss Barrymore goes in seeking to disenchant her boy lover is limited to whitening her face and letting loose a stray lock or two of her hair. As Miss Irving played it, she confronts the young man as a sorry-looking object indeed, precisely as any plain woman would appear fresh from her bed and before submitting herself to her maid, her mirror, and her make-up box.

There is no excuse for Miss Barrymore's shirking of this piece of realism. In fact, she is the one actress who could carry it through without any real sacrifice, for every playgoer knows that she is a singularly pretty woman. When one recalls "The Silver Box," in which, as the scrubwoman, Miss Barrymore so effectually sank her identity as to be almost unrecognizable, her superficial treatment of the last act in "Lady Frederick" seems all the more unaccountable.

For the rest, Miss Barrymore is charming as the woman of kindly heart, of varying moods, and of many creditors; although it is to be said that she puts on and off *Lady Frederick's* Irish accent as if it were a wrap the need for which is regulated by the temperature. Moreover, for some reason or other, the scene with the dressmaker, which was a perfect cameo of humor in London, goes for practically nothing in New York. But the performance in the main is so delightful as to form the most successful vehicle for Miss Barrymore that has fallen to her since she appeared in "Cousin Kate," some four years ago.

#### A DIP INTO MISS CAHILL'S PAST

Marie Cahill, like olives and oysters, is an acquired taste. Some people do not care for her at all, and it is useless

to make them try to do so. Others find in her peculiar mannerisms an insistent charm; and there are enough of these in New York to crowd even so large a theater as Wallack's when she happens to have a musical comedy that pleases. This she seems to have secured in "The Boys and Betty"—a piece which certainly has the merit of being different from the ordinary musical show, in spite of the fact that it is the fourth in six months to have a musical composer as one of its principal personages.

This character in "The Boys and Betty," by the way, is capitably played by a man new to Tin Pan Alley environment—John E. Kellard. Kellard, who created the villain, *Colonel Thorpe*, in Belasco's "Heart of Maryland," was born in London. His father married his music-master's daughter, who died eleven days after her son's birth. If any one who sees "The Boys and Betty" thinks that Kellard fakes his piano-playing in the first act, let me tell them that at eight years old he could play both the piano and the violin.

Miss Cahill, who in private life is Mrs. Daniel V. Arthur, the wife of her manager, began to star five years ago in "Nancy Brown," in which she sang two famous songs written by colored men—"On the Congo" and "You Can't Fool All the People All the Time." After that came "Moonshine," with music by Silvio Hein, whose charming melodies have done so much to lift "The Boys and Betty" into the popularity it enjoys. Next she was *Marrying Mary*.

Going back beyond her stellar days, a good many years ago, Miss Cahill was *Patsy* in Hoyt's "Tin Soldier." Later on she followed Fay Templeton—recently married and off the boards—in the title rôle of "Excelsior, Jr.," and then she blacked up for *Alice*, the maid, in a "Runaway Girl" at Daly's. This earned her her first really important rôle on Broadway in "The Chaperones."

#### REALISM TO THE LIMIT—IN SCENERY

"I shouldn't think she'd ever select a play like that!"

Such was the comment of one woman in the audience on Mrs. Fiske's judgment in picking "Salvation Nell" with which to open her new season.

"Mrs. Fiske would make a rotten play go," was the remark of a man at the same performance, while another was overheard to say: "This is certainly the most daring thing I ever saw put on the stage!"

Assuredly, if a young woman is permitted to see "Salvation Nell," there is no reason why she shouldn't be allowed to take in almost anything that comes along. On the opposite side of Forty-Second Street, Mr. Fiske is still presenting *Mr. Arliss* in "The Devil," a play in which vice triumphs. I am not certain, however, whether "Salvation Nell" is not more questionable in its moral tendencies than "The Devil" itself.

Nor did the piece hold my attention uninterruptedly to the end. The story, by no means new, is told in an exasperatingly discursive fashion. The fact that the heartiest and most spontaneous applause of the evening is elicited by the setting of the last act is significant. The entire drift of the affair is toward photographic reproduction of actual scenes rather than the artful presentation of an absorbing story.

The final set, by the way, has been compared with the last scene in "Du Barry." I should say it even overtopped that famous stage picture, because there is more variety in its view of the windows of a row of tenement-houses on Cherry Hill. But in "Du Barry," the closing scene was the fitting culmination of a play which had risen step by step to a dramatic climax; in "Salvation Nell," the setting is there simply because the management thought that it would be effective. The movement of the piece did not demand it. The same bit of action that takes place against this background could just as well be shown against any other street panorama. Without Mr. Fiske's money to give it an elaborate mounting, what would Mr. Edward Sheldon's play be?

Certainly, the new dramatists cannot complain that they are receiving no attention this season. Mr. Hurlbut, with his "Fighting Hope"; Mr. Harris, with his "Offenders"; Jules Eckert Goodman, with his "Man Who Stood Still"; Mr. Sheldon, a graduate of Harvard last June, with his "Salvation Nell"—all these novices have had New York

productions of the first order. The playwrights, in fact, have fared considerably better than the critics, whose verdicts have been summarily reversed in several recent instances. They praised "The Golden Butterfly" to the skies, and yet people would not go to see it in sufficient numbers to keep the piece in town for long. "Samson," and Gillette's acting in it, displeased most of the reviewers; nevertheless, the play has settled down into a solid success at the Criterion. "Marcelle," praised to the extent of having the press comments emblazoned in electric letters on the Casino's front, was moved to Philadelphia before the Christmas month came in.

#### REALISM TO THE LIMIT—IN ACTING

Late advices from the London world of plays note the feeble impression made by Henry Arthur Jones's first output since the ill-fated "Evangelist." Mr. Jones is still inclined to preach, and his last sermon takes the form of New Year resolutions, cast into a three-act comedy and labeled "Dolly Reforming Herself." The play also contains another stand-by of Mr. Jones—the dropped letter; and, in spite of admirable acting by Ethel Irving—the original *Lady Frederick*—and Robert Loraine, it has won but faint praise. Like the latest product of England's other leading playwright—"The Thunderbolt" of Pinero—it seems likely that "Dolly" will not be thought strong enough to stand the sea voyage to these shores.

On the other hand, the mother country continues to let the States try out plays for her, as I pointed out in this place a month or two ago. Martin Harvey now proposes to do "The World and His Wife," of which Mr. Faversham has made such a success, and announces that he will follow it with another adaptation from the Spanish—"Marta of the Lowlands," which Harrison Grey Fiske presented in New York some five years ago. Arthur Bourchier is to do Gillette's version of "Samson" at the Garrick, early in February, and later on Henry Miller is to take both "The Servant in the House" and "The Great Divide" to London. And they have just put on Haddon Chambers's "Sir Anthony," done here two years ago.



In exchange for all this, England sends us the Sicilians—for without the sensation they made in London last winter it is altogether unlikely that this Italian company would have ventured across the Atlantic on the strength of their Continental reputation alone. In New York they opened in "*Malia*" ("*Enchantment*"), with Mimi Aguglia as the star. Beside the realism of her acting, that of all other players pales into mere genteel dabbling. For an example of the primitive passions let loose, the stage in this country has never offered anything like it. "*Salvation Nell*" may be the last word in realism of scenery, but "*Malia*" is the final syllable in realistic acting. There is no such thing as seeing it unmoved.

*Jana* is in love with her sister's husband, struggles against temptation, but finally, during a scene with the object of her passion, suddenly gives way to it with complete abandon. Instantly she repents; but he tries to follow up her advance, and the woman's efforts to keep herself within bounds make the big scene, which is followed by one almost as exciting in the last act, wherein *Jana's* lover has a fight with the other man, and finally kills him. This final struggle, with the friends of the family endeavoring to keep the combatants apart while the two men try to get at each other through every possible loophole in the crowd, is one of the finest bits of stage-management we have ever seen. Meanwhile, *Jana* lies prone on the ground at one side, passing from one fit of hysterics into another.

Most of the New York criticism agrees with that of London in declaring that "*Malia*" is worth seeing as something new in realism. A few of the reviewers contend that Signorina Aguglia's wonderful exhibition belongs in a gymnasium rather than on the stage, being muscular rather than artistic.

#### THE WITCHERY OF HARRY LAUDER

Do not be surprised if you are disappointed in Harry Lauder at the outset, when you are seeing him for the first time. This impression is almost inevitable in the case of a man who has made the furor of this young Scotchman, who draws a salary of five thousand dollars

a week, and who is heavily insured by his manager lest some accident befall him between October and February—the term of his present American visit. You expect you can scarcely express what, when you see the packed theater, with an overflow audience seated at the sides of the stage, as was the case when Mr. Lauder appeared at the American in New York.

My own experience was just this—I timed him when he came on, and discovered that it was ten minutes to ten o'clock. When he began to apologize for not singing another song—after having told stories with three changes of costume and given us as many ballads—I looked at my watch again and was amazed to discover that it was fifteen minutes to eleven. Verily, those were the swiftest fifty-five minutes I had ever lived! My first impression was one of disappointment, but scarcely had he withdrawn than I was wishing that he would come back and do it all over again. It is in the man's manner that his greatest charm lies—in the pervasive good-nature of it, just as if it were possible for the whole creature to twinkle like a merry eye.

It is plainly evident that the Lauder audiences are largely made up of people who have heard him before; for when the band breaks into the prelude of any of his songs, the first notes are the signal for a fresh outburst of applause. And these constant admirers are scarcely to be differentiated from personal friends of his.

"Good boy, Harry!"

"Sing us another song, like a good fellow!"

Suggestions of this sort are shouted from the auditorium and received in perfectly good part. The impression he gives out is that of a man entertaining his own friends in utterly informal fashion in his own house. For all that, he is one of the best character impersonators we have seen; he is absolutely non-theatrical in his method, and this is another secret of his success.

Harry Lauder is the biggest card of the new opposition circuit working in the vaudeville field this winter. Last year, it will be remembered, Klaw & Erlanger retired from the contest, hav-

ing been paid, as was understood, a large sum by the United Booking-Office. It is said that the latter organization feels far more bitter toward the William Morris faction, which has already secured quite a respectable chain of theaters, and which is the outgrowth of a long-established booking-concern.

If the brevity of most of the turns is to be a permanent feature, not a temporary result of Lauder's big space in the bill, the innovation is to be strongly commended. Variety should be the keynote for vaudeville, even if this theatrical *genre* be no longer known by this name; and to drag out each act to fifteen or twenty minutes, regardless of its nature, is to rob the whole entertainment of its chief charm—kaleidoscopic shifting. Of course, if you could find three Harry Lauders, variety wouldn't be so necessary; but it would bankrupt any manager to pay the salary of three such men to be used in one evening's bill.

#### A BRIGHT FARCE AND AN UNEVEN DRAMA

"The Patriot" is a great improvement over "Caught in the Rain." Willie Collier was concerned in the writing of both plays, but in "The Patriot" he has not insisted on inserting so many purely theatrical tricks to win laughs as he did in the other farce. For his collaborator in "The Patriot" he had J. Hartley Manners, an Englishman, who no doubt supplied what little plot there is in the thing, while Collier put in the laughs, of which there are many, most of them obtained through emphasizing the contrast between American ways and British customs. English people, as well as Americans, enjoy humorous comparisons of this sort, and I should not be at all surprised to see "The Patriot" as big a hit in the West End as it promises to become on Broadway.

On the same night in which Collier came to New York in a play about an Englishman who prefers to remain what he really is—an American by adoption—Annie Russell reappeared there, after an interval of two seasons, in a play written by an Englishman. Miss Russell's long absence from the boards was not due to illness, as was a previous disappearance, but to her inability to find a suitable vehicle. She missed "Paid in Full," it

is said, owing to the disinclination of her husband, Oswald Yorke, to making himself into such a cad as *Joe Brooks*. Now, by an odd shift of fortune's wheel, he has a rôle that is little better.

"The Stronger Sex" was written by a new dramatist, John Valentine, and has already been played in the West by Maude Fealy. It tells the already sufficiently familiar story of a woman who finds that her husband has married her for her money, but with the new twist that she does not tamely sit down and mope over the discovery, which comes to her on her wedding-day, but proceeds to put her husband through a course of sprouts that is gall and wormwood for him, if thoroughly delightful for the audience. Miss Russell is charming in the star part; and if the whole play were as clever as its second act, she would possess in it almost as valuable a property as "Miss Hobbs" once proved. Unhappily, however, the first act is deplorably weak, being crowded with people who do not appear again, and who have no business on the scene at all. The talk is forced, although some of the critics seem to have found it smart, and the whole action of the piece is sluggish. But from the very rise of the curtain on the second act, the play takes on such a swift movement and novel character that the opening portion would almost appear to have been written by some other hand.

Miss Russell's last previous appearance in New York was made when she opened the Astor Theater by flying over the stage on wires as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Shakespeare had not been selected as the inaugural attraction of the new house without much weighing of other possibilities beforehand. Prominent among these were a Salvation Army play—no relation to "Salvation Nell"—by Bernard Shaw, called "Major Barbara," in which Miss Russell had appeared with some success in London; "Friend Hannah," a Quaker heroine with a story woven around her by Paul Kester, and "Clothes," by Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock. This latter, the only one of the three to reach Broadway, was afterward played there by Grace George.

Matthew White, Jr.

# A TANGLED CODE

BY S. E. KISER

AUTHOR OF "LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE-BOY," ETC.

FARNHAM sat looking blankly at the wall, too busy with his thoughts to notice that Miss Wallis was waiting to begin the day's work by taking his dictation. She was young and much too pretty to be working in a Chicago business office where the light was poor and the hours were long. There was about her an air of feminine timidity that was hardly compatible with her present surroundings.

Turning toward her, at length, Farnham said:

"I forgot that I wanted you. I've just received word from Danville that my father is very ill. I am going to him, and I don't know exactly when I shall be back. I shall have to leave you in charge here. We can't close the office."

"I am very sorry," she answered. "I hope he may get well."

"Thank you. I'll telegraph the New York office, and if anything important comes up, you can get me on the long-distance. I don't think of anything, though, that can't be put off for a while. All you'll have to do is to stay here and explain to people who may come in to see me that I've been called out of town, but will be back in a few days. Give them circulars, get their names and addresses, and try to find out what they want."

Having dictated a few letters of pressing importance, Farnham telegraphed an explanation to Rawlinson, the head of the Columbian Investment Company, in New York; and half an hour later Gertrude Wallis found herself in charge of the Chicago branch. As he was hastily leaving, Farnham informed her that she would find in the upper right-hand pigeon-hole of his desk the company's code-book, which was to

be used in case she had occasion to telegraph to Rawlinson.

In his haste—or perhaps it was on account of his troubled state of mind—the manager forgot that the code-book in the upper right-hand pigeon-hole was an old one which he had used when he was in the grain-brokerage business, and that the one which he meant to have the girl use was hidden away in a tin box in one of the drawers of the desk.

On the day after Farnham's departure a heavy storm—the papers referred to it as a cyclone—swept through the country between Chicago and Danville, wrecking buildings and twisting wires into a jumbled mass that made communication except by mail impossible. It was while matters were in this condition that Rawlinson wired from New York to Miss Wallis:

McDermid returned. Cleveland matter adjusted. Inform Farnham. No wire from here.

There hung above Farnham's desk a portrait of Rawlinson, and this would have apprised Miss Wallis of the fact that he was a fine-looking man, still rather under middle age, if she had never seen him. But she had seen him. He had been in the Chicago office several times during the past year, and he had always been very courteous to her. From occasional remarks dropped by Farnham, she had gathered that the head of the company was a bachelor; and it is possible that she had occasionally found herself wishing that he, instead of the somewhat unceremonious manager of the Chicago branch, might have been her employer.

These matters did not figure in her calculations, however, when Rawlinson's

telegram was received. Wishing to prove her trustworthiness, she lost no time in trying to communicate with Farnham; but she soon learned that it would be impossible to reach him for at least a day or two, either by telegraph or telephone. After copying Rawlinson's telegram, she forwarded it by mail. Then she got the code-book out of the upper right-hand pigeon-hole, according to Farnham's instructions, and began the work of preparing a reply.

It was an unfamiliar and somewhat tedious task; but at last she found the word "lonesome," which in the cipher meant: "Have sent particulars by mail." So it happened that Rawlinson, sitting in his New York office, received this message from Chicago:

All Southern wires down. Lonesome.  
GERTRUDE WALLIS.

He read the words several times, and then laid the telegram aside, intending to take up other matters; but a moment later he picked it up again.

"Lonesome?" he said, half aloud, to himself. His thoughts wandered back to the first time he had seen Miss Wallis in Farnham's office. He lighted a cigar and watched several rings of smoke dissolve in the atmosphere. His own stenographer was in an adjoining room, and he could faintly hear the rapid clicking of her typewriter, but he was only half aware of the fact that business was going on as usual.

At length he reached for his code-book and looked for the word "lonesome." It was not to be found. He got up, and, with his hands clasped behind him, walked over to the window, where he stood for a long time, looking out over a wilderness of roofs toward the big spider-web which hung between New York and Brooklyn; but his thoughts were in no wise concerned with the things he saw. Finally he returned to his desk, found a telegraph-blank, and wrote:

Lonesome here, too. Coincidence.  
WILLIAM RAWLINSON.

It did not take Miss Wallis long, after she had signed her name in the messenger-boy's book, to find the word "coincidence." In her code-book it

meant: "There is no reason why we should not proceed at once."

"Proceed at once?" she mused. "What does Mr. Rawlinson mean? What is there to proceed about?"

The more she studied the matter, the more mystified she became. In order to avoid any possibility of going wrong, she telegraphed to Rawlinson again, as follows:

Don't understand "coincidence." Is it important? Hope I have made no mistake.

In a surprisingly short time she received this answer:

Quite important. You are not mistaken. Frankness delightful.

After she had tried for about the eighth time to translate this message with the aid of the code in her possession, she began to cry. She found that "frankness," according to the book, stood for "Disregard new venture," while "delightful" meant "Sell five thousand July." She could not guess where she might get five thousand July to sell, or who would want to buy five thousand July, or what it would be worth if she had it.

"I have made some horrible mistake," she sobbed, as a tear splashed upon the telegram over which she was bending, "and the company may be ruined. If I could only reach Mr. Farnham!"

She called up the telephone-exchange, but learned that Danville was still isolated, and the Western Union office informed her that there was no chance of getting a wire inside of thirty-six hours. Then she decided to throw herself on Rawlinson's mercy, and trust him to help her out of the predicament into which she had stupidly fallen. It was nearly noon when he received her third wire, which read:

Disregard former message if anything in it concerning new venture, provided not already gone too far. Let me know at once. Terribly anxious.

Rawlinson rumbled his hair and permitted several deep lines to spoil the smoothness of his brow. After repeated attempts, he evolved this answer:

Venture not entirely new. Others have

preceded us. Think we have gone too far to turn back now, dearest. Am writing.

When she had read this, Miss Wallis permitted the sheet of paper to fall from her fingers, and the desk before her seemed to rise and begin to float away. She hastily grasped the back of a chair, and clung to it as if she feared lest it, too, might escape. At last she sat down and scrawled in the messenger's book something that was wholly meaningless. Then he went away and left her alone.

She took up her code-book and began to turn its pages with trembling fingers, looking for the word "dearest," which was soon found. Its meaning, as used in the cipher, was, "Execute order at earliest possible moment."

Her last hope fled. There could be no further doubt that she had made some terrible blunder. She half expected to hear things crashing around her. While she sat wondering how long it would be before she could know the extent of the calamity, another message was delivered to her. She got the envelope open somehow, and read:

Am adjusting matters so can come to Chicago soon. Answer if happiness reciprocated.

It was time to close the office for the night when Rawlinson received her reply, which he read and then read again. It ran thus:

Explain. Happiness reciprocated. Will wait not in my book.

As a matter of fact, Miss Wallis had written:

Explain "happiness," "reciprocated." Will wait. Not in my book.

But telegrams sometimes undergo curious changes in transmission, and Rawlinson had no means of knowing that the one he received meant something wholly different from that which Miss Wallis had intended to send. As it was, he decided that she wished him to understand that in her bright lexicon there was no such word as wait. He was a man who could decide quickly. Summoning McDermid, his assistant, he said:

"I shall have to be away for three or four days. You can reach me at the

Chicago office if anything important comes up."

Then to Gertrude Wallis he wired:

Am starting at once.

He reached Chicago late in the following afternoon. Thousands of people were tumbling out of the great office-buildings and hurrying toward car-lines and railway-stations, but William Rawlinson heeded them not. Fearing that Miss Wallis might have started for home, he lost no time in making his way to the office of the Columbian Investment Company. He was conscious of a sudden pang when the girl, pale, and evidently the victim of some great trouble, faced him in the manager's office.

"Well!" he said, after they had stood silently gazing at each other for a moment. "You see, I have come as quickly as possible."

"I hope," she answered with a fearfulness that he did not understand, "it is not terribly serious—nothing which you cannot easily set right?"

"If it were not serious, I should hardly be here, should I?"

"I—I don't know. I'm so sorry!"

He looked at her curiously for a moment, and then said, with a smile:

"Come, little girl, let us cast ceremony to the winds. You haven't even shaken hands with me."

"But the five thousand July?" she answered. "Is that what is causing the trouble?"

"Five thousand July what?"

"I don't know. I couldn't get you to tell me. Every answer you sent seemed to make it worse."

There was something in her look which caused him to draw from his pocket the messages he had received, and to spread them out on the flat office-table.

"It is evident," he said, "that there has been a misunderstanding of some kind between us. Let us try to straighten it out."

Half an hour later, when they were preparing to leave the office, she said:

"I shall always keep that old code-book as my dearest treasure!"

"No," he replied, "we will keep it as *our* dearest treasure!"



# MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON

WITH A PORTRAIT (FRONTISPIECE) BY ANTONIO ARGNANI

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS is one of the cleverest women in New York—and New York is a city that has many clever women. An Englishwoman who has lived only a few years in America, she has already gained for herself a unique place in metropolitan society. She does what no one else does, and what no one else could do. Not of great wealth, she accomplishes much more on a comparatively slender income than other women with unlimited financial resources.

Mrs. Guinness's most remarkable quality is her faculty of bringing together in the happiest accord people who are utterly unlike in their positions and occupations, in their social codes and their views of life. It has often been said that the salons of eighteenth-century France were the product of a small society of culture and leisure, and that no such institution could exist in the big and busy world of to-day. Yet, if there is anywhere a modern counterpart of the old-time assemblies of the Parisian grandees and beauties and wits, it is to be found in the Tuesday evening gatherings in the roomy and comfortable house on Washington Square that is Mrs. Guinness's home.

Here talents of many and various kinds give the *entrée*. Here may be seen such social leaders and favorites as Mrs. John Jacob Astor or Mrs. James B. Eustis, meeting on common ground with men like Mark Twain or the doughty Jerome, with leaders of business and finance, with famous singers from the Metropolitan, with the celebrities of the stage and of half a dozen branches of art and literature—in short, with the most interesting people that can be gath-

ered in a great world-city. The usual stiff conventionality of social intercourse yields here to the general air of whole-souled enjoyment. There is singing or instrumental music, or perhaps a dance. Such a born leader is the hostess that she makes every man and woman a happy and harmonious part of the democratic ensemble.

Socially successful as she is, Mrs. Guinness gives only a minor fraction of her life to society. She is deeply interested in art, and is a clever draftsman and colorist, making a specialty of pastel portraits. A specimen of her work—a study called "Girl in Furs"—attracted much attention when she exhibited it at the National Academy a couple of years ago. She is an excellent horsewoman, and she reads and speaks several languages. She has two fine children, and to them, to her husband, and to her studio, her time and her energies are mainly devoted.

Mr. Guinness is related to the well-known Dublin family to which Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh belong, but he has nothing to do with their brewery interests, being descended from a Guinness who chose banking for an occupation. He is at present connected with the banking-house of Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., in Broad Street. His wife was Miss Bridget Williams-Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, near Beaumaris, North Wales. The Williams-Bulkeleys are one of the two most prominent families in Anglesey, the island county that forms the northwest corner of Wales, the other being the house of Paget, which holds the marquissate of Anglesey, and which has had several matrimonial alliances with America. The present head of the Williams-

Bulkeley is Mrs. Guinness's brother, Sir Richard, the twelfth baronet, who is lord lieutenant of the county.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Guinness traveled a great deal, making not only the familiar European rounds, but journeying through such less-known countries as Greece, Russia, and Turkey. She spent several winters in Egypt, and went with a party of relatives to East Africa, where she had some personal experience of big-game hunting. She disclaims having bagged any lions, but admits that a rhinoceros fell to her gun. "It was so large, you see, that I couldn't very well miss it," is the way she puts it. Since she married and settled in New York—which was early in 1902—she has visited Florida, Cuba, Mexico, and Canada. Every year, too, she takes her children to England to spend part of the summer with her mother, the widowed Lady Williams-Bulkeley, who lives at North Cross, near Windsor.

Many artists—Von Glehn, Troubetzkoy, Ernest Rosen, and others—have painted portraits of Mrs. Guinness. Prince Troubetzkoy's—a full-length figure in a cloak, slender, graceful, and piquant—has been reproduced more than once. Another, recently drawn by an Italian, Antonio Argnani, forms the frontispiece of this magazine. Signor Argnani, who is a native of Bologna, a few years ago won an important prize at the biennial exhibition in Venice—to which many of the best artists of several European countries contribute—with a painting called "La Dame en Blanc." He is known as a portraitist in London, where the Duchess of Beaufort and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, formerly Miss Eloise Breese, of New York, have been among his sitters; but he is now making his first visit to America. This example of his work shows that he has a remarkable gift for depicting the charm and grace and refinement of a beautiful woman.

#### THE ALTERNATIVE

THIS thing of brass is here;  
These things of stone abide.  
These blocks of marble rear  
Their cold and sculptured pride.

These things of wroughten steel,  
Of centuries long dead,  
Their presence still reveal  
Despite the ages sped.

Impassionate and still,  
Insensate all are they;  
Untouched by joy or ill  
As lifeless mortal clay.

Durst say 'tis Nature's plan  
That these shall live for ay,  
The while the soul of man  
Alone shall sink and die?—

The soul of man that breathes,  
And strives with godlike might;  
The soul that loves, and wreathes  
The world in bays of light?

Durst say that this is truth?  
Then better far that we  
Give up the dreams of youth,  
And stone and iron be!

*John M. Woods*

# THE CRIME OF MISS MERRIVALE

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I'M not one of those women who want to fumble every baby they see. I never in my life stopped to coo over some mama's cherub swaddled in pinky perambulator-quilts, and I wasn't thinking of babies on the day when I fell into crime for the sake of one.

I was entirely occupied with myself. I'm a mousy kind of person to look at—too quiet, and too small, and too peacefully dressed. After Esther's death I had grown mousier and quieter than ever; but on this day I didn't feel quiet or timid or any of the things that people believed me to be. I was fresh from the exhilaration of doing something daring. I had resigned my position!

It was a teaching position that I had resigned, and it was my dishonest principal to whom I owed my daring. He had ordered me to sign a report promoting a girl whose work was worth exactly nothing, and I had refused, and resigned in the same breath. If I hadn't been all alone in the world, with no one dependent on me, I couldn't have afforded the defiance.

When I left the school-building after writing my resignation, I was so absorbed that I took the Broadway car. If I had gone up-town by the Elevated, my usual route—but there is no use in thinking of that.

Broadway was gay with shoppers, and the florists' windows were enough to make one forget there had ever been a schoolroom. I began to plan what I would do with the next morning. A free morning in the middle of the week!

I had no interest to spare for the people about me, and I was annoyed that I could not keep my eyes from the baby across the aisle. I noticed her first because she was so beautiful, and then

because I had never seen a child look so frightened. She was dressed in good taste, and her brown baby coat matched the lights in her bronzy curls. I thought she might be two or three years old. Her face was thinner than it should have been, and her gray-blue eyes looked larger than was natural. She had one of those baby faces meant to be full of laughter and bouncing happiness. That was one reason why she was such a pathetic mite—the happiness wasn't there.

She held her tiny body as rigid as possible, and kept glancing in a terrified way at the woman who had her in charge. The woman was a big, handsome creature, with perhaps a trifle too much style in her get-up; but everything she wore was as harmonious as it was expensive, and there was something imposing about her splendid body. A fine, large woman always fills me with admiration, and often with envy.

I didn't envy this woman, though, for I didn't like her face. I felt my exhilaration oozing out every time I looked at her. I tried not to see her, but wherever she was you had to see her.

The child had been planted on the seat in such a way that she kept tipping about and slipping, and whenever she lost her balance the woman yanked her back in a fashion that made my blood boil. Finally the child began to cry softly, the tears dripping on her cheeks, though she made no sound. The woman's face flushed a dark, ugly color, and I saw her deliberately lean down and pinch that little creature's wrist. It was as devilish a nip as you could imagine. I can see that baby's face and the fascinated terror of it now when I dream bad dreams. Her eyes had a really dreadful expression for a child. What mother, I wondered,

could have trusted her child to such a fiend?

Suddenly the car lurched, and the baby fell to the floor. She bumped her head dreadfully. I sprang forward to help pick her up, but the woman's glance froze my interference, and I saw her again meet thumb and forefinger in the child's flesh as she put her back upon the seat. There was none of the cross guardian slapping a child one minute and hugging her the next about it. It was sheer ugliness.

That was a horrid ride. All the way up-town the woman bullied and tortured the little creature; and yet what roused one most wasn't anything she *did*. It was, even in her anger, the death-cold indifference with which she treated the forlorn little thing.

Apparently, nothing that she did attracted attention, except from those close at hand. I think no one but myself saw the pinching. The little girl cried out only once, and that was at the very end.

The handsome woman sat next the door, the child beside her, and beyond the child another woman, who held in her lap a little boy. The other woman must have noticed something, for her face looked indignant. The little boy held up his brown bear for the baby to see. She turned toward it with a look of pitiful longing; then she was snatched up and set over next the door.

The other woman put her arm about the little boy, and never glanced again at the baby girl. But I did. I couldn't help it, and my heart was sore in my body. She sat there, wedged against the wall, her tiny feet straight out before her, her face set in an unchildlike struggle; she was trying not to be discovered crying.

It was so unnatural that it was awful. She was too little for it; the tears overflowed again, and she caught her breath in a sob. I suppose my look helped to anger the woman, for the dark color came with a rush under her smooth skin, and she bent down and whispered something I didn't hear. It was then that the child cried out—sharply, as an animal will when it is caught in a door and mangled.

"Please don't, mama! Don't — me!"  
I lost a word; but I knew then, as well

as I did afterward, what that dreadful little shriek meant.

The very beasts of the field would have been moved to interfere, but what could I do? The word "mama" showed me that interference would be difficult. And almost immediately the woman rose and got off the car. The smile and tone with which she thanked the conductor as he handed down the little girl made me sick. She could be gracious, and she was a good actress.

I followed them, for I was near my own corner. The mother wrenched the child along without looking down at her. I kept close to them, my heart pounding away under my cloth jacket, and everything in the world forgotten but the misery of what I had seen.

All at once, at the end of the first block, the baby pulled away from the woman's grasp and plunged ahead in a desperate little run.

"Unka Steve!" she called.

I saw a tall young man seize her and hurry across the side street just beyond. Somehow I got to him. The woman was kept back by a van. I am so small that I can slip through where other people have to wait.

"Don't let her have it! She's cruel to it!" I shouted at the man.

I must have been a little beside myself, as we all are when we see cruelty that we can't prevent. The young man had signaled a cab, but the stupid driver had gone off without seeing the signal or hearing the young man's whistle.

He looked down at me without any amazement.

"What can I do?" he said. "I'm only a friend of Jim's. The court gave her to Netta. I'd run off with her in a minute if I could."

He said this so fast that if my every faculty had not been set on hearing I might not have caught it in the midst of the hubbub that had arisen. People were gathering in a thick crowd. It was their determined effort to find out what was going on that had kept back the mother.

"What is it? Lady fainted?" some one asked.

"My baby! That man has kidnaped my baby!" shrieked the woman, and the mob turned its head toward the voice.

"Give her to me—come to the Venetia, around the corner—Miss Merrivale," I cried; and before the child had been fairly seen in the young man's arms, she was in mine and I had disappeared.

## II

It is easy to push out of a crowd on the side away from the excitement. Everybody was looking for a *small* baby in a man's arms, for the woman was still crying out, "He has kidnaped my baby!" I dared not make too great haste, and I even lingered a moment on the outskirts of the throng, as if curious, before I got away.

There are two entrances to the building on that corner, and I went in by the one on the avenue and out by the one on the side street. This one was almost opposite the Venetia. The crowd was now blocking traffic in all directions, and its bulk, I then believed, hid me from the woman. A policeman passed me, hurrying toward the jam of people. I turned into the alley at the side of the Venetia, and went up in the service elevator.

"Did the cleaning woman come to do my rooms to-day?" I asked Mike, the janitor's assistant.

He knew me well—I had got him his position—and he made some joking allusion to the baby, intended as a compliment to me. I told him that I was "taking care of her for a sick mother," and was "going to take her to her aunt." I had never, that I remember, told a lie in my life before.

I was thankful when I was in my own sunny apartment at the top of the house, with the door locked and that trembling bundle still grasped in my aching arms. For a long time I was too busy to be scared. I was determined to stop that trembling, and I lighted the gas-log to make the place warmer, heated some milk in the chafing-dish, and found some cookies in the kitchen. I carried the little thing wherever I went, and she kinked one arm tightly about my neck. Pringle, the kitten, followed us, purring like a mill-race.

While the little girl ate, and Pringle alternately lapped warm milk and stood on two legs to have her ears rubbed, I was so hot with indignation at the shocking neglect the child's coat had covered

that I was hardly scared at all. And her bruised, uncared-for body hadn't suffered half as much as her frightened little soul. Do the best I could, I could not make her smile. She clung to me between mouthfuls, begging, "Papa! Papa!"

"We'll go find papa," I told her over and over again.

When she had eaten, I stripped off her shoes and stockings and held her tiny feet to the gas-log blaze. Terror had made her cold; she needed warmth. Then, for the first time, the stiff little body relaxed and she sank back into my arms. Pringle, jealous, leaped into my lap and crowded down beside her; and when both were asleep, I began to be scared. I suppose there never was a worse scared woman!

The baby shivered and jerked in sudden terror in her dreams, and Pringle woke and gave a sleepy lick to the little hands I warmed against my cheeks. Every sound came to my ears like doom. I did not dare to go out as usual for my dinner, and I did not dare to stay where I was. I ought, it seemed to me, to have fled at once and carried the baby with me. The man had not come or sent a message. Had they arrested him?

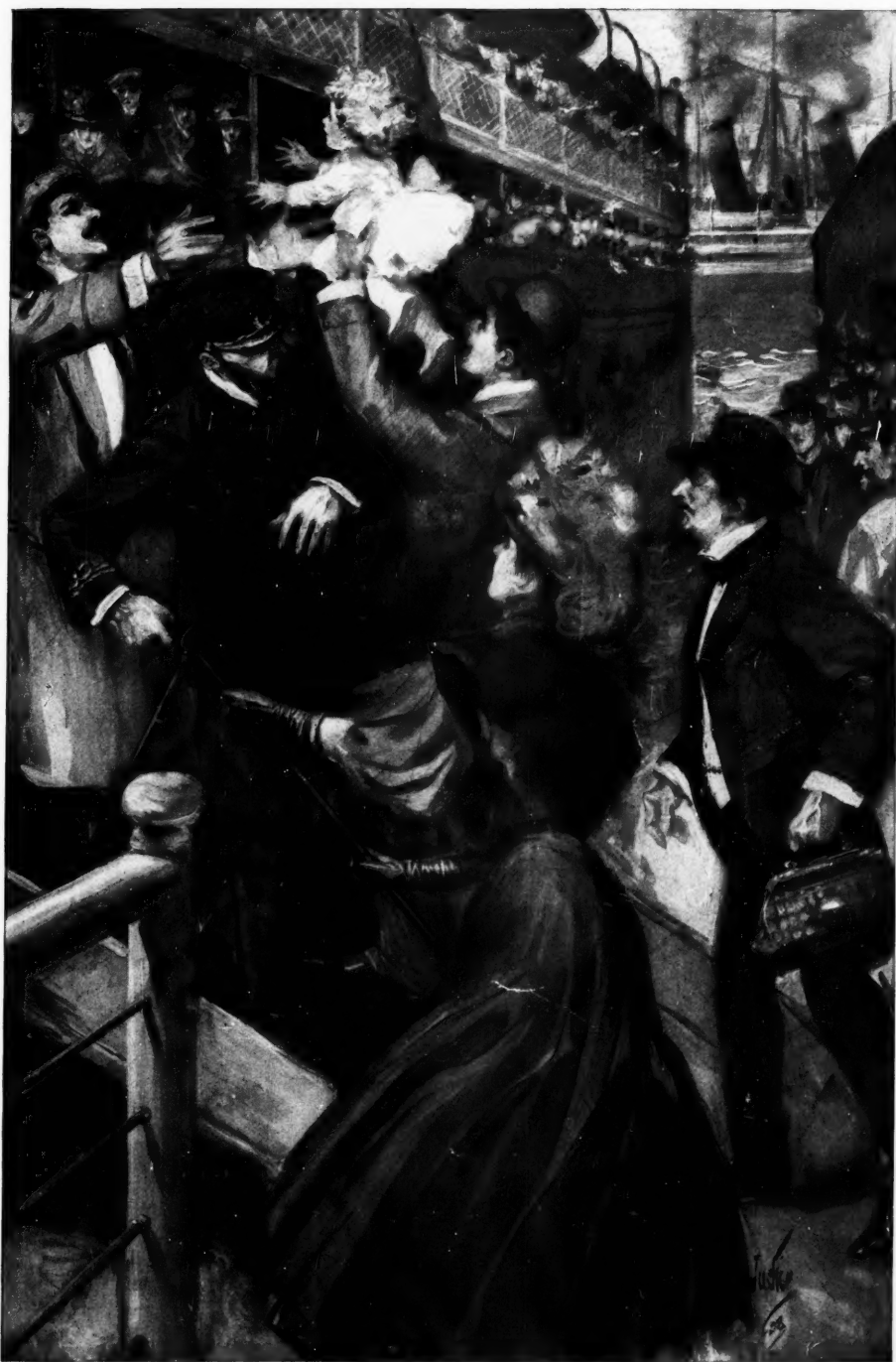
I did not once wonder whether or not I had done right to believe in him. I knew I had. I could feel his eyes searching mine, and hear his voice demanding, "What shall I do?"

When it grew dark, I deposited Pringle on a cushion and undressed the baby without waking her. Her curls shone with a glint of the bronzy lights that had first caught my eye, and they fell against the peach-bloom of Esther's prettiest dressing-sack in a soft tangle that I longed to comb out and smooth across my fingers. As I tucked her into the pillows on my couch, and drew a blanket over her, she stirred without opening her eyes; and then she smiled—the first hint of brightness on her wee face.

"Papa make nes' for Marzhie," she said, and sighed a long, heart-breaking sigh of comfort.

She thought she was back with "papa" somewhere; and, law or no law, it was "papa" who ought to have her. I had stolen a baby, and I was glad I had. That was all there was about it!





THE LITTLE MAN JUMPED FOR THE INCLINE, BUT STEPHEN OLIVER WAS BEFORE HIM

But at half past seven, when the bell rang, all my bones melted with fear. I held to the table where I stood, and looked around at my books and Esther's ferns in a frenzy of cowardice. If only Esther were there to tell me what to do!

Somehow, at last, I got to the door and opened it. Esther and I had lived alone. We couldn't afford a maid. I have been told, since, that when I finally stood on the threshold, looking inquiringly at the figure on its farther side, I was as cool and smiling as the most innocent of the law-abiding. I didn't feel it.

The figure that I confronted was a tall workman in overalls.

"Sorry to be so late, Miss Merrivale," he said. "The boss sent me round. He said the trunk had got to be mended to-day." He made this announcement in a rough-and-ready way, loud enough for any employee of the Venetia to have his curiosity satisfied. I had known him instantly, even before he pulled off his soft hat. You can't easily disguise a face from me. It was the tall young man.

"I'd given you up." This I said before the door closed; then, safely on my own side, I went on: "You'd better get a trunk out of the storeroom and do a little hammering."

"I had to come in these clothes, because I am watched," he explained. "The chances are that I have been shadowed even here. The man who was tinkering about my rooms lent me these togs. He's holding the fort there till I get back. You're a brave girl. I hope you haven't been—worried."

He picked up the steamer-trunk I pointed out and carried it into the living-room, giving me, as he stood up, another of those close, searching glances that had filled me with such confidence in the afternoon. More than ever, I liked his eyes and his voice.

"Worried! There never was such a coward as I am since the beginning of the world!" I groaned; but I smiled, and he didn't believe me.

"This hinge needs fixing," he said, and fell to work with a screw-driver, giving a few needless blows with a hammer for the behoof of any listener in the corridor outside.

The electric light shone squarely on his face as he looked up. It was a man's

face; it had decision and repression without hardness, and a glow of that humor which is the final mark of civilization. I entirely forgot that, in other clothes, his presence would have been an indiscretion. I began to think more clearly. His coming had removed the paralysis of fear.

"We've got to talk fast and think fast," he said. "I suppose Netta has prejudiced you against Jim."

"I never saw any of them till to-day—in the car. I don't know who the baby is."

He stared at me, his eyes filled with a light that made me feel like a child pleased at unexpected praise.

"The baby," he said, his eyes still on mine, "is Marjorie Harding. Her father is James Harding. You'll have to take my word for it that Jim is the right man to have her. I've known him for years, and I'd trust my own daughter to him. Not that I have a daughter, but I know Jim."

He pounded vigorously a moment. I watched him. I was ashamed to be glad when he said he hadn't a daughter. What affair of mine was it if he was married and had a family?

"You've seen the mother," he went on, without looking up. "She's a dangerous woman. The papers were full of the thing—her side of it. She played the abused wife so well that every wool-head on the bench was ready to wring Jim's neck for her. And Jim looked dissipated. He was only miserable. He'd stuck it out for five years, to save scandal. No man has a right to leave a child with such a woman. He'd taken care of her—the baby—he and an old nurse-maid. He lived in terror, though. Netta's temper is the kind that murders. But he was foxy. He never petted Marjorie where Netta could see him."

"Why—"

"She'd have found out that she had a new way to hurt him. For a long time she ignored the child; then, of course, something brought it home to her—how Jim cared."

"But why did she want to keep her?"

"To torture Jim." He gave a fierce turn to the screw he had put in the place of the weak one. "Do sit down," he said. "You've no idea how plausible

that woman can make herself. When Jim married her, she was still human, or seemed so; but they lost their money, and—I tell you, Miss Merrivale, I do not believe that, for cold, brutal selfishness, there is her match on God's earth to-day!"

"Where is Jim—Mr. Harding?"

"California. Will you help me get Marjorie to him?"

He had risen. From his height, he was looking straight down at me. I met the look.

"Yes, I will," I said. "See here." I turned toward the couch, where the child still slept, and drew down the striped blanket. "Look," I repeated, and pushed up the wide sleeve of the dressing-jacket. "And that is not the worst."

I choked over the last words, though I was ready for action, not crying.

"No, that is not the worst," he echoed.

The sound of the words had in it what I felt but couldn't say. It was not impotent rage, either. There is a heaven-born fury that can see to strike.

"I'd better start to-night," I went on.

"Good for you!" he cried, and grasped my hands in both of his, with a grip that hurt the flesh and healed the spirit. "I've brought time-tables, money, and a code by which we can telegraph each other. My name is Oliver—Stephen Oliver; the address is on the paper with the code."

While we finished our plans, Pringle, who had waked to sniff at the trunk, leaped to his shoulder and settled with a loud and steady purring against his cheek. He lifted her to his knee and thumped and rumbled her gently as we talked, and the volume of her purr grew and grew till it sounded like the bubbling of a million pots. It was a pleasantly quieting sound in the midst of the tension. I had already settled on what I would say to Mrs. Wilson in the next apartment; she would take care of Pringle while I was gone.

Evidently the police were not watching me—had not heard of me. I got away safely on the half past nine train. There would be no stop till we reached Poughkeepsie. I settled in my section with a sense of blessed relief, and asked the porter to have the lower berth made up immediately.

While I waited for him, I leaned back against the cushions, feeling less alone than I had at any time since Esther's death. Marjorie's eyes were shut, but the transparent look of her face, and the bluish shadows where the long lashes rested, went to my heart in a pang that tightened my arms on her. I slipped off her wide, floppy-rimmed hat, to let her head rest more comfortably against my shoulder, and smoothed back the curls that tumbled over her eyes.

"Thank God," I thought, "she is safe now!"

Then I looked up. In the section ahead, facing me, a cruel gloating in her half-closed eyes and on her smiling lips, sat Marjorie's mother.

### III

FOR the next half hour, with Marjorie trembling in my clasp, I fought off the woman's claim. The passion of protection with which I clutched the child choked me when I should have been most clear. I failed.

The conductor, scandalized, found the scene prolonged beyond his patience. At last some one—I think it was a brakeman—gripped my elbows from behind. The woman seized Marjorie. Till now the little thing had been too frightened to speak. At her mother's touch, she bore her testimony. As her arms were dragged from my neck, she threw her whole writhing little body toward me.

"Don't let her—take me!" she screamed.

Mrs. Harding smothered the words in her shoulder. The hostility of the looks fastened on me by my fellow passengers did not change. The presence of listeners, my suffering, Marjorie's terror, had transformed the stolid beauty of this abnormal being; she glowed with the lust of triumph. Her wonderfully melting voice, her swimming eyes, her beautiful hand pressed to a passionately agitated bosom, had told more powerfully in her favor than the proofs she showed, and they would have been enough. To those onlookers who did not hold me a vicious criminal, I was a madwoman.

"Crazy, and over children," I heard one dowager mutter. "There are old maids like that—but so young a woman—terrible!"

I looked from one to another of the faces turned toward me. Not one encouraged a plea for aid. And who could blame them?

I followed Mrs. Harding. With Marjorie's frightened face still clamped against her shoulder, where no one could see its terror, she was moving toward the dressing-room.

"You'd better go back," said the conductor, and touched my arm.

"Am I under arrest?"

As I turned on him, and gazed straight up into his eyes, I thought he must see that I was a woman to be believed; but the aversion with which he blocked my way was not modified.

"Mrs. Harding does not want you held for arrest," he answered coldly.

"She does not dare to have me arrested! She doesn't dare to face the law, with her child's body black and blue and swollen where she has pinched and beaten it!"

My voice I held quiet, but my face must have looked desperate. He glanced over and through and around me as if I had not spoken, and passed on.

I stationed myself at the door of the dressing-room. Mrs. Harding had locked herself in with Marjorie. No sound came to me from the other side of the door. The long train pounding on beneath me said: "*Failed*—you have *failed*—you have *failed*," till I could have sworn it had a human voice. My thoughts seemed all spilled in a useless agony.

What was she doing to Marjorie? What could I say to Stephen Oliver? Then, from the sick depths of my defeat something rose up in me, and the wheels pounded out: "*Back*—get her *back*—get her *back*!" Of course I would get her back! I could no more live with that child in Netta Harding's power than I could live with my head under water. But how, *how* to do it?

When Mrs. Harding opened the door and came out, I was Elizabeth Merrivale again, not a cowering thing crushed by the first failure. Marjorie lay limp in the woman's arms. I saw that she was drugged; she could no longer show terror of her own mother. The door had been shut a long time, but I feared it must have been a heavy dose that could

send a three-year-old child into complete drowsiness so soon. Whatever plan I made would be all the easier to execute with no danger of an outcry from Marjorie; and while I planned, she was not suffering. I crept into my berth and sat canvassing the poor possibilities.

In the next section there was no motion. Mrs. Harding was not undressing. At a quarter past eleven we should be at Poughkeepsie. There she would undoubtedly leave the train.

I felt sure she must have seen me carrying Marjorie across the street to the Venetia. While the detectives watched Stephen Oliver, she had managed her own inquiries. She would be afraid of publicity.

The best plan I could conceive was poor enough, but some plan must be tried within an hour. I worked open the double windows at the head of my berth, and peered out. The night was dark and the wind cold. I could just make out the ground beside the track. I laid my long veil on the pillows, felt to see that the code and the money were pinned inside my clothes, took a challis dressing-jacket from my bag, and set the bag and my hat near the window. Then I put on the challis sack, covering my shirt-waist, so that I looked as if I were preparing for the night.

The first time the porter passed my section, to answer a call farther up the car, I slipped out between the curtains. Every one was in bed. I went quickly down to the dressing-room, but not into it. As I passed the corner beyond the berths, I thrust into the metal cuspidor a bundle that I had arranged, and lighted it. I always carry vestas when I travel.

I could see through the empty vestibule, where the platforms swung curve on curve as the train rushed on through the dark; no one was in sight. The folded step-ladder leaned against the wall, as the porter had left it. I mounted it, and jerked the signal-cord, dropping almost to my full weight before I let go.

The paper I had crushed into the cuspidor was burning well; smoke was beginning to rise from the bits of blanket tucked inside. I was back at my berth before the porter had finished arranging the windows for the old gentleman beyond. I had not been away a minute.

I heard a voice fretting about a draft. Very likely the breeze from my wide-open window was stealing out under my curtains. I was thankful that I had been able to secure a whole section. I dared not peep into the curtain-walled aisle.

An exclamation—from the porter, I suppose—with a swirl of smoke sucking in at my feet, came close on the shock of the brakes grinding the train to a standstill. Cries broke out instantly. People in all manner of attire leaped from their berths. Mrs. Harding was out of hers, fully dressed, bag in hand, before the porter could get past her to investigate.

"What is it?" "Open the doors!" "Accident!" "Fire! We're on fire!" And then, from some hysterical woman: "My God, we're going into the river!"

Mrs. Harding had forgotten Marjorie. She led the rush for the door. I slid under the curtains to the deserted berth, seized Marjorie, and was back, wholly unnoticed. With my veil I tied her upon the pillows. My arms nearly failed me as I pushed her through the window and tried to sway the dead-weight of the bundle to one side before I let her drop. It seemed forever before I could get myself through after her, small as I am; and I had an instant's agony as I let myself go, lest I should fall on her.

I found her safe. I had thrown out hat and bag, but the bag must have rolled. Groping, I gathered hat and pillows into my arms, with the unconscious baby, and clambered away from the track. I ran as fast as I could for the weight I carried and the roughness of the rocks, making for the black shadows of the trees above—and came straight up against a barbed-wire fence. I tore myself, clothes and hands, but I rolled Marjorie under and crawled after. For a minute I was too breathless to lift her, so I dragged her up a little precipice on the pillows, and peeled them away from her as I gathered her up again.

Then the first light shone out on my side of the car. It sent me stumbling forward in worse haste. The light multiplied itself. Lanterns flashed along the whole length of the train. Marjorie grew heavier every second. I wondered if she were dying—drugged to death. To be found with a kidnaped child dead in

my arms! My position appeared to me plainly for the first time.

Shouts came up from below as the searchers pounced on the bag and the abandoned pillows. Passengers had joined the train-crew. One fat man was puffing with extraordinary speed directly after me, flashing his electric-lamp ahead. Once it showed me the way. My breath was coming in useless gasps. They were getting nearer.

I had to free my right hand to cling to the trees. The rocks grew steeper, tangled with vines. I caught my foot and rolled. The crackling of bushes came from all around me. The boulder that stopped my fall was covered with the vines. Grasping them to save myself, I plunged my hand into nothingness, yet I could see the rock towering over me. It was either two rocks leaning together, or it held a little cave. I broke through the twisted stems and crouched inside, over Marjorie, dragging broken trailers before the black heap I made.

The fat man, puffing dreadfully, wasn't ten yards away. He sent the beam from his electric-lamp to the very spot, but his eyes couldn't have followed it. After long eternities there was a whistle of recall. With snorts and puffs and a heavy roar, the train was gone. The slamming down of platforms sounded like oaths as it pulled away. I was alone in the dark.

I have always been afraid of the dark. The darkness of the country is awful. Crouched in that hole in the rocks, with the cold wind searching my bones, I was aghast at what I had done. I had heard that kidnaping meant twenty years in the State prison. And stopping an express-train—that, too, was a crime!

All at once I discovered that Marjorie was awake. The violence of the motion, or the cold, had broken through her drowsiness. I spoke to her quickly and softly, and the way her little arms flung out to hold to me is meat and drink to me still. The terror eased. I should not have to say to Stephen Oliver:

"I have lost Marjorie!"

Staggering, I climbed to my feet, her arms still about my neck. No one sprang from the shadows to intercept me. No one had been left behind to watch, but searchers would be sent—from the next station. I had heard them say so. I



would get as far from the railroad as I could.

I have never been able to tell any one about that night. Perhaps, if I had had any dinner, or if the wind had been less sharp, or if I had not stumbled into a ditch and made my skirts heavy with water—but even then it would have been no less full of alarms. I could see Netta Harding's malicious eyes in every gleam across the path. It seemed years that I strained on and on under Marjorie's weight, always with awful shapes pursuing. Often I sat down, but the shapes, like men creeping upon me, drove me to my feet. Sometimes, on the highway, Marjorie walked, my hands under her arms, till her steps failed and her head fell against my knees.

It was well on between midnight and morning when I saw a light moving queerly in the open, and muffled figures with it. A great door creaked wide, and I was looking into a barn. A steam came from it into the nipping air, and the smell of animals close-housed, with the fragrance of hay and a waft of kerosene from the lantern.

Life came stinging to my numb body. I traveled faster and faster toward the light and the muffled figures, folding Marjorie tighter as I got nearer.

"Please," I began, and then the lantern wavered.

Strong arms took us both as into a tower of refuge.

#### IV

"It's a blessin' we were up with the sick bossy," said Aunt Reba afterward.

That was all the complaint she and Uncle Enos ever made over the trouble they had thrust upon them for the next two weeks. It was they who outwitted the persistence of country gossips, they who did the talking with the inquiring constable sent scouting by telegrams along the line, they who got my messages to Stephen Oliver and his to me, they who set us again on our way.

Aunt Reba's circumstantial account of the orphaned life of her Cousin Ellen's daughter—that was myself—and of the young woman's devotion to an equally orphaned child left to her care—that was Marjorie—had made it easy for me to be, and to keep on being, Ellen Bristol.

I had changed my black dress for dark blue, and with her curls shorn to close ringlets, her clothing new, the color beginning to warm her cheeks where the purple shadows lay more lightly, Marjorie was half disguised.

Before we reached San Francisco, Stephen Oliver had been there a week. James Harding had vanished. His last letter had been from Los Angeles, a month before. Marjorie and I settled down to wait in a boarding-house. Advertisement, search—everything failed. Then, on a day when the sky was blazing with promise, so gay that my hope went like a ball of lead down and out of sight just because the blue seemed so heartless, a distracted motor-cab came hurtling up the street, and jerked to a stop under our windows. Stephen Oliver bolted from it through the door, which happened to be standing open while the maid scrubbed the threshold.

I saw him, and knew something must be wrong. It was not his way to bolt. I was at the head of the stairs by the time he was on the wet sill.

"What is it?" I called.

"Jim! Sails in ten minutes for Japan! Don't stop for your hat!" he answered.

I had my hat on. Marjorie and I had just come in from walking up and down the block. Marjorie, hatless and coatless, as I had that instant stripped her, was in my arms, and we were all three in the cab, before the astonished maid had had time to close her mouth.

I wrapped my coat about Marjorie and listened. The air swirled past us so we seemed to be blowing into space, but I made out:

"Position—business house in Tokyo—Holliday thinks—gone already if she sailed on time—uh!"

We had collided with a dray. We lost a minute getting away. Then again we were flying.

"Catch—papa!" shouted Marjorie between gasps.

But should we catch him? Policemen pursued us, vainly waving commands; people abroad upon the streets looked at us with curiosity or rage as we leaped past.

"She's there!"

Stephen Oliver, with Marjorie held high, was out of the cab and half-way

up the dock, I swift beside them, plunging through the crowd to the very edge of the water where the gangway should have been. It was gone! Sailors were replacing the section of the ship's rail.

Marjorie's head was tipped back. Her eyes danced from face to face of the throng leaning from the deck above us.

"My papa! My papa!" She had seen "Jim." If Stephen Oliver's grip had been less sure, she would have been in the water.

"Hi!" he yelled to the sailors. "Wait there—get this child to her father!"

The sailors grinned. The mob jeered, then grew interested.

"What is it?" asked the woman beside me. "Lost child?"

The word went like flame across the packed mass of human beings.

"Jim! Jim Harding!"

Stephen's voice carried above the confusion. Every face turned to us—even a listless one straight over the spot where I stood. The listless face lifted slowly, then bent downward; its look, frowning, traveled along the crowd on the pier. The look came to Marjorie. The listless face changed, charged with a thousand volts of joy. The mob caught the look. With a frantic gesture at Stephen, Harding sprang for an officer. We saw him arguing violently. The officer shook his head. They were casting off the cables.

A commotion behind us pushed us aside. A shabby cab had rolled up the wharf, a shabby horse stood panting within arm's length, a quiet little man had tripped from the cab and was waving a shabby bag at the officer. The officer saw.

"Just a minute, Mr. Wilts!" he howled.

"One of the owners of the line," explained the woman still beside me.

"Steve—ready!" yelled Harding.

White with excitement, he stood at the head of the gangway. Those on deck had made way for him. Above and below, everybody was watching. The planks heaved into place. The little man jumped for the incline, but Stephen Oliver was before him. The officer fumed in his way, the little man fumed behind, but over the shoulder of one, with the other

dancing with rage at his heels, Stephen passed Marjorie to her father.

"By, kiddie!" said Stephen.

Then he was back on the pier. The little man was aboard, the gangway had slid to its resting-place, and the crowd went mad yelling its head off—a perfect roar of joy. The woman beside me cried and laughed and cried again.

"Goo'-by, 'Isbeth. By, Unka Steve!" shrilled Marjorie in a pause, and the yelling began again.

All at once I realized that she was gone. She had her arms tight about her father's neck. My arms were empty. I lost her face for tears, though I waved till it was out of sight.

I was alone; the old desolation had taken me back to itself.

"The cab is just on the other side of those bales."

I looked up into Stephen's eyes waiting for mine. Always, since then, the sight of the cargoes that go down to the sea in ships, the dusty, horsy, salty smell of wharves, the breeze from the ocean, or the sound of cheering, sets my heart beating out again the blessedness of that hour.

## V

THE railroad never hunted up the Elizabeth Merrivale who stopped the express. Netta Harding went to South America. Jim came home.

Once, in the early fall, when Stephen and I took Marjorie, with our own little Esther, to riot over the heads of Aunt Reba and Uncle Enos, I was brought face to face again with the terrors of that night on the train. I was alone with the children, while Stephen, carried off to a private car, talked business with a director of the road. The conductor came for the tickets, and when I said, "My husband has them," he looked at me and I at him. It was the man who had told me I ought to be behind bars.

I think I grew pale with the remembrance; but just then, as it often happens in day-dreams, but seldom in a contrary world, Stephen came back, and with him his friend.

"Come into my car, Mrs. Oliver. I'm lonely," said the director of the road. "Well, well, Marjorie Harding, if you don't grow like a weed!"

# DESMOND O'CONNOR\*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS,"  
"JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

XXI

THEY gazed wide-eyed at each other, these two who had loved so fondly, who were severed so completely. Margaret was the first to recover herself. The consciousness that she had been slighted stimulated her pride, and her pride rallied her faculties.

O'Connor stood stupefied, distrusting the evidence of his senses. For a moment he thought he was dreaming.

"Margaret!" he stammered. Then, rousing himself: "For God's sake, *madame*, what do you here?"

She was mistress of herself before he had finished speaking.

"Surely, sir, my presence in my own house need not surprise you," she answered very calmly, standing with the port of a queen amid her poor surroundings.

O'Connor was bewildered. He looked round at the one bare room which had constituted the forester's home—its scanty furniture, its rough, unadorned walls, its one naked, staring window. Then his eyes traveled back to the face of the Countess of Anhalt, pale, composed, scornful.

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the sound of saw and ax as the soldiers loopholed the walls.

"Your own house!" he repeated, wondering.

"It has been in the occupation of my forester," said Margaret coldly, "but he is absent at present. Nevertheless, it is my house, my property, and I must request you to withdraw with your soldiers."

"My God, *madame*," cried O'Connor vehemently, "you do not know what you are risking here! The French army is in retreat. You are under the very feet of the advancing allies. Try to realize your imminent peril!"

"I have no fear of the allies and no de-

sire for French protection. I have met with little consideration and less happiness under the flag of France. I repeat that I am in my own house, and again request you to withdraw."

She took a high tone, supported by the consciousness of what she believed to be her rights, and as ignorant of the masterful ways of belligerents as a babe might have been. O'Connor realized this, and his heart bled for her. His eyes fell before her haughty regard. She misinterpreted his wandering glance.

"You need not look round," she said coldly. "I am quite alone. Your friend Anne Van Rhyn is no longer in my service. You will not find her here."

Desmond flushed.

"Poor girl!" he said. "She is suffering for a fault that was not her own. She was only—"

"We will not discuss her, *monsieur*," Margaret interrupted haughtily. "Will you be good enough to favor me by withdrawing your men?"

"I grieve to disoblige you, *madame*," he replied, stung by her manner. "My orders are to hold this place."

"Against whom?" she demanded.

"Against such pursuit as may develop. We form a portion of the rear guard, and it is our duty to delay the enemy as much as possible."

She threw a scornful glance at the little garrison.

"With half a dozen men?" she asked in a tone that roused the Irishman's pride.

"With such force as I can dispose of," he answered firmly. "These half dozen—to be accurate, we are eleven—are all that are left of five swords and over a hundred bayonets that went into action this morning. You see the wreck of my own company, *madame*."

"Well, sir," she insisted, and her mien

\* This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, 1908

was as haughty as ever, though there was womanly pity in the eye that glanced over the scanty remnant, "it is a foolish action you contemplate, and I will not permit it. Take your men elsewhere."

"I have told you that my orders are to hold this house," repeated O'Connor.

"And I have told you that this house is mine. I now demand that you leave it, and at once."

"In the stress of war," he explained, "private rights lapse. I am here under orders, and I cannot quit my post."

"You mean that you will not!" she cried angrily.

He bowed profoundly.

"And I will not."

"Then I shall go myself," retorted the countess furiously. "Your presence is an insult!"

"Oh, *madame*," cried Desmond, deeply pained, "believe me, I shall trouble you as little as may be. I cannot suffer you to go forth alone. You do not know what you may encounter."

He paused and ran his eye over the room. It offered no shelter, no concealment. A little door, facing the entrance, arrested his attention, and he pulled it open. It admitted to a tiny closet—scarce more than a hutch, built as a lean-to against the house, and evidently used to store the forester's winter stock of firing. It was piled to its slanting roof with close-packed rows of fagots, only a little passage, a mere niche, having been left clear in the center for convenience of access.

"You would be safer there," he said. "Those fagots might render it bullet-proof. Will it please you to take shelter? I shall not intrude on you."

"I shall not remain here," said Margaret firmly, and even as she spoke half a dozen shots rang out sharply from the wood. Then, after a brief interval, came a single report, and silence.

"They are upon us," cried O'Connor, springing to the door. "Pick up your muskets and come within," he called to the men at work on the clearing. "I saw a bugle with one of you," he continued. "Sound the recall for the scouts. When the enemy hear it, they may fancy we are in force. And stand ready to close the door in case of a rush, no matter who is left outside. They must be close upon us!"

The shots were not repeated. The stillness of the summer evening settled down on glade and forest, pierced only by the clear, shrill notes of the bugle. The men engaged in cutting at the wall worked feverishly, the countess looking on, but not comprehending their purpose. The reports had startled

her. She addressed Desmond as he turned back from the door.

"What was the meaning of that firing?"

"I cannot quite understand," he replied.

"It must have come from a detachment either of Austrians or of English, but at what they loosed their pieces I cannot tell. Heaven send my sergeant is safe!"

Margaret inwardly echoed the wish, but did not give it utterance.

"Why are the men making those holes in the walls?" she asked, speaking from mere curiosity; but Desmond misunderstood her purpose.

"They are loopholing the walls so that we can fire in any direction," he replied. "I regret that I am forced to damage your property in this way, but war recognizes only its own necessities."

This hurt her, and she turned away, but came back almost instantly.

"Surely this is a foolhardy venture," she said. "It cannot succeed. How can your little band hope to check the advance of an army?"

"We do not hope to check it," he answered, "but we may delay it. We have eleven lives here, and if each costs the enemy but five minutes—and with luck it may, fighting thus from cover—we shall have done what we are here to do."

"But that means—" the countess began, breaking off aghast as the man's purpose dawned on her.

"It means success," O'Connor supplied his own word.

"No, annihilation!" she gasped, gazing at him with horror in her eyes.

"It is our trade, *madame*," O'Connor went on, as if explaining something to a child. "We fight while we can, and die when our time comes. But you—I know not what to do with you when the attack develops."

"Do not concern yourself for me, *mon-sieur*," she answered. "We women have a kind of courage of our own. We suffer while we must, and die when our time comes."

She turned away, leaving him stricken to the heart by the hopeless misery in her voice and in her eyes. A cry from one of the men on guard roused him.

"Look at here, yer honor! What d'ye make o' this?"

Desmond sprang to the door. Four figures were emerging from the cover, carrying among them one apparently wounded. O'Connor was on the point of ordering the door to be closed when he recognized Sergeant Quirk and the three other scouts. But who was the fifth?

The little group raced across the clearing,

and as they ran a dropping fire pursued them from the wood. Some of the balls gashed the log walls with white scars; but the fugitives reached the house seemingly unhurt.

"Stand by the door!" shouted O'Connor. "Admit them, and bar it instantly!"

Two of the men carried their inanimate burden within and laid it on the bed, as directed. Rourke followed, and Quirk came last, sauntering in his cool, light-hearted way, as if a score of unseen muskets were not making him their target.

"They're middlin' bad shots, anyway, an' that's all to the good," he remarked. Then, lifting the skirt of his coat and examining a ragged hole newly made in it, he went on: "It's a good job me coat is so long. If this was a jacket, it's shot through the back I'd have been."

"What has happened, sergeant?" O'Connor asked, after seeing the massive bar fixed across the doorway.

"It's the Austrians," replied Quirk. "They're close on our heels, divil a doubt of it; but I don't think they're in any great force yet."

"Infantry, I suppose?" questioned Desmond.

"Well, sir," replied the sergeant, pointing to the hole in his coat, "it wasn't cavalry done that. Nor that," he added, indicating by a jerk of the head the senseless figure on the bed.

"Who is he, and where did you pick him up?"

"It's a staff officer, an' we seen him fall. He was ridin' fit to split, an' shots comin' behind him. I thought he had got away. He was just on the edge of the clearin', when a chance bullet took him and rowled him off his horse for all the world like a sack of flour. It was just then I met Rourke comin' in to the bugle, so we picked the poor fellow up an' carried him in. He's the same officer that brought the order that sent the brigade into that tight place there beyant."

"The Vicomte de Louville!" cried Desmond surprised. "Now what brought him here? I thought he was half-way to Ghent by this time."

"He was sent back to carry fresh orders to the brigade. Leastways, that's what I med out from what he said afore he fainted."

"Fresh orders to the brigade!" repeated Desmond. "He'd have been seeking long to find it. There had need be a fresh brigade to carry the orders to!"

No further words were exchanged. They wrought hard to complete the loopholes, and all was silent in the room save for the sound

of their labor and the difficult breathing of the wounded man. The countess crept over toward the bed, shrinking back at every step, yet slowly advancing, as if drawn by a power she could not resist. She bent over the form that lay there so still, peering into the man's face; then she started back with an exclamation.

"Heavens, it is M. de Louville!"

O'Connor heard what Margaret said, and turned his head.

"So the sergeant tells me. Is he badly hurt?"

"I cannot tell," she answered. "He is breathing, at least. Come, see! He has opened his eyes."

"There wasn't much life left in him when we picked him up, if I'm any judge," remarked Con.

The sergeant had been amazed beyond measure when he saw Margaret in the cottage. He had not ventured to ask for an explanation of her presence, but in due time one occurred to him which he accepted without question.

"I niver seen the like of Masther Desmond for puttin' the comether on the girls!" he muttered. "May I niver ate another bit if they wouldn't follow him into purgatory itself!"

He turned again to his work, but chose a position from which he could steal an occasional glance at his officer and the lady. They approached the bed, and O'Connor bent over it.

"You're right; it is the viscount," he said. Then, in gentle tones, speaking close to the wounded man's ear: "Are you badly hurt, *monsieur*?"

De Louville stirred and made a feeble effort to rise.

"The Irish Brigade," he said faintly. "They are to abandon the wood and hold the bridge."

He fell back with a moan, and O'Connor took his hand.

"Very good," he replied. "The orders shall be carried out;" and the viscount pressed his hand feebly. "Let me see to your wound," Desmond continued. "It may be but a trifle, and we are all surgeons here, more or less."

"For pity's sake let me be," gasped the wounded man. "I am hurt to death—I know it too well. You would only torture me."

O'Connor saw plainly that the man was dying, and did not insist.

"Margaret," De Louville uttered very faintly. "I thought I saw Margaret."

"I am here," she answered, coming closer. "Can I do anything?"

"Ah, countess," he said, speaking slowly



and with difficulty, "the king's will fails for once. It cannot reach beyond—"

His voice failed him, and he lay still.

O'Connor looked at the countess. Her eyes were fixed on the dying man, and he could not catch their expression; but he drew back, ashamed of the exultation in his own.

"It is true," he muttered. "If this poor fellow is mortally wounded, Margaret is free. The king's will cannot reach beyond the grave!"

The countess did not notice him. She was smoothing M. de Louville's pillow.

"Are you so badly hurt, viscount?" she murmured.

"I am dying," he gasped. "It is just as well. Only—"

His voice failed him. Margaret bent lower.

"Go on," she said. "I am listening."

The dying man roused himself.

"Are you Margaret? Why are you here? I don't understand."

"Never mind why," she answered gently.

"I am here; I am Margaret. You were saying—?"

The viscount made a visible effort to rally his fleeting senses.

"It is Marie," he murmured. "I left her for your sake—by the king's orders. She was a faithful soul. Poor child! And when I die—where will she find bread—to eat?"

He spoke in broken gasps, with manifest exertion, but Margaret caught his words. She looked down at him with tear-dimmed eyes as he lay, his lids closed, his fingers picking aimlessly at the coverlet.

"Be at ease," she said softly. "She shall never want while I live."

He understood her. His eyes opened and thanked her with a silent look; then the expression faded out of them, and he lay very still. And so passed the Vicomte de Louville.

"God rest him!" Margaret murmured, turning from the bed, "and pity the poor girl who loved him!"

A shout ringing through the room startled her and recalled her to herself. For the moment she had forgotten where she was.

"On guard all!" yelled Sergeant Quirk, stepping back from the window from which he had been peeping. "Here they come!"

At the same moment a bugle without sounded the advance.

"Now, lads, good aim for your lives!" cried O'Connor. "Make every shot tell!"

A volley crashed against the house, but without damage, except to the window, which gave back a tinkling echo of broken glass. The range was too long.

O'Connor flung open the door of the little fagot-room, and stepped to Margaret's side.

"Come, *madame*," he urged. "I must insist."

He led her to the hutch, hat in hand, as he might have led her from a ballroom. Bowing low, he held the door open for her to pass, but ere he relinquished her hand he bent over it.

"One instant, *madame*," he said. "I may never have another opportunity. Try to forget that hour of my madness—forget and forgive."

He closed the door as she passed through, and turned to face his responsibilities.

"Now, sergeant!" he shouted. "Have a man at every loophole, and keep loaded muskets at hand. They'll try to rush us in another minute!"

## XXII

THE position of the little garrison was, in Desmond's view, critical. To most people it would have appeared desperate. A considerable force threatened the house from the west. How soon a further attack might develop from the south none could tell; but the young major was quite cool and serene, and proceeded with his arrangements for offering the best resistance in his power. He had no expectation of preserving his life, or that of any of his little force. His sole object was to delay the enemy as much as possible.

Seven loopholes had been finished. Three faced west, as the window faced. Two looked south, one on either side of the door, and there was one in each of the remaining walls. The bare, unshuttered window was an obvious point of danger, and caught O'Connor's eye at once. Bullets were whistling through it, and a couple of men had been wounded already.

"Here, Quirk," he called, "we must contrive some way of masking that window, or we won't last ten minutes. They can see inside."

He looked around. The men on either side of him were firing steadily. There was room for only three to use their weapons, but their comrades stood behind them, handing them loaded muskets and recharging those they had emptied, so that the fire was well sustained.

"Don't all group together!" Desmond shouted. "Farrell, Connolly, here—one of you to each of those other loopholes, and keep a good lookout on all sides, or they'll be working round on us. Now, Con, give us a hand."

He crossed over to the bed, followed by the sergeant, and removed the patchwork coverlet which had been thrown over D:

Louville. This movement brought them in front of the window, and a fresh volley from without splintered the rafters above them.

"Jouk down, yer honor," cried Quirk, "or we'll never get there!"

O'Connor gathered the coarse quilt in his arms.

"He doesn't need it, poor fellow," he remarked. "The rest of us won't be an hour behind him."

Cautiously, and bending low, the two regained the window. Then, crouching beneath the sill, one on either side, they managed to fasten the coverlet to the splintered window-frame, where it hung loose, completely masking the opening.

Before they had completed their task, Desmond saw the sergeant wince and heard him draw breath with a sharp intake.

"Hit, Con?" he asked as they moved away.

"Just touched, sir. They're poor sportsmen," the other replied, holding up a bleeding hand which showed two fingers manifestly broken. "Lucky it's me left, or they'd have spoiled me shooting!"

"They're a long time showing themselves," O'Connor remarked, as he bound up the other's injured hand. "I suppose they're surrounding us."

"Surrounding is grand tactics entirely when you want to make a force surrender," remarked Con philosophically; "but it's not worth the insides of an empty bottle when we're only fighting for time."

"They seem very careful of their own skins," O'Connor observed, with a laugh. "I hope they'll decide that it's safest to starve us out."

"They're beginning to show themselves, sir!" shouted Rourke from his loophole. "I think they're getting ready to rush us!"

Major and sergeant sprang at once to different points of observation, Quirk peering through a loophole, and Desmond cautiously lifting a corner of the improvised curtain that hid the window.

The Austrians were gathering on the edge of the wood, but it was obvious that they did not care to face the stretch of open ground that separated them from the cottage. An officer could be seen here and there trying to urge them forward. O'Connor seized one of the spare muskets, and, kneeling, rested it on the window-sill.

"Take good aim, boys!" he cried. "Don't let them get too close; but, above all, don't hurry!"

An officer sprang out of the cover with drawn sword. He waved it and pointed toward the house. A volley crashed from the wood, and Connolly fell at his loophole,

shot through the brain. Sergeant Quirk picked up his musket and stepped into his place.

Then the charge came. About twoscore men, headed by the officer—he was a colonel by his uniform—raced across the glade, making for the most vulnerable point of the stoutly built log hut, its entrance.

"Bayonets to the door, quick!" yelled O'Connor.

Singly but rapidly the aimed muskets spoke from the house, and every shot told. The room was a reek of smoke, but the men at the loopholes kept up their persistent fire, handing their empty pieces back to their comrades. A dozen or more had fallen in the Austrian ranks, but they had crossed half the distance and still came on determinedly, the officer three or four paces in advance.

O'Connor sighted carefully on this conspicuous figure. It was not without compunction that he pulled the trigger, the man's action was so like what his own might have been; but his hand never quivered, and the Austrian colonel fell.

Confused by the loss of their leader, the assailants wavered. Two men bent to raise the officer, and others stopped with them. The rush had spent itself. The steady musketry of the Irish told. Men were falling fast in the open. Dogged and reluctant, some running, some limping, the Austrians regained cover.

The sum of the garrison's casualties was one man killed and five slightly wounded.

"Come, this will do!" cried O'Connor exultantly, when the result was made known. "Only six men hit, and nearly half an hour gone! At this rate we should do it, sergeant."

Con Quirk shook his head.

"That was only a flash in the pan, yer honor. The colonel's falling sickened them—not but what the boys shot well, too, an' I'm proud of them, but it was yer own bullet that stopped that rush. They'll be at it again mighty soon."

"No doubt," replied Desmond, "and when they come again they'll get the same answer. While you've nothing else to do, boys, you might amuse yourselves cutting another hole or two to command the approach to that door. It's there the tug of war will come."

"What about the window, yer honor?" asked Rourke. "D'ye think they'll try that?"

"It's too small to be of much use to them, except to shoot through," the major answered. "They could only climb in one at a time, and as long as we've a man left he could stop that with an ax. When we're

all down," he added in a lower tone to the sergeant, "they can come in wherever they please."

"So they can, sir, an' the devil thank the begrudgers! I wonder where little Trudchen is," Quirk added in an altered tone. "I wouldn't say no to a kiss from her purty little lips this minute!"

"See if the lady is all safe inside," ordered Desmond.

Con peeped into the fagot-room.

"She's within, on her knees, very quiet—praying, I think."

"Not hurt?" inquired Desmond.

"No; there's nothin' to touch her. She's in a nest of fagots. What'll they do with her, Masther Desmond, when they do break in?"

"Treat her with every courtesy, I should hope," Desmond replied, "and send her to Ghent or wherever she wishes to go. We sha'n't be here to see."

"Hark!" cried Quirk, raising his hand. "They're at it again."

"That volley was against the front of the house—from the south," said Desmond. "Can it be that the English have got here at last?"

"No, them's our ould friends have worked round that side to get a fairer offer at the dure," the sergeant replied. "That was a bad schame of approach they tried, an' they've found it out."

The firing from the wood was close and continuous, and those within the house could hear the bullets pattering on the logs. There was no reply, for the enemy did not show themselves.

"Whoop, keep it up, ye darlints!" laughed Con. "Powdther must be cheap where yez come from!" Then, as one of the men reeled from a loophole and fell with a convulsive movement, the sergeant added, in graver tones: "By the powers, they've nicked poor Thady O'Byrne—a dacent man. I've had many a glass with him in me time. He's one of the ould lot that was at Cremona."

"See if he's much hurt, Quirk," said O'Connor, as another man stepped to the vacant loophole.

"Nothin'll iver hurt him agen," replied Con, bending over the fallen soldier. "Clane through the head! To be sure, what can ye expect when his head's the only part of him they could see?"

The rain of bullets never ceased. It spent itself in vain on the heavy logs, but now and then a ball, chance-directed, found a loophole. Two more men were struck almost simultaneously.

"This will never do," ejaculated O'Connor. "Keep your heads down, boys."

"Then we can't see them comin'," a voice made answer from out of the smoke.

"Try and hear them, then. I can't have you all shot down like rabbits. I haven't enough of you."

The men crouched down as ordered, and O'Connor went around the room, satisfying himself that the clearing was still unoccupied.

"Ye ought to be careful yerself, sir," remonstrated Quirk. "The ball that would hit a private wouldn't blush to make a hole in a field-officer."

Desmond laughed.

"I have to take my chance," he said. "Some one must see what they're up to."

"It's my opinion they'll wait till dark. That'll give them full as good cover as the trees beyant," observed Rourke.

"I'll be very much obliged to them if they do," rejoined Desmond. "By that time the colonel will have finished with the bridge, and will be half-way to Ghent."

"I don't think they will, then," said Quirk. "They'll just make a cockshy of us for a while, and then they'll make another offer to cross that bit o' ground. One thing is, when they get close up them rapparees in the wood'll have to quit shootin'."

"On guard, boys!" O'Connor shouted. "They're coming!"

The Austrians advanced with a determined rush. They did not hang in cover, as before, but made straight for the door, supported for almost half the distance by volley-firing from the wood. Desmond felt that the death-grapple was at hand. He glanced round at his sadly diminished garrison. All that were left stood at the southern wall now, save one who watched the window.

His men aimed coolly, and no shot was thrown away; but they were barely enough to man the loopholes, and their fire was slower. There were no men behind them to reload. Still, they checked the rush in a measure, if they could not stay it. The Austrians came on to the very walls, and attempted to shoot the defenders through the embrasures; but the house was built on a little knoll, and they could not reach high enough. They fell back, leaving a trickle of wounded men to follow as best they could, and a few prone figures that could not follow.

This momentary success had been dearly purchased. The place was a shambles, and only a couple of men remained on their feet. Desmond marveled to find himself still untouched.

Sergeant Quirk was close behind him. He was lying, propped against the body of a fallen comrade, the blood gushing from a

ragged wound in his neck. Nevertheless, he seemed cheerful as ever. He was busily engaged in loading a musket, and he nodded reassuringly to his officer.

"We give it them good that time," he said, but his voice was faint. "Keep yer eye on them, Masther Desmond. Me legs is no good to me, but I can load for ye yet a while."

He primed the musket he held and handed it to O'Connor, receiving the latter's empty piece.

"You gallant soul!" cried Desmond, as he took the weapon and turned again to the embrasure. His thought was: "There goes the last of my old friends!"

### XXIII

O'CONNOR's eyes were fixed on the enemy, and he did not see the door of the fogot-room slowly open and Margaret peer out. She had endured a lifetime of terror and suspense in every moment she had been shut up there, hearing everything, seeing nothing. When the crash of the last attack subsided and comparative silence succeeded, she could bear it no longer, and crept forth.

The condition of the room startled her horribly. For a moment she thought she was alone in a house of the dead. Then her eyes lighted on Desmond; and cautiously she stole toward him, threading her way among the corpses, sometimes lifting her dress with an involuntary shudder to avoid a pool of blood. She reached the embrasure and stood within a hand's reach of him. He did not see her. Even as she paused his musket spoke.

Without turning his head, O'Connor once more reached back his hand with the empty gun.

"Are you loaded, Con?" he whispered.

The sergeant was lying back against the dead soldier who supported him. He was too far gone to be roused even by the voice he loved best in the world. His musket lay across his knees.

Margaret understood. She took the empty weapon from Desmond's hand, and exchanged it for the one that Quirk had loaded. Desmond took the musket from her hand without a word. His eyes were fixed on the embrasure, and he had noticed nothing. Using the powder and ball that lay at the sergeant's side, Margaret proceeded to recharge the weapon she had received.

"Load, Con, for your life!" cried O'Connor. "I've got one of the officers down, and here goes for another!"

He pulled trigger, but no report followed. Quirk had fainted before he could see to the priming.

"No priming, Con!" Desmond uttered reproachfully. "And it was you taught me to load a gun!"

He turned as he spoke, and saw Margaret. She might have been a ghost, such amazement and horror were in his eyes as he stared at her.

"Go back, *madame*, go back!" he almost shrieked in his surprise. "You are in deadly peril here."

Margaret's fingers were busy.

"I thought it was ready," she said. "Now it is. Never mind me. You have your work to do."

"God bless you, you are a brave woman," he said, and turned again to front the foe. "Is my poor sergeant dead?" he asked, speaking without looking back.

"No, he has fainted, I think. But you are wounded yourself," she replied.

"It is very slight," he answered. "Go on loading—that is, if you will not go back to safety."

She did not answer, but busied herself with the musket he had discharged. O'Connor stood at the center loophole—the one nearest the door. Right and left were two other men, one wounded. They were the last of the garrison. As he looked out, he saw the Austrians dragging a great tree-trunk into the open. It took more than a dozen men to lift it. Evidently their plan was to dash in the door as his men had done, but with a battering-ram of far greater weight.

He delayed them for a moment, his bullet striking down one of the bearers; but another speedily took the vacant place. The end was very near.

Desmond handed his empty musket to the countess, receiving from her the one she had loaded. He glanced down at her as she knelt.

"Since you are so kind and gracious," he said, "may I hope I am forgiven?"

"Oh, how could you hurt me so?" she cried in a passionate outburst. "What had I done to deserve it?"

"Nothing," he answered brokenly.

"Say it was the wine misled you."

"It was madness," he wailed. "Yet all I did, I did hoping to serve you—to save you!"

"To serve me!" She was puzzled. "I cannot understand."

"Here they come!" he shouted, turning suddenly away from her.

The heavy trunk, borne by a dozen men on each side, was advancing across the open like a great centipede, gathering pace as it came. O'Connor fired. The foremost of the bearers pitched forward, shot dead in his tracks. As he fell, the next man

stumbled over his prostrate body. The mass of timber came to the ground. The rush was checked.

Like an echo to Desmond's shot, a volley rattled out from the wood. The musket fell from his hands, and he staggered back from the loophole, falling at Margaret's feet.

"Oh, my God, he is dead!" she cried. She knelt beside him and raised his head. "Speak to me, one word—oh, my knight! Desmond, can you hear me? I believe you, I trust you, I love you! Won't you speak to me—one word?"

O'Connor's eyes opened. He smiled up in her face. She saw his lips move, and bent down to catch his utterance.

"What time is it?" he asked, speaking very faintly.

Margaret drew back bewildered. Was his mind wandering? She glanced at her watch.

"Half past six."

"More than the hour! Thank God," he murmured, and fainted.

She took his head in her lap and laid her hand above his heart. It was beating, though feebly.

"Why ask me the time?" she murmured, and fell to wiping away the streaks of blood that trickled down his face.

With a mighty crash the door was driven down, and the Austrian soldiers streamed in. They paused a moment at the sight of the havoc they had made. Not a man was on his feet to oppose them. The volley that had stricken down O'Connor had also laid his last comrades low.

An officer who headed the rush turned and struck up the bayonets of the leading files. He cast a wondering eye over the place. The floor was littered with corpses. Here and there a convulsive movement showed that life still lingered in some bullet-torn frame. A dead man was stretched on the bed, and close beside the door, where the fallen lay thickest, a woman crouched, bending a pale face above a head which lay, scarce paler, in her lap.

"Halt there!" cried the Austrian leader. "Here are only one woman and a few dead men. Is this all the force?"

It was a superfluous question. The door of the fagot-room swung open, disclosing the tiny interior beyond; otherwise there was not a spot where a rat could have sheltered unseen.

Very tenderly Margaret lowered Desmond's head to the ground. She glanced down at it, pitifully yet proudly. His strange conduct was still an enigma to her, but she knew that what he had done had been done for her sake. He was still her knight!

Then she faced the captain and replied to

his query, a pride she did not try to dissemble shining in her eyes.

"As you see, *monsieur*—these were all."

The Austrians were staring round the little chamber. Bullet-gashed, blood-stained, cumbered with the dead, it told of a heroic resistance. Two full battalions had taken part in the attack, and they knew what their losses had been.

"*Himmel!*" gasped the captain. "Is this all we have won? They have made us pay dearly for it!"

He lifted his hat, as much out of respect to the gallant dead as in courtesy to the lady, whose rank and breeding he could not mistake.

"And what makes you here, *madame*?" he asked. "Here, among the rear guard of a fleeing army?"

"I am the Countess of Anhalt," Margaret replied. "I am here on my own estates. I chanced to be in my forester's cottage, and could not leave when it was occupied for purposes of defense by these poor fellows."

"You are fortunate to have escaped uninjured, *madame*."

"Perhaps," she said, and the officer was puzzled at the reply. "This gentleman"—she pointed to Desmond—"is still breathing, though sorely wounded. Will you have him attended to?"

"Our surgeons are busy with our own men," replied the Austrian. "Your friends here have furnished them with full employment. But we will do what we can, nevertheless. This was the officer in command, I presume?"

"Major O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade," said Margaret, as if performing the ceremony of introduction, and the captain raised his hat once again to the senseless figure on the floor.

"The Irish Brigade," he said. "I have met these gentlemen before. Hard hitters all!" He turned to a lieutenant who stood in the doorway. Margaret noticed that these were the only two officers with the storming-party. "Carry the dead without, Von Bussman, and see if you can find a surgeon to look at the others."

While a fatigue-party, directed by the lieutenant, addressed itself to this task, the captain turned again to Margaret.

"And you, *madame*, what are we to do with you?"

"I demand that I may be received into the Austrian lines and sent to Vienna at the first opportunity."

"You wish to go to Austria, then?"

"That is my desire," replied Margaret. "These," she added—but her eyes were fixed on Desmond alone as she spoke—



"these, if they live, will be sent thither as prisoners of war, I presume?"

"That, of course, *madame*," replied the officer, "and the dead will be buried with all due honor. They have made a gallant fight!"

#### XXIV

GASTON DE BRISSAC, hastening northward with the defeated army, had little leisure for plotting, but he did not forget his purpose. As soon as the confusion which reigned in Ghent had somewhat subsided, he prosecuted a diligent inquiry as to the fate of the Countess of Anhalt. It did not take him long to learn that the castle had been abandoned, all the inmates having been safely taken to Ghent, according to orders issued by the Duc de Vendôme as soon as it became evident that the French would be forced to retire.

Gaston met many of these refugees. He even found opportunity for conversation with Anne Van Rhyn, but he could learn nothing from her. All she knew was that her mistress had quitted her apartment on the morning of the battle, and that no one had seen her since.

All Gaston's researches led him to the same blank negation. No one knew what had become of the countess. He was certain she was not in the town. Ghent was not a large city, and it seemed impossible that a lady of Margaret's consideration could remain in it unknown to him. In little more than a week he had tracked down all the other fugitives from Anhalt, but of Margaret there was not a trace. He began to nourish the hope that the chances of war or accident had befriended him at last, and that the countess had perished. Could he but secure actual proof of her death, he might take up the inheritance with clean hands.

The whole town was ringing with the fame of the Irish Brigade. Colonel O'Brien had seized and mined the bridge. The Austrians had surprised him at the work, but after a spirited action he succeeded in holding them off till the structure had been destroyed. The pursuit from this direction was checked, and the army was saved. Unfortunately, the gallant old soldier did not live to reap the reward of his success. He fell with a score of his brave comrades on the banks of the canal he had defended so well. The news was carried to Ghent by the few stragglers who survived the wreck of the Irish Brigade.

Major O'Connor, whose gallant defense of the hut in the woods had sufficed, and only just sufficed, to afford Colonel O'Brien the time he needed, was also acclaimed as a

hero. The brigade itself received special mention in an order of the day, signed by the dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, which also expressed the regret of the army that not a single officer of the devoted corps had survived to accept the honors which all alike had so bravely earned.

The credit of the brigade stood higher than ever in the service, and its ranks filled rapidly as the Wild Geese arrived in Flanders. Indeed, more young Irishmen applied to join than could be received on the establishment. To complete the roster of commissions was more difficult, the men refusing, as the terms of their enlistment entitled them to do, to serve under officers other than those of their own nation.

Not until long afterward was it learned that two or three of the defenders of the log house had fallen into the hands of the Austrians, alive, though sorely wounded. Meanwhile it was assumed that O'Connor had perished with his men.

Every day that passed confirmed Gaston de Brissac in his assurance of his cousin's death, and, indeed, it was currently reported and believed in Paris as well as in Ghent. It only remained for him to secure such proof as would satisfy the law.

The Vicomte de Louville, too, was missing, and as time went by without tidings received, he, too, was given up as dead.

So far as active operations were concerned, the campaign was over. The Duc de Vendôme resigned the command, which was assumed by the Marshal de Villars, but little of importance in a military sense occurred till the two armies went into winter quarters. Then Gaston, with ample time at his disposal, set himself to work in earnest at the task of unraveling the mystery of Margaret's fate.

First he inquired for Anne Van Rhyn. He had long since ascertained where she lodged, and he sought her there without misgiving; but she had gone. It cost him some trouble to ascertain that she had started for Vienna a month before. Thus his first clue snapped in his hand.

Why to Vienna? With what motive could the girl have undertaken so long and perilous a journey? He could imagine but one—that she had received news of her mistress and had gone to join her. This thought was so unwelcome to Gaston that he refused to entertain it. If his kinswoman were alive, surely he must have heard of her in all these months; or, if not he, then another. But, inquire where he would, he could meet with none who had tidings of the countess.

He could not conceal from himself that Margaret had abundant reason for keeping

secluded, especially if she were ignorant of M. de Louville's death—that is, if he actually were dead.

Here was another cause for misgiving. If both the viscount and his cousin were still in the land of the living, O'Connor having perished, Gaston could conceive of no reason strong enough to induce either of them to continue to defy the king's will. He cursed his ill luck, but consoled himself by the reflection that he had as yet no certain clue to Anne's motives or movements, and that a thousand things might have led to her departure from Ghent. But why to Vienna?

When assured tidings of Margaret came to him at last, it was from an unexpected quarter.

A soldier was brought before him—he chanced to be officer of the day—for some trivial breach of camp regulations. The name struck De Brissac, and he glanced up from the defaulters' sheet to study the man's face. He was an ordinary young fellow enough—evidently from Paris.

"Your name is Jean Corbeau?"

"Yes, my captain."

"You are down here as having been drunk last night, and creating a disturbance in the camp. The sergeant tells me you are drunk often."

"It is hard if a man may not have a little recreation after all this fighting," whined the soldier.

"That is not the point. How do you manage to get drunk without money?"

The pay of the army was largely in arrear, as Gaston well knew.

"I have a little money, my captain. My sister sends me some from time to time."

"What is your sister?"

"She is a washerwoman in Paris, *monsieur*."

De Brissac's eyes glistened. She could be none other than the Vicomte de Louville's mistress.

"Her name?" he demanded.

"Corbeau, *monsieur*, the same as my own—Marie Corbeau."

"Washing must be a fine trade if she can afford to keep a worthless soldier in drink," remarked De Brissac, expecting the reply with confidence; but when it came it startled him.

"It is not from her trade, *monsieur*. A great lady is very good to her, and sees that she wants for nothing."

"A great lady?" repeated Gaston, knitting his brows. "A great gentleman, you mean!"

"No, *monsieur*, it is as I say—a great lady."

"Liar!" thundered the captain. "It is

the Vicomte de Louville who supplies her, I know well!"

"Alas, no, *monsieur*," replied Corbeau, terrified by his officer's threatening manner. "M. de Louville is dead. I will not conceal from *monsieur* that formerly he was very kind to Marie, but after his death she fell into great poverty till this charitable lady relieved her."

"The lady's name?" demanded the captain.

"The Countess of Anhalt," the soldier replied unhesitatingly.

So Margaret was alive and well—somewhere! It remained for her cousin to discover where. He assumed a bullying tone.

"I do not believe you. I know the lady you mention. How came she to take any interest in your sister?"

"I cannot tell, my captain," replied the man.

"Does she know your sister?"

"I believe not, *monsieur*. My sister has never seen her, nor have I."

"Fellow, you are inventing all this tale," retorted De Brissac. "I shall deal severely with you for attempting to deceive your officer."

"As God hears me, *monsieur*," Corbeau broke in eagerly, "I have told you nothing but the truth. As to why the lady interests herself in my sister—you know her; ask her. It may be that, as she was affianced to the Vicomte de Louville, she pitied my sister, since poor Marie had to relinquish him."

"I can easily test your story," said De Brissac. "Whence did the Countess of Anhalt send these supplies?"

"From some place in Austria, my captain."

"Be more precise. Whence?"

"I do not know, *monsieur*," replied the man. Then, seeing his officer's brow darken, he hastened to add, "I can easily ascertain, *monsieur*. I will ask my sister."

"Do so," answered Gaston sternly. "Write to your sister, and give me the letter. I will see that it goes to Paris by the first express. And be sure the information she sends you is full, for by that I will test you. Get the name of the town, the name of the street, the name of the house where the lady lodges. I shall know thus if you are trying to fool me with a trumped-up tale. At present, I confess it looks like it, and if you deceive me I shall know how to deal with you. Now you may go."

Corbeau withdrew, thanking his lucky stars, and, having money in his pocket, sought the solace to be found in a wine-shop. Before drinking away his senses, however, he found a comrade skilled with the pen, and bribed him with a bottle of

wine to write a letter to Marie, wherein he explained that the safety of his neck depended on his securing full information as to the Countess of Anhalt's whereabouts. This letter he handed to an orderly, to be passed on to Captain de Brissac, who was prompt to forward it to its destination.

Gaston had come to count on those great estates as his own, and now they seemed farther from his grasp than ever. While O'Connor lived, he had not despaired; but now it seemed as if all his work must be done over again. Corbeau's story he never doubted for a moment. It had rung true, and it fitted in well with Anne's departure for Vienna. But one thing puzzled him. How had Margaret come to know of Marie's whereabouts, and why had she interested herself in M. de Louville's cast-off mistress? It almost seemed as if the viscount and his cousin had come to some understanding on the subject.

But this was an unprofitable speculation, and Gaston dismissed it with a shrug. After all, since Margaret assumed the care of Marie Corbeau, it would seem that the

viscount must be dead. De Louville removed from his path, was not De Brissac free, as he had been before the king had intervened, to woo and win his cousin? Thus the estates would come to him by marriage instead of inheritance—perhaps a pleasanter way, if the fates willed it so, and certainly less troublesome.

He waited with impatience for the reply to Corbeau's letter, for it took many days for a message to travel from Ghent to Paris and back. Sometimes he tormented himself by thinking what he could do if Marie refused to furnish her brother with the information he sought. But this thought only troubled him in his moments of despondency. He had frightened Corbeau thoroughly, and if the sister loved her brother sufficiently to supply him with pocket-money on a campaign, surely she loved him enough to send him information which, while it cost her nothing, would save him from the strappado.

At last Marie's letter arrived. The Countess of Anhalt lodged at the Three Stars in the Hofstrasse, Bregenz.

*(To be continued)*

#### BEYOND THE CITY

TAKE me far beyond the city,  
Where the men speak straight an' plain;  
Where the women folks is gritty,  
An' where life ain't all in vain;  
Where the wind whines down the cañons  
With the drenchin', driftin' rain,  
Kinder makin' of companions  
Out o' man and beast again.

Westward, ever westward goin',  
Up the narrow, windin' trail,  
With the rain an' sleet a blowin'  
Down the rushin', roarin' gale;  
Hastenin' while the daylight lingers,  
Weary, dreary mile on mile;  
Freezin' feet and numbin' fingers—  
Take me there a little while!

With the lonesome twilight dyin',  
And the night a creepin' near,  
And the pines and firs a sighin'—  
Lullin' music to the ear;  
With the storm-wind in the cañons  
Like a starved wolf's sobbin' cry,  
And the wild things for companions—  
Take me back before I die!

Percy M. Cushing





## NATURE'S MUSIC

**H**ARKEN! How sweetly from dull inanition  
Sudden are born alluring harmonies!  
It is the wind, that gipsying musician,  
Playing upon the woodland's stops and keys!

*Clinton Scollard*